MASTER
NEGATIVE
NO. 91-80211-1

MICROFILMED 1992

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES/NEW YORK

as part of the
"Foundations of Western Civilization Preservation Project"

Funded by the
NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES

Reproductions may not be made without permission from
Columbia University Library

COPYRIGHT STATEMENT

The copyright law of the United States -- Title 17, United States Code -- concerns the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material...

Columbia University Library reserves the right to refuse to accept a copy order if, in its judgement, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of the copyright law.

AUTHOR:

ADAMS, W.H.
DAVENPORT

TITLE:

MERRY MONARCH; OR,
ENGLAND UNDER...

PLACE:

LONDON

DATE:

1885

Master Negative #

91-80211-1

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
PRESERVATION DEPARTMENT

BIBLIOGRAPHIC MICROFORM TARGET

Original Material as Filmed - Existing Bibliographic Record

942.066
Ad1

Adams, William Henry Davenport, 1828–1891.

The merry monarch; or, England under Charles II. Its art, literature, and society. By W. H. Davenport Adams. In two volumes ... London, Remington & co., 1885.

2 v. illus. (music) 22½cm.

Bibliography: p. ii–iii.

1. Gt. Brit.—History—Charles II, 1660–1685. 2. Gt. Brit.—Social life and customs. 3. Gt. Brit.—Intellectual life. I. Title.

A 23-959

Title from Y.M.C.A.,N.Y. Railroad Br. Printed by L. C.

Restrictions on Use:

TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

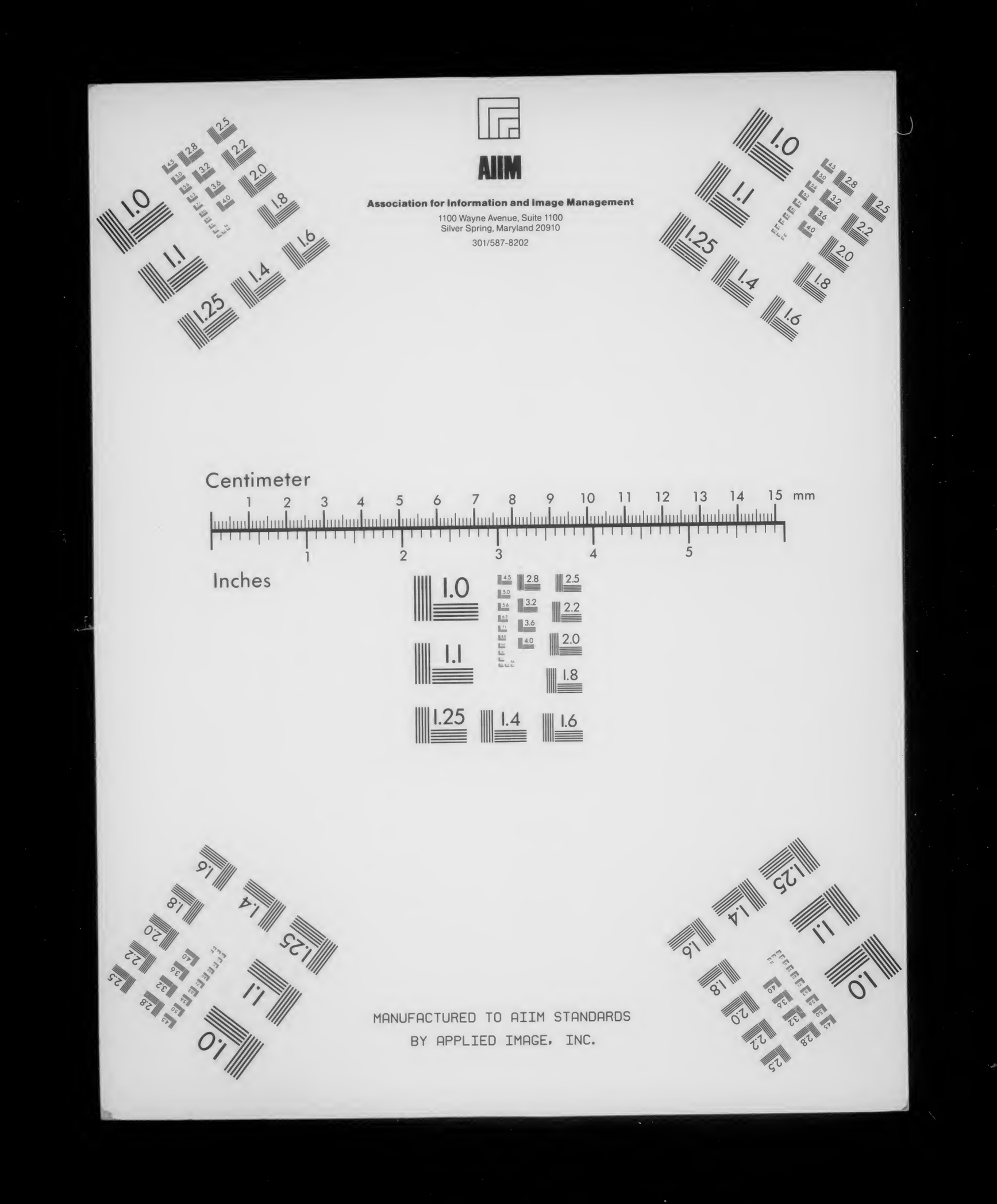
FILM SIZE: 35 mm REDUCTION RATIO: 11

IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB

DATE FILMED: 9-11-91 INITIALS M. B.

FILMED BY: RESEARCH PUBLICATIONS, INC WOODBRIDGE, CT

VOLUME 1


AIIM
Association for Information and Image Management
1100 Wayne Avenue, Suite 1100
Silver Spring, Maryland 20910
301/587-8202
Centimeter
Inches
MANUFACTURED TO AIIM STANDARDS
BY APPLIED IMAGE, INC.

942.066 Ad1 v.1

Columbia University
in the City of New York

THE LIBRARIES

THE MERRY MONARCH;

OR,

ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES II.

THE MERRY MONARCH;

OR,

ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES II.

ITS ART, LITERATURE, AND SOCIETY.

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
REMINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1885.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

942.066
Ad1
v.1

45-17123 (Replace)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

45-17123 May 18, 1945 36

ERRATA.

Page 12, line 13, read "seventeenth" for "nineteenth."
" 22, " 16, for "glad" read "gold."
" 38, last line, for "masts" read "coasts."
" 58, line 17, read "1st of January, 1660."
" " " 29, for "Bunche" read "Buncle."
" 64, note, for "Palugamio" read "Palla-maglio."
" 91, line 1, for "ware" read "were."
" 94, " 4, for "Scholling" read "Schelling."
" 124, " 13, for "Cicli" read "Cæli."
" 144, last line, for "their" read "thin."
" 148, line 17, for "Clarendon Falkland" read "Clarendon's Falkland."
" 165, line 11, for "The Evening's" read "An Evening's."
" 213, " 28, for "Ather" read "Uther."
" 237, " 25, for "force" read "farce."
" 243, last line but four, "Leonard" is also given as "Leanerd."
" " " " for "Counterfeite" read "Counterfeits."
" 259, line 20, for "worthy" read "woolly."
" 272, " 26, for "if" read "of."
" 282, " 9, for "Menandu" read "Menander."

PREFACE.

These volumes are designed to furnish the reader with a comprehensive and readable sketch of Society and Literature in the reign of Charles the Second. They will be found to deal with its diarists and poets, its dramatists and actors, its courtiers and musicians, its theologians and essayists, not, indeed, with any attempt at exhaustive criticism, but with a view to present their salient characteristics, and, at the same time, to indicate and illustrate the fertile intellectual activity of the period. It has been no part of my plan to intrude upon the province of the historian, and therefore these pages contain few references to statesmen or soldiers, diplomatists or politicians—the men who make history—or to historical events, except (in one or two instances) as regards their social aspects. Something, however, is said about the Court of Charles the Second; about the Beauties and the Wits to whom it owes its dubious reputation. I am conscious that in this branch of my subject a writer must necessarily "skate upon thin ice;" but I have been careful, I hope, to respect the just susceptibilities of the

reader, and to introduce no particulars with which the most fastidious can reasonably find fault. Originally it was my object to have included within my survey the social condition of the English people generally, and of the squire and the citizen, the parish priest and the peasant particularly—to have offered some illustrations of manners and customs and of domestic life; but a serious illness compelled me to forego this intention, and, so far, my book is incomplete. But I trust it contains in itself enough to interest and entertain the reader, and to render it acceptable as an introduction to the study of a very remarkable period of our national life. It is the result of the labour of many months; and the occasional critical expressions which it embodies are at least the product of independent judgment and careful examination, though, as I have hinted, they do not pretend to be exhaustive.

A work of this kind, however limited in scope or unpretending in execution, must necessarily be based upon a large number of authorities. But from many, perhaps, only a suggestion has been caught or an illustration borrowed, and it is not possible to make these the subject of particular reference.

To others I have been more liberally indebted, and I hope I have included them in the following list:—Samuel Pepys, *Diary*, edit. by Bright; John Evelyn, *Memoirs, comprising his Diary, from* 1641 *to* 1706, ed. by Bray; Sir J. Reresby, *Travels and Memoirs;* Gerard Langbaine, *Account of the English Dramatic Poets;* Baker, *Biographia Dramatica*, ed. by Reed and Jones; Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus;* Colley Cibber, *Apology for His Own Life*, ed. 1740; Jeremy Collier, *Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage; Life of Betterton;* Peter Cunningham,

Nell Gwynn; Dr. Doran, *Their Majesties' Servants;* P. Geneste, *Account of the English Stage*, 1660-1820, ed. ten vols., 1832; Jesse, *Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reigns of the Stuarts;* Count Hamilton, *Memoirs of Count de Grammont;* Mrs. Jameson, *Beauties of the Court of Charles II.;* Dr. Burney, *History of Music*, 4to ed.; Hawkins, *History of Music; Life of Purcell;* Henri Taine, *History of English Literature;* Dr. Johnson, *Lives of the Poets;* T. Arnold, *The English Poets;* Sir Walter Scott, *Life of Dryden* and *Biographies of Novelists;* G. Saintsbury, *Dryden's Works*, with Life and Notes; Professor Masson, *Life of John Milton;* B. H. R. Capefigue, *La Duchesse de Portsmouth;* Clarendon; Lingard; Macaulay; J. R. Green; Herrick, *Poetical Works*, edit. by Maitland; Abraham Cowley, *Works*, ed. 1707; Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*, edit. by Gray; Sir Thomas Browne, *Works*, edit. by S. Wilkin; Principal Tulloch, *History of Rational Theology;* Dr. Henry More, *Philosophical Writings*, 4th edit., 1712; Rev. J. Hunt, *History of Religious Thought;* Bishop Burnett, *History of My Own Time; Life of Jeremy Taylor*, by Keble; *Life of Bishop Ken*, by a Layman; Richard Baxter, *Narrative of the Most Memorable Passage of my Life and Times; Life of William Penn*, by Hepworth Dixon; &c., &c.

W. H. D. A.

CONTENTS.

Chapter I.—The Diarists.

Chapter II.—The Musicians.

Chapter III.—The Dramatic Authors.

Chapter IV.—The Duchesses.

Chapter V.—John Dryden.

Appendix A.—The Siege of Rhodes.

Appendix B.—The Man of Mode.

Appendix.—Chapter III.

THE DIARISTS.

JOHN EVELYN. SAMUEL PEPYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DIARISTS.

Not a little valuable and interesting information respecting the inner life of England during the Restoration period, and many important particulars in illustration of current events and historical personages, we owe to the diary of Mr. John Evelyn. It has its significance also as a revelation of character. It shows its author to have been a man of sound judgment and considerable powers of observation and analysis; a man honest and truthful to the core, and with many generous sympathies, though not exempt from narrow partialities and prejudices; a man with some pretensions to culture, with a love of scholarship and scientific inquiry, and, at the same time, a man of sincere devotional temper and unaffected piety. In painting a picture of the England of Charles II., we are apt to crowd the canvas with the glittering figures of courtiers and beauties, wits, gallants, and frail nymphs, to the exclusion of those soberer persons who constituted the real bulk of the English people. But it is important to remember that the age and country which produced and toler-

ated a Rochester and a Buckingham, also produced a John Evelyn, and that he may fairly be taken as a type of the English gentry of that quiet, orderly, but influential class, who, in the next reign, so successfully won the victory of religious and civil liberty against the subtle and insidious efforts of the Crown.

John Evelyn was born at his father's seat, Wotton, in Surrey, on the 31st of October, 1620. He received his earlier education at Lewes Grammar School, and completed it at Balliol College, Oxford. Thence he removed to London to learn a little law as a student in the Middle Temple, and soon afterwards served as a volunteer in an English regiment during a brief campaign in Flanders. Like many other young men of good birth and estate, he inclined towards the Royal party at the outbreak of the Civil War, but failing to overtake the King's army on its march to Gloucester, after the battle of Brentford, he retired to Wotton, where, safe from the tumult and disorder of public affairs, he devoted himself to his favourite pursuits. He had two strong tastes, which influenced his whole life, for books and flowers. To enjoy the former, he built himself a study; to gratify the latter, he embellished his grounds with blooming parterres and leafy groves. Meanwhile, the great struggle between the King and the Parliament increased in intensity and widened its area. Evelyn, happy in his rural retirement, was fain to let the stress and storm pass unheeded, for he was unable to side exclusively with either party, and he felt unfitted to make any conspicuous figure in the noisy theatre of public life. But the Parliament put a strong pressure upon him to declare himself, and to escape from it he withdrew to the Continent.

During his travels in France and Italy, he found numerous opportunities of prosecuting his researches in natural philosophy, a branch of scientific inquiry which greatly interested him. At Paris he was hospitably received by Sir Richard Browne, Charles II.'s ambassador to the French Court; and to his daughter, a maiden of considerable personal gifts and rare accomplishments, he was married on the 24th of June, 1647, when she was scarcely fifteen years of age. In the following September he was compelled to return to England to settle his affairs, which, during his five years' absence, had become somewhat involved, and he left his young wife under the care of an excellent lady and prudent mother. It was not until the early days of August, 1849, that he was able to rejoin her in Paris.

In the spring of 1652 he returned to England, which had settled down quietly under the Commonwealth Government, and prepared to take up his residence at Sayes Court, near Deptford, which had come to him by right of his wife. "I went to Deptford," he writes, "where I made preparation for my settlement, no more intending to go out of England, but endeavour a settled life, either in this or some other place, there being now so little appearance of any change for the better, all being entirely in the rebels' hands, and this particular habitation and the estate contiguous to it (belonging to my father-in-law, actually in His Majesty's service) very much suffering for want of some friend to rescue it out of the power of the usurpers, so as to preserve an interest, and take some care of my other concerns." He was joined by his wife in the following June, and on the 24th of August was born their first child, a son.

ated a Rochester and a Buckingham, also produced a John Evelyn, and that he may fairly be taken as a type of the English gentry of that quiet, orderly, but influential class, who, in the next reign, so successfully won the victory of religious and civil liberty against the subtle and insidious efforts of the Crown.

John Evelyn was born at his father's seat, Wotton, in Surrey, on the 31st of October, 1620. He received his earlier education at Lewes Grammar School, and completed it at Balliol College, Oxford. Thence he removed to London to learn a little law as a student in the Middle Temple, and soon afterwards served as a volunteer in an English regiment during a brief campaign in Flanders. Like many other young men of good birth and estate, he inclined towards the Royal party at the outbreak of the Civil War, but failing to overtake the King's army on its march to Gloucester, after the battle of Brentford, he retired to Wotton, where, safe from the tumult and disorder of public affairs, he devoted himself to his favourite pursuits. He had two strong tastes, which influenced his whole life, for books and flowers. To enjoy the former, he built himself a study; to gratify the latter, he embellished his grounds with blooming parterres and leafy groves. Meanwhile, the great struggle between the King and the Parliament increased in intensity and widened its area. Evelyn, happy in his rural retirement, was fain to let the stress and storm pass unheeded, for he was unable to side exclusively with either party, and he felt unfitted to make any conspicuous figure in the noisy theatre of public life. But the Parliament put a strong pressure upon him to declare himself, and to escape from it he withdrew to the Continent.

During his travels in France and Italy, he found numerous opportunities of prosecuting his researches in natural philosophy, a branch of scientific inquiry which greatly interested him. At Paris he was hospitably received by Sir Richard Browne, Charles II.'s ambassador to the French Court; and to his daughter, a maiden of considerable personal gifts and rare accomplishments, he was married on the 24th of June, 1647, when she was scarcely fifteen years of age. In the following September he was compelled to return to England to settle his affairs, which, during his five years' absence, had become somewhat involved, and he left his young wife under the care of an excellent lady and prudent mother. It was not until the early days of August, 1849, that he was able to rejoin her in Paris.

In the spring of 1652 he returned to England, which had settled down quietly under the Commonwealth Government, and prepared to take up his residence at Sayes Court, near Deptford, which had come to him by right of his wife. "I went to Deptford," he writes, "where I made preparation for my settlement, no more intending to go out of England, but endeavour a settled life, either in this or some other place, there being now so little appearance of any change for the better, all being entirely in the rebels' hands, and this particular habitation and the estate contiguous to it (belonging to my father-in-law, actually in His Majesty's service) very much suffering for want of some friend to rescue it out of the power of the usurpers, so as to preserve an interest, and take some care of my other concerns." He was joined by his wife in the following June, and on the 24th of August was born their first child, a son.

When the Parliament confiscated the estates of Sir Richard Browne as those of a Royalist and "malignant," Evelyn obtained permission to purchase Sayes Court. His cultivated mind so recoiled from the turmoil and contention which then vexed the public life of England that he suggested to his friend, Robert Boyle, the establishment of a "college," or retreat, within twenty-five miles of London, where the friends of science and the votaries of philosophy might find an asylum in the *fallentis semita vitæ* from the evil influences of the time and the rude pressure of hostile circumstances. These, however, did but little affect himself, for his moderation of character and equability of temper had secured him friends in the Court of Cromwell. The worst that befell him he notes in his diary, under the date of December 25th, 1657:—

"I went to London with my wife," he writes, "to celebrate Christmas Day, Mr. Gunning preaching in Exeter Chapel on Micah vii., 2. Sermon ended, as he was giving us the Holy Sacrament, the chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them—some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confined to a room in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, the Countess of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon came Colonel Whalley, Goffe, and others from Whitehall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to the Marshal, some to prison. When I came before them, they took my name and abode, examined me why, contrary to the ordinance made, that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteemed by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common

Prayers, which they told me was but the Mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Charles Stuart, but for all Christian kings, princes, and governors. They replied, in so doing we prayed for the King of Spain too, who was their enemy and a Papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions, and much threatening; and, finding no colour to detain me, they dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance. These were men of high flight, and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar, but yet suffering us to finish the office of communion, as, perhaps, not having instructions what to do in case they found us in that action. So I got home late the next day. Blessed be God!"

A month later, and Evelyn experienced his first great domestic sorrow in the loss of his eldest son, Richard, a boy of five years old, of whose remarkable parts and many childish graces he has drawn a beautiful portrait. It is difficult, perhaps, to believe that at so tender an age the child could have been such a prodigy for wit and understanding, such a very angel for beauty of body, and such a wonder for mental endowments as his father represents him. Allowance must be made, no doubt, for the warmth of colouring natural to parental affection; but even then it is clear enough that he was signally worthy of the love which was poured out upon him so lavishly.

"To give but a taste of his quality," says Evelyn, "and thereby glory to God, who 'out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect His praises,' he

had learned all his Catechism; at two years and a half old he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. In grammar, both English and Latin, he had, by his fifth year, made great progress, could write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and he was accustomed to act the parts of such plays as he remembered. On one occasion, observing a copy of Plautus in a friend's hand, he asked what book it was, and when told it was too difficult for him, burst into tears. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and their morals, for he had read Æsop to good purpose. His mathematical capacity was wonderful; he had by heart several of Euclid's propositions which had simply been read to him in play, and would 'make lines' and demonstrate them. But the most pleasing feature of his character was his earnest and unaffected piety; he had a lively sense of the power and goodness and mercy of God, and of the redeeming work of Christ. Astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion; he had learned all his Catechism early, and acquired an intelligent knowledge of the Bible. Nor did he fail to understand his own responsibility; that, knowing what he did, he must take upon himself the promises which his godfathers had made on his behalf at his baptism."

During his illness he behaved with a composure and a sweetness of temper and a patience which would have done honour to an aged Christian. He would of himself select the most pathetic psalms and chapters out of Job to read to the maid who waited on him; and when she used any expressions of pity, he would reply, that all

God's children must suffer affliction. "He declaimed against the vanities of the world before he had seen any," says his father, so that the declamation must have been somewhat unreal and superfluous. He would ask those who came to see him to pray by him. The day before his death he called his father to his side, and, with much seriousness, told him that he must give house and land and all his possessions to his younger son, John, for that he, Richard, would have none of them. Next morning, being very ill, he was persuaded to keep his hands under the bedclothes, whereupon he asked, with a natural touch of childish simplicity, whether he might pray to God with his hands unfolded. Shortly afterwards, as his sufferings became severer, he inquired whether he should not offend God by using His holy name so often in calling for ease. His parents, watching by his bedside, were moved to tears by his frequent pathetic ejaculations. And so he passed away from a world in which he could not have tarried longer without receiving some stain or blot on the whiteness of his childish soul.

Deep and strong as was Evelyn's sorrow, he did not permit it to interrupt his literary pursuits or to deaden his interest in the welfare of his country. He published translations from Lucretius and St. Chrysostom, and his horticultural tastes found expression in "The French Gardener." In 1659 he issued what he himself calls his "bold" "Apology for the Royal Party," and a vigorous reply to an attack upon Charles II., which he entitled, "The Late News, or Message from Brussels Unmasked." It is a signal tribute to his high character, and a proof of the respect it commanded, that, though well-known to be a Royalist, he was left unmolested during the Common-

wealth period. His long life covered the stirring and chequered times of the Civil War, the Restoration, and the Revolution; yet, though he never abandoned a conscientious opinion, nor stooped to adulation of the ruling powers, he sustained no injury in person or property. This fact may also be accepted as evidence of the comparatively slight social dislocation occasioned by the changes in the government of the country. Evelyn's friendships, we may add, included men of all parties in Church and State, who were prompt to admire the honourable consistency with which he adhered to his own principles, while extending an enlightened and a liberal tolerance to those of others. On the whole, it may fairly be said that a young Englishman cannot do better than bear in his mind the example of Evelyn, as containing nothing but what is imitable, and nothing but what is good. All persons, indeed, may find in his character something worthy of imitation; but for an English gentleman he is, as Southey says, the perfect model.

In one of his letters to the poet Cowley, who had made for himself, at Chertsey, a retreat from the busy world, whence he professed to regard, in the Lucretian spirit, the *magnum mare* of its passions and ambitions, Evelyn writes: "I pronounce it to you from my heart as oft as I consider it, that I look on your fruitions with inexpressible emulation, and should think myself more happy than crowned heads were I, as you, the arbiter of mine own life, and could break from those gilded toys to taste your well-described joys with such a wife and such a friend, whose conversation exceeds all that the mistaken world calls happiness." Such may, at times, have been Evelyn's private aspiration, but he fully recognized it to

be the duty of every citizen to undertake such service as the commonwealth may impose upon him; and, indeed, in his "Public Employment, and an Active Life, Preferred to Solitude and All Its Appendages," a reply to Sir George Mackenzie's well-known panegyric on Solitude, he very forcibly presses the argument in favour of active intercourse with the world as a means of doing good. As he taught, so he practised. He held a succession of responsible and laborious posts which did not carry with them any great distinction or considerable emoluments; those posts in which an honest man may serve his country unobtrusively, but effectively. In 1662, we find him appointed a Commissioner for reforming the ways, streets, and buildings of London. In 1664, he was on a Commission for reorganizing and regulating the Mint; and in the same year was chosen one of the Commissioners for the care of the sick and wounded in the Dutch Wars. He was also on the Commission for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral, whose labours were rendered unnecessary by the destruction of the Cathedral in the Great Fire of 1666. In the same year we find him engaged on a Commission for regulating the manufacture of saltpetre; and in 1671, he appears as a Commissioner of Plantations on the establishment of that Board, to which, in 1672, was added the Council of Trade. In 1685, the last year of Charles II.'s reign, he acted as one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal during the absence of the Earl of Clarendon in Ireland. On the foundation of Greenwich Hospital, in 1695, he was appointed a Commissioner; and on the 30th of June, 1696, laid the first stone of the stately pile which commemorates Queen Mary's patriotic interest in the mariners of England. He was also ap-

pointed to the Treasurership, worth £200 a year, but he tells us that a long time elapsed before he received any portion of his salary.

There can be no doubt that in these various public capacities he did the State good service, not only by the industrious exercise of his administrative talents, but by the splendid example he set of disinterestedness and integrity, and the true patriotic spirit. Still more valuable, however, was the result of his literary labours; especially that "Diary" of his, which has not only an historical importance, but is deeply interesting as a vivid picture of certain phases of the social life of England in the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is in connection with this "Diary" that his name is chiefly celebrated. It differs greatly from that of garrulous Pepys—it is graver, more earnest, is less crowded with personal details; has in it more of the judicious historian, and less of the scandalous gossiper. Naturally, the two Diaries differ exactly in those points in which the characters of the two writers differed. Much that Evelyn revered Pepys despised or ignored; and what interested Pepys had no attraction for the serious Evelyn. The latter had no curiosity; the former was the Paul Pry of diarists, going everywhere, seeing everything, and inquiring about everybody. He was as graphic as a modern reporter, as inquisitive as an American interviewer. But Evelyn is always the sedate and scholarly gentleman, who regards men and manners from an elevated standpoint. He wrote his "Diary," as it were, in full dress, in the leisure and lettered seclusion of his library; Pepys jotted down his ciphers in the privacy of his chamber, with his wig thrown off, and his hose down at heel. The two resemble each other only in their zeal for the public service.

Upon his literary work, as a whole, we may adopt the criticism of the elder Disraeli: "His manner of arranging his materials, and his mode of composition, appear excellent. Having chosen a subject, he analysed it into his various parts, under certain heads, or titles, to be filled up at leisure. Under these heads he set down his own thoughts as they occurred, occasionally inserting whatever was useful from his reading. When his collections were thus formed, he digested his own thoughts regularly, and strengthened them by authorities from ancient and modern authors, or alleged his reasons for dissenting from them. His collections in time became voluminous, but he then exercised that judgment which the framers of such collections are usually deficit in. With Hesiod he knew that 'half is better than the whole,' and it was his aim to express the quintessence of his reading, but not to give it in a crude state to the world, and when his *treatises* were sent to the press, they were not half the size of his collections."

Next to his "Diary," his most valuable composition is the famous "Sylva; or, a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in His Majesty's Dominions," in which an enormous number of useful details and valuable facts have been felicitously arranged and admirably condensed. It was written in consequence of an application to the Royal Society, of which Evelyn was one of the founders, by the Commissioners of the Navy, who dreaded a scarcity of timber in the country. Its effect was immediate, and a national benefit. In the dedication to Charles II., prefixed to one of the later editions, its author says: "I need not acquaint your Majesty how many millions of timber-trees, besides infinite others, have been propagated and planted

throughout your vast dominions, at the instigation and by the sole direction of this work, because your Majesty has been pleased to own it publicly for my encouragement." This was a service to his country of which Evelyn might justly have been proud.

His other writings include: "Fumifugium; or, The Air and Smoke of London Dissipated" (1661), treating of an evil which still exists, and in an aggravated form; "Sculptura; or, The History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving on Copper" (1662); "Kalendarium Hortense; or, The Gardener's Almanac" (1664); "Terra," printed for the Royal Society in 1675; "Navigation and Commerce: their History and Progress"—an introduction to a History of the Dutch War, written at the request of Charles II., but not completed, probably because the author insisted on a straightforward statement of facts disagreeable to the King; "Numismata: a Learned Discourse on Medals" (1697); and "Aretaria: a Discourse of Sallets" (1699). Of a lighter character was his gentle satire on ladies' frippery (in the composition of which he was assisted by his daughter Mary), the "Mundus Muliebris; or, The Ladies' Dressing-Room Unlocked, and her Toilette Spread. In Burlesque. Together with the Fop Dictionary, Compiled for the Use of the Fair Sex."

At Sayes Court, which had long been famous for its graceful and gracious hospitality to men of science and of letters from all parts of Europe, Evelyn, in 1698, accommodated Peter the Great, with results which were far from satisfactory. It was natural enough that he should be disgusted by the filthy habits of the Czar and his courtiers, who filled the house with people "right

nasty," and indulged in loud noises and bowls of brandy. The beautiful and "most bocaresque gardens" they injured grievously; and it was a favourite amusement with the Czar to drive his wheelbarrow right through the holly-hedge which was Evelyn's joy and pride, and over the lawns and flower-beds in which he took so innocent and great a pleasure. Of this hedge he speaks in his "Sylva": "Is, there under the heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can show in my now ruined garden at Sayes Court (thanks to the Czar of Muscovy), at any time of the year glittering with its armed and varnished leaves; the taller standards at orderly distances blushing with their natural coral? It mocks the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers—*Et illum nemo impune lacessit.*"*

At Sayes Court Peter, with his barbarous Muscovites, stayed about three months, taking his departure on the 21st of April. For the damage done by him the Treasury allowed Evelyn a compensation of £162.

* Pepys, in his "Diary," has some references to Evelyn's gardens at Sayes Court:—"*May* 5, 1665.—After dinner to Mr. Evelyn's; he being abroad, we walked in his garden, and a lovely noble ground he hath indeed. And, among other rarities, a hive of bees, so as, being hived in glass, you may see the bees making their honey and combs mighty pleasantly." . . . "*November* 5. By water to Deptford, I then made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in tints; in distemper, in Indian ink, water-colours, graving; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzo-tints, and the manners of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his "Hortus Hyemalis," leaves laid up in a book of several, or plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than an Herbal. A fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others."

On the death of his elder brother, Evelyn succeeded to the family estate of Wotton, in Surrey, where he indulged to the full his passion for gardening and planting. He speaks of it in his "Diary" with the pride of a fond affection: "The mansion-house," he says, "is situated in the most southern part of the shire, and though in a valley, yet really upon part of Leith Hill, one of the most eminent in England for the prodigious prospect to be seen from it summit. The house, large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with delicious streams and venerable woods, as, in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen, it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton person to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance. I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not as generally known to be amongst the most natural and (until this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expanses) the most magnificent that England afforded, and which indeed gave one of the first examples of that elegancy since so much in vogue, and followed in the management of their waters, and other ornaments of that nature."

His latter years Evelyn spent very happily amidst the Arcadian pleasures of sylvan Wotton, with the exception of occasional residences in London, where he retained a house. In the Great Storm of 1703 (which both Defoe and Addison have commemorated), he notes that upwards of 200 trees were thrown down in his demesnes, "several of which," he says, "torn up by their fall, raised mounds of earth near 20 feet high, with great stones entangled

among the roots and rubbish, and this almost within sight of my dwelling, now no more Wotton (*i.e.*, Wood-town), but stripped and naked, and almost ashamed to own its name."

Evelyn died at his London residence on the 27th of February, 1705-6, and, in accordance with his own request, was interred at Wotton, though not in the spot he himself had indicated. In his will he says: "I would rather be deposited and laid in a plain vault of brick, with my dear wife, if she thought fit, under the oval circle of the laurel grove planted by me at Wotton, with a plain marble stone, and on it a pedestal of black marble, bearing an urn of white marble, which would be no great expense; otherwise, let my grave be in the corner of the dormitory of my ancestors, near to that of my father and pious mother." He does not sleep in "the laurel grove," but in "the dormitory," where a coffin-shaped tomb bears the following inscription:—

"Here lies the body of JOHN EVELYN, ESQ., of this place, second son of Richard Evelyn, Esq., who, having served the Public in several Employments (of which that of Commissioner of the Privy Seal in the reign of King James the Second was most honourable), and perpetuated his fame by far more lasting Monuments than those of Stone or Brass, his learned and useful Works, fell asleep the 27th day of February, 1705-6, being the 86th year of his age—in full hope of a glorious Resurrection through faith in Jesus Christ.

"Living in an age of extraordinary Events and Revolutions, he learnt (as himself asserted) this Truth, which, pursuant to his intention, is here declared:—That all is Vanity which is not Honest, and that there is no solid Wisdom but in real Piety."

We proceed to select from his Diary some interesting passages in illustration (1) of the writer's character, and (2) of the manners and customs of the age in which he lived.

Here is a description of a scene, which, in its coarse brutality, was a not altogether unfitting prologue to the tragi-comedy of Charles II.'s reign. The date is January 30th, 1661:—

"[This] was the first solemn mass and day of humiliation to deplore the sins which so long had provoked God against this afflicted church and people, ordered by Parliament to be annually celebrated to expiate the guilt of the execrable murder of the late King.

"This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcases of those anti-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw (the judge who condemned His Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law to the usurper) dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster, among the kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people, who had seen them in all their pride, being spectators. Look back at October 22nd, 1658 [Oliver Cromwell's funeral], and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!"

A higher interest attaches to our next quotation:—

"1661: May 3rd.—I went to see the wonderful engine for weaving silk stockings, said to have been the invention of an Oxford scholar, forty years since."

The credit of inventing the stocking-frame is generally attributed to William Lee, who is said to have been a native of Woodborough, near Nottingham, a man of good

estate, and a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge. According to a picturesque tradition, he invented the knitting machines in 1589, because a pretty girl with whom he was in love paid more attention to her knitting than to his soft speeches. It is, at all events, a fact that, in Cromwell's time, the London stocking-weavers petitioned to be incorporated as a guild; and in their petition they attach the name of Lee to the stocking-frame as its inventor.

"August 9th.—I tried several experiments on the sensitive plant and *humilis*, which contracted with the least touch of the sun through a burning-glass, though it rises and opens only when it shines on it.

"November 10th.—In the afternoon preached at the Abbey, Dr. Basire, that great traveller, or rather French Apostle, who had been planting the Church of England in divers parts of the Levant and Asia. He showed that the Church of England was, for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under Heaven, *that England was the very land of Goshen*" (including, of course, Charles II.'s. Court, with its gallants and harlots).

"November 26th.—I saw 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark,' played; but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since His Majesty's being so long abroad."

As a commentary on Dr. Basire's sermon, take the following:—

"January 6th, 1662.—This evening, according to custom, His Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the privy-chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. (The year before he won £1,500.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about

£1,000, and left them still at passage, cards, &c. At other tables, both there and at the Groom-porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a Court, which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom."

"February 20th.—This night was buried in Westminster Abbey the Queen of Bohemia [Elizabeth, daughter of James I.], after all her sorrows and afflictions being come to die in the arms of her nephew, the King: also this night and the next day fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as never was seen the like in any man's memory, especially the tempest of wind, being south-west, which subverted, besides huge trees, many houses, innumerable chimneys (amongst others that of my parlour at Sayes Court), and made such havoc at land and sea, that several perished on both. Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time; so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation—and Court."

"August 17th.—Being the Sunday when the Common Prayer Book, reformed and ordered to be used for the future, was appointed to be read, and the solemn League and Covenant to be abjured by all the incumbents of England under penalty of losing their livings."

Of the water-pageants in which our ancestors delighted, before the Thames became the *cloaca maxima* of a great city, we have a specimen under the date of August 22nd:—

"I was spectator of the most magnificent triumph* that

* A general term for public pageants, shows, and processions. Frequently used by Shakespeare:—"With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity. . . ." "With stately triumphs. . . ." "Those triumphs held at Oxford."

ever floated on the Thames, considering the innumerable boats and vessels, dressed and adorned with all imaginable pomp, but, above all, the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the Lord Mayor and Companies, with various inventions, music and peals of ordnance both from the vessels and the shores, going to meet and conduct the new Queen from Hampton Court to Whitehall, at the first time of her coming to town. In my opinion, it far exceeded all the Venetian Bucentaras, &c., on the Ascension, when they go to espouse the Adriatic. His Majesty and the Queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a state, or canopy, of cloth of gold, made in form of a cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons, and garlands."

It was on this occasion that a speaker in the waterman's barge thus addressed the King:—"God blesse thee, King Charles, and thy good woman there; and blest creature she is, I warrant thee, and a true. Go thy ways for a wag! thou hast had a merry time on't in the West; I need say no more! But do'st hear me? Don't take it in dudgeon that I am so familiar with thee; thou may'st take it rather kindly, for I am not alwayes in this good humour; though I *thee* thee, and *thou* thee, I am no Quaker, take notice of that."

Pepys says that on this occasion there were at least 1,000 barges and boats—"we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen."

A water-pageant was always a part of the Show on Lord Mayor's Day; the civic ruler going to Westminster in his gorgeously-gilded barge, with much pomp and circumstance, and speeches for the occasion being duly prepared

by the civic poets-laureate, who, in the Tudor reigns, were men of literary mark, such as Webster, Dekker, Peele, and Munday. During the Civil War, and under the Protectorate, these pageants seem to have been omitted,* though some attempt at their revival was made by the Mayor, Sir John Dethick, in 1655, and by Sir Richard Chiverton in 1657. At the Restoration they resumed all their ancient brilliancy. The designer of the Show in 1660, and in many succeeding years, was John Tatham; then came Thomas Jordan. The last was Elkanah Settle, who invented the yearly shows until 1708, and annually published descriptions of them. So says Pope:—

> "'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave,
> Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
> Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and wans,
> Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad fans,
> Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
> That lived in Settle's numbers one day more."

The Mayoral banquet was frequently attended by Charles II. When he was entertained by Sir Robert Clayton, a "prodigious rich scrivener," the wines were so strong and so plentiful that both host and royal guest grew exceedingly merry, and the Mayor, on Charles's rising to depart, hiccuped a request that he would sit down and "take t'other bottle." To this "the Merry Monarch" good-humouredly assented, humming the words of the old song —

> "The man that is drunk is as great as a king!"

"Sept. 16th, 1668.—There died of the Plague in London this week, 1,100; and, in the week following, above 2,000."

*Evelyn, on 29th October, 1661, writes: "I saw the Lord Mayor pass in his water triumph to Westminster, being the first solemnity of this nature after twenty years."

"Aug. 8th.—Died this week in London 4,000."

"Aug. 13th.—There perished this week 5,000."

"Sept. 7th.—Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn might be next."

"Oct. 11th.—To London, and went through the whole city, having occasion to alight out of the coach in several places about business of money, when I was environed with multitudes of poor pestiferous creatures begging alms; the shops universally shut up, a dreadful prospect."

Of this dreadful visitation, the Great Plague of London, the first official notice seems to have been an Order in Council, dated April 26th, 1665, announcing that it had broken out in the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and directing certain measures to be taken for arresting its progress. These, however, proved ineffectual, and the pestilence rapidly swept over the whole of the metropolis, making its way into the city proper towards the end of June. People then began to hurry into the country while there was yet time to escape; for, as soon as the infection became general, a strict cordon was drawn round the plague-stricken capital, to prevent the disease from being carried into the provinces. In July the King fled with his Court, and took refuge in Salisbury, leaving London in charge of Monk, Duke of Albemarle. A deep sense of despair seems to have settled down upon the inhabitants, whose gloom was deepened by the restrictions enforced upon neighbourly relations, and even

upon the intercourse of families. A red cross was branded on the door of every house where the fatal disease showed itself, and thenceforward that house was cut off, as it were, from the outer world. At night the carts rattled through the silent streets to collect the bodies of the dead and convey them to the pits, into which they were huddled without the sacred offices of the Church. Trade and commerce almost entirely ceased their action, and the horror of the situation was increased by a growing scarcity of provisions. The selfishness latent in human nature displayed itself with ghastly ostentation; the sick were left to suffer unattended; a suspected house was shunned even by the ministers of religion. "London," says Defoe, "might well be said to be all in tears; the mourners did not go about the streets, indeed, for nobody put on black, or made a formal dress of mourning for their nearest friends; but the voice of mourning was truly heard in the streets; the shrieks of women and children at the windows and doors of their houses, where their nearest relatives were perhaps dying, or just dead, were so frequent to be heard, as we passed the streets, that it was enough to pierce the stoutest heart in the world to hear them. Tears and lamentations were seen in almost every house, especially in the first part of the visitation, for towards the latter end men's hearts were hardened, and death was so always before their eyes, that they did not so much concern themselves for the loss of their friends, expecting that themselves should be summoned the next hour."

The Rev. Thomas Vincent, one of the Nonconforming clergy, who bravely remained in the infected city, thus describes the condition of affairs in August:—"Now

people fall as thick," he says, "as the leaves in autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in London streets; every day looks with the face of a Sabbath day, observed with a greater solemnity than it used to be in the city. Now shops are shut in, people rare and very few that walk about, insomuch that the grass begins to spring up in some places, and a deep silence in every place, especially within the walls. No prancing horses, no rattling coaches, no calling in customers nor offering wares, no London cries sounding in the ears. If any voice be heard, it is the groans of dying persons breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves. Now shutting up of visited houses (there being so many) is at an end, and most of the well are mingled among the sick, which otherwise would have got no help. Now, in some places, where the people did generally stay, not one house in a hundred but what is affected, and in many houses half the family is swept away; in some, from the eldest to the youngest: few escape but with the death of one or two. Never did so many husbands and wives die together; never did so many parents carry their children with them to the grave, and go together into the same house under earth who had lived together in the same house upon it. Now the nights are too short to bury the dead: the whole day, though at so great a length, is hardly sufficient to light the dead that fall thereon into their graves."

London was virtually put into perpetual quarantine by the alarmed country people, who, at a distance of even forty and fifty miles from the capital, were afraid to purchase anything that came from its marts, or to allow any

of its inhabitants to enter their houses. And, in the city itself, transactions were necessarily conducted with the utmost precaution:—"When anyone bought a joint of meat in the market, they would not take it out of the butcher's hand, but took it off the hooks themselves. On the other hand, the butcher would not touch the money, but have it put into a pot full of vinegar, which he kept for that purpose. The buyer carried always small money, to make up any odd sum, that they might take no change. They carried bottles for scents and perfumes in their hands, and all the means that could be used were employed; but then the poor could not do even these things, and they went on at all hazards." The grotesque mingled with the terrible, as it always does, and quacks found ready customers for the "only true plague-water" and the "infallible preventive pills." It is sad to relate that the national clergy at this great crisis shrank timorously from their duty. "Most of the conformable ministers fled," says Baxter, "leaving their flocks in the hour of most urgent need;" it was only the nonconforming clergy who remained at the post of danger, which was also the post of honour; who went, though prohibited by a harsh and unjust law, into the forsaken pulpits, preached to the poor people before they died, visited the sick, and relieved the distressed. The fashionable physicians exhibited the same ignoble regard for their own safety. It would seem that the courage and manliness of the higher classes had deteriorated under the evil influence of a dissolute and luxurious Court.

There are some touches in Pepys which bring out most vividly the dark and unwholesome aspects of this terrible visitation. On the 3rd August he went on a visit to Deptford, and met Lord Crewe returning to the town. The journey was shortened by Mr. Man's narrative of a maid-servant of a Mr. John Wright, living thereabout, who, having fallen sick of the plague, was removed to an out-house, and put in charge of a nurse, but during the latter's absence got out at the window and ran away. "The nurse coming and knocking, and, having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so; who and his lady were in a great strait what to do to get her buried. At last, resolved to go to Burntwood [Brentwood] hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not: so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frighted him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest-coaches, and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And, passing, in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother, being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in a silk dress, and struck mightily."

Can one conceive of anything ghastlier?

On one August evening he goes from Brentford to Queenhive [Queenhithe]: "I could not get my waterman to go elsewhere," he writes, "for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carrying to be buried; but, blessed be God! met none, but did see now and then a link, which is the mark of them, at a distance."

On another occasion he walks to Greenwich: "In my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome Farm, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed any body to bury it; but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence: *this disease making us more hard to one another than we are to dogs.*"

On the 30th of August he writes: "Lord! how every body's looks and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else; and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken" And on the 31st: "In the City died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of the Plague. But it is found that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them."

Early in September the still and lonely streets assumed another aspect. In the middle of each a large bonfire was kindled, and kept alight night and day, for the purification of the air. Every six houses on each side of the way were assessed towards the expense of maintaining it. A heavy rain extinguished them; but as the colder weather approached the disease began to diminish in intensity, and as the weekly death-total lowered, the people recovered their confidence. A few shops were opened. Fugitives returned. Intercourse with the outer world was gradually renewed. The King and Court, who had done nothing to reassure the inhabitants, or relieve their anxieties, made their appearance. In the first week of March the deaths by the plague had decreased to

42. By the end of April it was almost extinct, after having carried off upwards of a hundred thousand victims; and Londoners were free to turn their thoughts to the war with Holland, and the severe naval disasters, into which an arbitrary and incompetent Government had hurried the country.

A three days' sea-fight, in which Monk, at the head of an inferior force, had bravely but unsuccessfully withstood the Dutch under De Ruyter, ended in the loss of several English war-ships, and the retreat of the rest to Dover. On the 15th of June Mr. Evelyn went to Sheerness: "There I beheld the sad spectacle—more than half that gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shattered; hardly a vessel entire, but appearing so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us." The "sad sight" drew from him a confession that "none knew for what reason we first engaged in this ungrateful war."

While the kingdom was thus convulsed by the combined shocks of war and pestilence, another affliction befell it: the destruction by fire of a great portion of its capital. We turn to the Diary of Mr. Evelyn, and under the date of "Sunday, September the 2nd," we read:—

"This fatal night, about ten, begun that deplorable fire near Fish Street, in London."

On that same night, or rather, at three o'clock in the morning, Mr. Pepys was standing in his night-gown at his bedroom window in Seething Lane, and from the glare and glow of the western sky, judging the fire was some distance off, grew sufficiently relieved to go to bed again, and to sleep. It had broken out in the house of a baker named Farryan, at Pudding Lane, near the Tower, and impelled by a strong east wind, swept over the city for

three nights and days, until it terminated at Pye Corner, in Giltspur Street.

"September 3rd.—The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

"The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner) when co-inspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air,

and prepared the materials to receive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, nor seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, of the last day. London was, but is no more!"

Let us turn for a moment to Mr. Pepys. Taking a boat at the Tower Stairs, he proceeded slowly up the river, which was red with the flames of the burning houses at the water-side. Distracted people were hurrying to get their little property on board the lighters; no effort was anywhere being made, and probably none would then have

been successful, to check the progress of the conflagration. Pepys arrived at Whitehall, and told his story to the King, begging him, as the only possible mode of stopping the fire, to order houses to be pulled down. The King sent him to the Lord Mayor with the necessary instructions. In Cannon Street he encountered the dazed and terrified magistrate, who exclaimed: "Lord! what can I do? I am spent. People will not obey me." He had been pulling down houses, had been up all night, and weary and distraught, must go home and refresh himself. Later in the day, Pepys embarked at Paul's wharf on another tour of inspection. He fell in with the Royal barge, carrying the King and the Duke of York, who ordered the immediate demolition of a number of houses; but the fire swept on with such rapidity that little could be done. The river (says Pepys) was full of lighters and boats taking in goods, while "good goods" were floating about in the water; and he noted—a proof of the old English love of music—that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but had also a pair of virginals. It was a warm, fine evening, and Pepys remained on the river until late, though showers of sparks fell about him like a rain of fire. The flakes would leap up from a burning house, and then descend upon another many yards distant, and set that a-burning. As in many streets the buildings were all of timber, with thatched roofs, while the Thames Street warehouses were stored with oil and brandy, and pitch and tar, we need not wonder at the swift, resistless advance of the destroyer. As night came on, Pepys landed at the little ale-house on the Bankside, where he stayed and saw the fire grow "in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and

houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fire-flame of an ordinary fire."

On Tuesday, September 4th, the whole south part of the city, as far as Ludgate Hill, was burning, and the fire began to take hold of the great Cathedral of St. Paul's, which was surrounded by scaffolding for its repair. "The stones of Paul's flew like grenades, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied; the eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward." On this day the houses near the Tower were blown up, and the same judicious expedient was adopted in other places.

On the 5th the fire moved towards Whitehall, throwing the Court into a state of great excitement. It is only fair to say that Charles and the Duke of York on this occasion set an admirable example, and particular streets were now given in charge to gentlemen of the Court, who directed the means of extinguishing the flames. The people took heart, and vigorously carried out the orders given to them. The civic authorities no longer ignored the advice which some seamen had proffered at the outset, that the houses should be blown up before the flames reached them. "It now pleased God," says Evelyn, "by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it begun sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no further than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so

impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair: it also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently rage upon the rest as previously. There was yet no standing near the burning and glaring ruins by near a furlong's space.

"The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

"In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound."

On the 6th Mr. Pepys was up about five o'clock, and went with his men to Bishopsgate, which had hitherto escaped, but where now the fire had broken out. This gave great grounds to people, and to me too, says Pepys, to think there is some kind of plot at work; but he went with the men, and did put it out in a little time, so that that was well again. "It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handfuls out and put into beer and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and

over to Southwark, and took boat on the other side of the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom, but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch, but to the Swan, and there was trimmed, and then to White Hall, but saw nobody, and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it [the fire] stopped."

To relieve the wants of the poor and houseless liberal contributions were made by the King, the nobility, and the clergy. Collections were made in those parts of the city which had not suffered by the visitation, and alms distributed daily to the needy. At one time peril of famine seemed imminent, but the King issued proclamations calling upon the country people to bring in supplies of provisions, and facilities were offered to the people to leave the ruins by a royal decree that they should be at liberty to pursue their occupations in all towns and cities, a guarantee being given that such reception should entail no material burthen upon parishes. Truly it can have been no hardship to quit a scene so desolate and dreary! Few of us but know the bleak and cheerless aspect of the ruin caused by fire: the blackened, shattered walls, the confused mass of wreckage and dilapidation, the silence and confusion where but a few hours before all was order, and life, and comfort. Think of this miserable picture when extended over so wide an area as was covered by the Great Fire! think of the misery and gloom represented by the destruction of nine and eighty churches, thirteen thousand

two hundred dwelling-houses, a vast number of stately public buildings, hospitals, schools, and libraries! The total amount of the loss in money has been estimated at £7,335,000.*

Speaking of this historic event, Richard Baxter says:—"It was a sight that might have given any man a lively sense of the vanity of this world, and all the wealth and glory of it, and of the future conflagration of all the world. To see the flames mount up towards heaven, and proceed so furiously without restraint: To see the streets filled with people astonished, that had scarce sense left them to lament their own calamity: To see the fields filled with heaps of goods; and sumptuous buildings, ruinous rooms, costly furniture, and household stuff, yea, warehouses and furnished shops and libraries, all on a flame, and none durst come near to receive anything: To see the King and nobles ride about the streets, beholding all these desolations, and none could afford the least relief: To see the air, as far as could be beheld, so filled with the smoke, that the sun shone through it with a colour like blood; yea, even when it was setting in the west, it so appeared to them that dwelt on the west side of the city. But the dolefullest sight of all was afterwards, to see what a ruinous, confused place the city was, by chimnies and steeples only standing in the midst of cellars and heaps of rubbish; so that it was hard to know where the streets had been, and dangerous, of a long time, to pass through the ruins, because of vaults and fire in them. No man that seeth not such a thing can have a right apprehension of the

* Happily, only eight lives were lost; and by sweeping away the reeking, squalid lanes and alleys of the East End, the Great Fire may possibly have prevented the return of the Plague.

dreadfulness of it." But on the insolent courtiers who fluttered round the King, and on the higher classes generally, no such impression seems to have been produced. "None of the nobility," says Pepys, "came out of the country at all to help the King, or comfort him, or prevent commotions." The courtiers said that the rebellious city being ruined, the King was absolute, and indeed, had never been truly king before. One profligate young naval commander "made mighty sport of it," and rejoiced that the citizens' wives might be corrupted at a reduced cost.

In his "Annus Mirabilis" Dryden concludes his description of the Fire with a reference to the popular superstition which associated it and the Plague with the appearance of two comets:—

> "The utmost malice of the stars is past,
> And two dire comets, which have scourged the town,
> In their own Plague and Fire have breathed their last,
> Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown."

It might well be thought that, after two such terrible visitations, "the utmost malice of the stars" had, indeed, been exhausted; but England's cup of bitterness was not yet full. She had drunk deep of national disaster; she had yet to drink of national disgrace. The Fire and the Pestilence were evils for which her people were hardly responsible; but the appearance of a foreign fleet in the Medway was directly owing to their own weakness—to the decay of the old patriotic spirit. The England of Cromwell and Blake had undergone a pitiful change; the heroic temper of her sons had deteriorated under the corrupting influence of a venal Government and profligate Court.

Writing on the 31st of December, 1666, Pepys says: "Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to

this nation. Public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed: nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. . . . A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men thus fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, Good Lord deliver us." The few war-ships in commission were commanded by gay young nobles, wholly ignorant of sea affairs, one of whom had the audacity to say that he hoped not to see "a tarpaulin"—that is, a seaman—in command of a ship for a twelvemonth; while the tarpaulins themselves complained sadly that "the true English valour we talk of is almost spent and worn out." In the spring of 1667 it was well-known that Holland was making strenuous preparations to uphold and confirm her claim to naval supremacy.

> "Each day they bring the tale, and that too true,
> How strong the Dutch their equipage renew."

But the Government made no effort to meet the coming danger. The House of Commons had voted reluctant supplies, conscious that they would never be applied to the objects for which they were nominally designed; and the King's treasurer had expended them on the King's mistresses and the gilded profligacy of the Court. The arsenals and dockyards remained unemployed. "Meantime," says Marvell:—

> "Meantime through all the yards their orders run
> To lay the ships up, cease the keels begun.
> The timber rots, the useless axe doth rust;
> Th' unpractised saw is buried in its dust;
> The busy hammer sleeps, the ropes untwine,
> The store and wages all are mine and thine;
> Along the masts and harbours they take care
> That money lacks, our forts be in repair."

When the Dutch fleet of seventy ships, under the famous Admiral De Ruyter, appeared off the Nore, neither ships nor ports were manned, and not a shot was fired to stay their progress up the river. The authorities in London at last awoke to a sense of their dangerous position; and Monk, Duke of Abermarle rushed down—"in his shirt," says Marvell—to Gravesend, "with a great many idle lords and gentlemen." He collected a few score dockyard men; raised a couple of rude and feeble batteries, and sunk seven ships in the Medway to obstruct its channel. The Dutch fleet, continuing to advance, reached Sheerness on the 11th of June. "The alarm was so great," writes Evelyn, "that it put both country and city into fear—a panic and consternation, such as I hope I shall never see more; everybody was flying, none knew why or whither." The Dutch fleet, assisted by a high tide and a strong east wind, entered the Medway, broke the chains and booms, easily silenced the batteries, and proceeded to attack Upnor Castle. This fort, however, was so strongly defended that the Dutch made little impression upon it. They then directed their fire against the men-of-war which lay at anchor in the river; as these were unprotected, their crews were soon overpowered. Three of them (the *Royal London*, the *Great James*, and the *Royal Oak*) were burned to the water's edge; and one, the *Royal Charles*, which had brought the King to England in 1660, was carried away as a memorial of victory. In connection with the loss of the *Royal Oak* occurred an incident which is the only bright spot in this dreary record of national disgrace. Captain Douglas, its commander, had made the stoutest defence within his means, and done his best to keep off the enemy. But the Dutch

fire-ships succeeded in setting his vessel on fire, and the flames spread with a rapidity that baffled all human effort to arrest them. The crew sprang overboard and made for the shore. The officers, as they left the blazing wreck, entreated the brave Douglas to follow their example. But, like the Roman sentry at Pompeii, the heavens might fall, and yet he would not desert the post of duty. "Never was it known," he exclaimed, "that a Douglas quitted his post without orders!" Calm and resolute, he remained upon the burning poop, the only man who in that day of shame upheld the ancient renown of England.

"Down on the deck he laid himself and died,
With his dear sword reposing at his side;
And on the flaming plank he rests his head,
As one that warmed himself and went to bed.
His ship burns down, and with his relics sinks,
And the sad stream beneath his ashes drinks.
Fortunate boy! if either pencil's fame,
Or if my verse can propagate thy name,
When Œta and Alcides are forgot,
Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot."

With the *Royal Charles* as a trophy, the Dutch quietly sailed back to the Thames, where for several weeks they maintained a real blockade, cutting off the Londoners from their supplies of sea-borne coal. On the 24th of June Evelyn writes: "The Dutch fleet still continuing to stop up the river so as nothing could stir or come out, I was before the Council, and commanded by His Majesty to go with some others and search about the environs of the city, now exceedingly distressed for want of fuel, whether there could be any peat or turf fit for use." On the 28th the Dutch were still lying triumphantly at the Nore: "a dreadful spectacle," says Evelyn, "as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonour never to be wiped

off." * Such a spectacle, happily, we have never since seen; such dishonour never since incurred.

We have thus, with the help of Evelyn's Diary, glanced at the three great events which distinguished the years 1666-1667. Our further extracts must be few and brief:—

"1667, September 19th.—To London, with Mr. Henry Howard, of Norfolk, of whom I obtained the gift of his Arundelian Marbles, those celebrated and famous inscriptions, Greek and Latin, gathered with so much cost and industry from Greece, by his illustrious grandfather, the magnificent Earl of Arundel,† my noble friend, whilst he lived. When I saw those precious monuments universally neglected, and scattered up and down about the garden and other parts of Arundel House, and how exceedingly the corrosive air of London impaired them, I procured leive to bestow them on the University of Oxford. This he was pleased to grant me, and now gave me the key of the gallery, with leave to mark all those stones, urns, altars, &c., and whatever I found had inscriptions on them, that were not statues. This I did, and getting them removed and piled together with those which were incrusted in the garden walls, I sent immediately letters to the Vice-Chancellor of what I had procured, and that if they esteemed it a service to the University (of which I had been a member), they should take order for their transportation."‡

The University *did* esteem it a service, and rewarded Evelyn with a public vote of thanks.

* "Everybody now-a-days," says Pepys, "reflect upon Oliver and commend him; what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him."

† Thomas, Earl of Arundel, died 1592.

‡ The statues were afterwards (1725) presented to the University by the Countess of Arundel.

"1670-1671, January 10th.—This day I first acquainted His Majesty with that incomparable young man [Grinling] Gibbons, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident, as I was walking near a poor, solitary, thatched house, in a field in our parish, near Sayes Court. I found him shut in; but looking in at the window, I perceived him carving that large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoretto, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter; he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness I never had before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit. He answered he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece. On demanding the price, he said £100. In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in Nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong. In the piece was more than one hundred figures of men, &c. I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober, and discreet in his discourses."

This rare and exquisite genius, Grinling Gibbons, was a native of Rotterdam, where he was born on the 4th of April, 1648. He came to London in 1667, after the Great Fire, and was first brought into notice by Evelyn, who, as we have seen, introduced

him to Charles II. Evelyn calls him "without controversy, the greatest master both for invention and rareness of work, that the world had in any age; nor doubt I at all," he adds, "that he will prove as great a master in the statuary art." He executed the base of Charles I.'s statue at Charing Cross, and also the bronze statue of James VI. in the Privy Garden, Whitehall, for which, it is said, he received £300. Not for his statuary, however, but for his carving in wood, which for fidelity, grace, and delicacy has never been surpassed, is he most highly esteemed. His industry must have been little inferior to his ability—so many of our great houses and churches contain specimens of his skill. At Petworth is a very elaborate series of carvings, for some of the panels of which Turner, two centuries later, painted landscapes. At Fawley Church, Bucks, is a finely-carved pulpit, which formerly belonged to the private chapel at Canons, the seat of Pope's Duke of Chandos, and the satirist's "Timon's Villa." Some beautiful carvings of fruit, flowers, and dead game, are extant at Cassiobury. The carved monument to Dorothy Clarke, in Fulham Church came from his patient chisel; and the Londoner will find much of his best work at Hampton Court. At Cranbrook House, Ilford, and at Burleigh, in Northamptonshire, further proofs of his genius may be obtained; and at Bush Hill Park (near Winchmore Hill) is preserved his famous "large carving in wood of St. Stephen Stoned." Of course his art is illustrated at Windsor, and some of its finest specimens may be seen in the State Ante-Room. The tomb of Viscount Camden, in Exton Church, Rutlandshire, contains both statuary and ornament, and is a masterpiece of faithful execution.

Gibbons died at his house in Bow Street, in 17—. Horace Walpole describes him as "an original genius, a citizen of nature. There is no instance before him," he adds, "of a man who gave to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with the free disorder natural to each species. . . . It is said that he lived in Belle Sauvage Court, Ludgate Hill, and was employed by Betterton in decorating the theatre in Dorset Gardens. He lived afterwards at Deptford with a musician, where the beneficent and curious Mr. Evelyn found and patronized both. This gentleman, Sir Peter Lely, and Baptiste May, who was something of an architect himself, recommended Gibbons to Charles II., who was too indolent to search for genius, and too indiscriminate in his bounty to confine it to merit; but was always pleased when it was brought home to him. He gave the artist a place in the Board of Works, and employed his hand on ornaments of most taste in his palaces, particularly at Windsor."

We continue our quotations from Evelyn:—

"1683, December 6th.—The Thames frozen.

"1683-4, January 1st.—The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set up on the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like.

"January 6th.—The river quite frozen.

"January 9th.—I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over.

"January 16th.—The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the city.

"January 24th.—The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames. This humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sheds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach races, puppet-plays and interludes, casks, tippling, and other lewd plans, so that it seemed to be a Bacchanalian triumph, a carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many packs of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of food so dear, that there were great contributions made to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles,

exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the bearers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents."

The frost lasted for seven weeks, producing ice eighteen inches thick. The pastimes on the river were visited by King Charles, accompanied by his Queen, the Princesses Mary and Anne, and Prince George of Denmark, on the 31st of January.

The Thames had previously been frozen over in 1564; and the same thing has since occurred in 1715-16, 1740, 1788-9, and 1814.

"1685, January 25.—Dr. Dove preached before the King. I saw this evening such a scene of profuse gaming, and the King in the midst of his three concubines,* as I had never before seen—luxurious dallying and profaneness."

"February 4th.—I went to London, hearing His Majesty had been the Monday before (February 2), surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit, so that if, by God's providence, Dr. King (that excellent chirurgeon as well as physician) had not been accidentally present to let him bleed (having his lancet in his pocket) † His Majesty had certainly died that moment; which might have been of direful consequence, there being nobody else present with the King save this doctor and one more, as I am assured. It was a mark of the extraordinary dexterity, resolution, and presence of mind in the doctor to let him blood in the very paroxysm, without staying the coming of other physicians, which regularly should have been done, and for want

* Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland; Louise de la Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth; and Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin.

† Others say a penknife was used.

of which he must have a regular pardon, as they tell me.* This rescued His Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. He still complained, and was relapsing, often fainting, with sometimes epileptic symptoms till Wednesday, for which he was cupped, let bleed in both jugulars, had both vomit and purges, which so relieved him that on Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazettes; but that day, about noon, the physicians thought him feverish. This they seemed glad of, as being more easily allayed and methodically dealt with than his former fits; so they prescribed the famous Jesuit's powder. But it made him worse, and some very able doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations used by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation and renew his former fits, which now made him very weak. Thus he passed Thursday night with great difficulty; when, complaining of a pain in his side, they drew twelve ounces more of blood from him. This was by six in the morning on Friday, and it gave him relief; but it did not continue, for being now in much pain, and struggling for breath, he lay dying, and, after some conflicts, the physicians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half an hour after eleven in the morning, being the 6th of February, 1685."

Evelyn adds an inevitable moral reflection:—

"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and

* The Privy Council approved of his action, and ordered him a gift of £1,000, but it was never paid.

toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc., a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large gallery-table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!"

To Evelyn's narrative it is necessary to add a few details. On the Thursday, when the King's illness was understood to be mortal, two English bishops presented themselves at his bedside. He said he was sorry for all he had done amiss, accepted absolution from Bishop Ken, but steadily refused the Communion. The Duchess of Portsmouth, whose grief seems to have been sincere, informed the French Ambassador, Barillon, that the King was really a Catholic, and urged him to tell the Duke of York that, if any time were lost, his brother would die out of the pale of the Church. James hastened to ask the King whether he should send for a priest. "For God's sake, brother, do," said the King, "and lose no time." But then, considering the possible political consequences, he added: "Will you not expose yourself too much by doing it?" "Sir, though it cost me my life," answered the Duke, "I will bring one to you." Not without some difficulty he found Father Huddleston, a Benedictine monk, whom he conveyed secretly up a back staircase, disguised by a flowing wig and a large cloak, and introduced into the royal bedchamber, where the Earls of Bath and Feversham were in attendance. Charles, it is said, received the priest with great joy and satisfaction, assuring him of his desire to die in the faith and communion of the Church Catholic;

that he was most heartily sorry for the sins of his past life, and particularly for having deferred his conversion so long; that he trusted, nevertheless, in the merits of Christ; that he died in charity with all the world; that he forgave his enemies, and asked forgiveness of those whom he had in any way offended; and, lastly, declaring his resolve, if it pleased God that he should recover, with His assistance to amend his life. He then made confession of his whole life with exceeding tenderness of heart, and pronounced an act of contrition with great piety and compunction. He continued to make pious ejaculations, and frequently lifting up his hands, exclaimed, "Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy," until the priest was ready to give him extreme unction. Afterwards, he raised himself up to receive the Sacrament, saying: "Let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture than lying on my bed." Having communicated, he remarked to Huddleston, who had assisted him in his escape after the Battle of Worcester, "You have saved me twice, first my body, and now my soul."

The Queen sent to ask the dying man's pardon for any offence she might have committed. "Alas, poor woman!" he said. "She beg *my* pardon! I beg *hers* with all my heart." She had been present during the earlier stages of his illness. With the graceful urbanity that was natural to him, he apologised to his attendants for being so unconscionably long in dying. To the Duke of York he recommended the care of his natural children. He begged him also to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and added, "Take care of Querouaille, and do not let poor Nelly starve."

A minute account of his last hours is given by the Rev. Francis Roper, chaplain to the Bishop of Ely, who was allowed to be present:—

"The King showed himself," he says, "throughout his illness, one of the best-natured men that ever lived; and, by abundance of fine things he said in reference to his soul, he showed he died as good a Christian: and the physicians, who have seen so many leave this world, do say they never saw the like as to his courage; so unconcerned he was as to death, though sensible to all degrees imaginable, to the very last. He every now and then would seem to wish for death, and beg the pardon of the standers by, and those that were employed about him, that he gave them so much trouble; that he hoped the work was almost over: he was weary of this world: he had had enough of it, and was going to a better. There was so much affection and tenderness expressed between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees, and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers by. He thanked our present King for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and begged his pardon for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he had freely left him all, and begged of God to bless him with a prosperous reign. . . . He blessed all his children one by one (except the Duke of Monmouth), pulling them to him on the bed. And then the bishops moved him, as he was the Lord's Anointed, and the father of his country, to bless them also, and all that were there present, and in them the whole body of his subjects. Whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees, and he raised himself on his bed and very solemnly blessed them all."

On the morning of his death he asked the hour, and, being told it was six o'clock, "Open the curtains," he

said, "that I may once more see day." His sufferings were very severe, and at half-past eight it was with the utmost difficulty he could speak. As long as the power of speech remained he could be heard uttering the name of God, and begging pardon for his offences. Even when speechless, he showed by lifting up his hands, and by the expression of his countenance, the great thought that occupied his mind. "He disposed himself to die," says one authority, "with the piety and unconcernedness becoming a Christian, and the resolution becoming a King." Bishop Burnet admits that "he went through the agonies of death with a calm and constancy that amazed all who were about him." And Lord Chesterfield says that "he died as a good Christian, asking and praying often for God's and Christ's mercy; as a man of great and undaunted courage, in never repining at the loss of life, or for that of three kingdoms."

Charles II., when he died, was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and the twenty-fifth year of his reign.

Samuel Pepys, the author of the well-known Diary, was descended from a younger branch of the ancient family of that name, who, early in the sixteenth century, settled at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire. His father, John Pepys, was a citizen of London, and followed the trade of a tailor until 1660, when, having inherited from an elder brother a small estate at Brampton, near Huntingdon, he retired thither, and in this rural seclusion ended his days in 1680.

Samuel Pepys was born on the 23rd of February, 1633, either at Brampton or in London. It is certain that he received his early education at Huntingdon, and was

thence removed to St. Paul's School. In 1650 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, as a sizar; but, before the period of academical residence began, was transferred to Magdalene, where, in 1651, he obtained a scholarship on Dr. Smith's foundation. There is no evidence in his later life that he profited to any great extent by the University teaching, while the Registrar's book of the College contains an entry which seems to show that he loved wine and "good company" over-much. On the 21st of October, 1653, Mr. John Wood, Registrar, records "that Pepys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill for having been scandalously overserved with drink the night before. This was done in the presence of all the Fellows then resident, in Mr. Hill's Chamber." It is to be hoped that the admonition did Mr. Pepys good!

At the age of twenty-three Mr. Pepys fell in love with a beautiful Somersetshire girl, named Elizabeth St. Michel, and, though without occupation or vocation, married her. She was only fifteen, and had no other dowry than her charming face and figure. The penniless but susceptible young couple were generously received into the household of the enamoured bridegroom's cousin, Sir Edward Montague (afterwards Earl of Sandwich), who, throughout his public career, continued to be a firm and liberal friend and patron. Pepys accompanied the gallant seaman on his expedition to the Sound, and, on his return, was appointed, through his kinsman's influence, to a clerkship in the Exchequer. In 1660, as secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet, he went to Scheveling on board Sir Edward's flag-ship to bring home Charles II. At the Restoration, Montague was rewarded

for his services with the Earldom of Sandwich, and was made Keeper of the Great Wardrobe and Clerk of the Privy Seal. The sunshine of his prosperity embraced his young cousin, who, in June, 1660, was promoted to the Clerkship of the Acts of the Navy. The business capacity which he developed in this position secured him the confidence and favour of his superiors, and among them of the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of York. Though by no means averse to pleasure—with a strong liking for plays and music, and a still stronger liking for pretty women—he discharged his official duties with praiseworthy conscientiousness, and an industry that was then regarded as exceptional. The interests of the Navy he had deeply at heart, and strove earnestly to protect them against the peculation and jobbery by which he was surrounded. He endeavoured to check the wastefulness that was rampant in the dockyards; fought bravely against the dishonesty of the contractors; unceasingly advocated the promotion of the older officers; and did not fail to protest against the influence so injuriously exercised by the courtiers and royal favourites. It must always be remembered to his honour that he remained at his post when London was stricken with the Plague, and, as every branch of the service was then deserted, undertook the responsibility of the whole naval administration. "The sickness in general thickens round us," he wrote to Sir William Coventry, "and particularly upon our neighbourhood. You, sir, took your turn of the sword; I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence."

Soon afterwards he was appointed Treasurer to the Tangiers Commissioners and Surveyor-General of the

Victualling Department, resigning the latter office on the conclusion of peace with Holland.

After the shameful event of the appearance of a victorious Dutch fleet in the Medway, the House of Commons ordered an inquiry into the causes of the breakdown of the naval defences of the country. On March 5th, 1668, the officers of the Navy Board were summoned to the bar of the House, and attended in the full expectation of censure and dismissal, though, in the face of overwhelming difficulties, they had done their best. The debts of the office exceeded £900,000; its credit was forfeited; the sailors and dockyardsmen had mutinied for want of wages; no money could be procured either from the Treasury or the Bankers; and the equipment of the fleet had been suspended when its services were most required. Everything had conspired to embitter the Commons against the unfortunate officials; but Pepys, appointed their spokesman, in a vigorous and conclusive speech of three hours' duration, made so complete a defence that the House dropped the proposed investigation.

Pepys made no similar oratorical effort, though he sat in the House for many years, first as member for Castle Rising, and afterwards as member for Harwich. In 1669 the prosperous career, on which he dilates with so much complacency in his Diary, was interrupted by an opthalmic affection, which rendered necessary a long holiday on the Continent; and this was followed, on his return home, by the unexpected death of his wife, on the 10th of November, at the early age of 29.

In the opening weeks of 1673, an attempt, originating with the Earl of Shaftesbury, was made to discredit him

as a Papist; but it failed. And, in the summer, when the Duke of York was compelled by the passing of the Test Act to resign all his employments, he was appointed Secretary to the Navy. He found ample scope for his administrative ability in this important office, until, in 1679, he was falsely accused of being implicated in the Popish plot, and thrown into the Tower. The favour always shown to him by the Duke of York seems to have been the motive of this attack, from which he did not get entirely free until February, 1680.

In September, 1683, Pepys, by order of the King, accompanied Lord Dartmouth on the expedition against Tangiers; and in the following year, when Charles assumed the office of Lord High Admiral, he appointed him to the Secretaryship of the Admiralty, with a salary of £500 per annum. He continued to hold this employment until the close of the reign of James II.; and the reorganization of the Navy, which is sometimes carried to the credit of the Sovereign, was unquestionably due to the Secretary's laborious and sagacious initiative.

At the Restoration, Pepys was dismissed from all his offices, and the electors of Harwich, suspecting him of favouring the cause of James II., refused to re-elect him as their representative. After a brief confinement in the Gatehouse, he was allowed to retire into private life, where he amused himself with the literary pursuits for which he had always an inclination. Part of his time he devoted to the arrangement of the extensive collections he had made for a general history of the *Navalia* of England. During 1684 and 1685 he presided over the Royal Society, and for some years was in the habit of entertaining, on Saturday evenings, in York Buildings,

several of its most distinguished members, who "across the walnuts and the wine," held high discourse on literary and scientific subjects. He took an active interest in the management of Christ's Hospital; he was also a considerable benefactor to St. Paul's School, and men of letters found in him a generous and enlightened patron. The naturalist Ray characterizes him as "*ingenuarum artium et eruditorum fautor et patronus eximius.*"

His failing health compelled him, in 1700, to give up his residence in York Buildings, and he retired to the house of his old friend and servant, Mr. William Hewer, at Clapham Common,* where, after a lingering illness, he expired on the 26th of May, 1703, aged seventy. Dean Hickes, who attended him on his death-bed, writes: "The greatness of his behaviour, in his long and sharp trial before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life; and I believe no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in everything that was revealed of the world to come. I administered the Holy Sacrament twice in his illness to him, and had administered it a third time but for a sudden fit of illness that happened at the appointed time of administering of it. Twice I gave him the absolution of the Church, which he desired, and received with all reverence and comfort; and I never attended any sick or dying person that died with so much Christian greatness of mind, or a more lively sense of immortality, or so much

* Evelyn writes on the 23rd Sept., 1700: "Went to visit Mr. Pepys at Clapham, where he has a very noble and wonderfully well-furnished house, especially with Indian and Chinese curiosities." He afterwards refers to it as "Your Paradisian Clapham." The house had belonged to Dr. John Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, author of the "Eikon Basilike," and after his death to his brother, Sir Denis, who collected a fine library and art-gallery, and died in 1688. It was then purchased by Mr. William Hewer, who died here in 1715. The house was pulled down in 1760.

fortitude and patience, in so long and sharp a trial, or greater resignation to the will, which he most devoutly acknowledged to be the wisdom of God; and I doubt not he is now but a very blessed spirit, according to his motto, *Mens cujusque is est quisque.*"

One of Pepys' most attached and oldest friends was his brother Diarist, John Evelyn. Differing widely in character, they were linked together by their literary and scientific tastes.

An anonymous contemporary, in the Supplement to Collier's Dictionary, draws a portrait of Pepys, which must be regarded as painted in too flattering colours: "It may be affirmed of this gentleman," he says, "that he was, without exception, the greatest and most useful Minister that ever filled the same situations in England; the Acts and Registers of the Admiralty proving this fact beyond contradiction. The principal rules and establishments in present use in these offices are well-known to have been of his introducing, and most of the officers serving therein, since the Restoration, of his bringing up. He was a most studious promoter and strenuous assertor of order and discipline through all their dependencies. Sobriety, diligence, capacity, loyalty, and subjection to command were essentials required in all whom he advanced. Where any of these were found wanting, no interest or authority were capable of moving him in favour of the highest pretending; the Royal command only excepted, of which he was also very watchful, to prevent any undue procurements. Discharging his duty to his Prince and Country with a religious application and perfect integrity, he feared no one, courted no one, and neglected his own fortune. Besides this, he was a person

of universal worth, and in great estimation among the Literati, for his unbounded reading, his sound judgment, his great elocution, his mastery in method, his singular curiosity, and his uncommon munificence towards the advancement of learning, arts, and industry, in all degrees: to which were joined the severest morality of a philosopher, and all the polite accomplishments of a gentleman, particularly those of music, languages, conversation, and address. He assisted, as one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, at the Coronation of James II., and was a standing Governor of all the principal houses of charity in and about London, and sat at the head of many other honourable bodies, in divers of which, as he deemed their constitution and methods deserving, he left lasting monuments of his bounty and patronage."

The remarkable Diary which constitutes his best claim to remembrance he begun to keep on the 1st of January, and he continued it for upwards of nine years, when his failing eyesight compelled him to abandon his daily task. It is written in shorthand, the cipher used bearing a close resemblance to that which was long in vogue as Rich's system. Forming six manuscript volumes, the Diary was included among the books and papers which Pepys bequeathed to Magdalene College; but its valuable contents were not made public until Lord Braybrooke's edition appeared in 1825. A fuller edition has since been published by the Rev. Mynors Bright.

The Diary is as unique of its kind as the "Autobiography of Thomas Bunche," by Amory, or Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris." In its frank self-revelations, it stands unequalled. Probably regarding his secrets as safe in their cipher embodiment, Pepys jotted down his most private

thoughts and the minutest details of his household economy. He put on record his egotism, his love of flattery, his likings and dislikings, his petty disagreements with his wife (of whom, however, he was exceedingly fond), and his not very creditable flirtations with the pretty women whom his large circle of acquaintanceship embraced. He hides nothing of himself, nor from himself; and writes down his selfish and crafty little deeds of wickedness as candidly as he does the great public events of his day. We must grant that he was a man of wide and liberal sympathies. His vivacity was inexhaustible, and it was with an interest ever fresh he turned to the last new play, the last new song, the last new beauty, or the last new discovery in science. He puts down, with equal gravity, his assumption of "a false taby wastecoate with gold lace," and the progress of the Plague in London. He preserves at almost equal length his discourses on high affairs of State, and his junketings with Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Knip. Unlike Evelyn, he has no sense of dignity—he does not think it beneath him to make formal entry that "I dined with my wife upon a most excellent dish of tripes of my own directing, covered with mustard, as I have heretofore seen them done at my Lord Crewe's, of which I made a very great meal, and sent for a glass of wine for myself." The fact is, everything in which Samuel Pepys was concerned was to Samuel Pepys, for the time being, an event of engrossing importance, than which the whole world presented nothing greater.

It was fortunate for posterity that this egotistical, gossiping, self-seeking, yet shrewd observer, was led to keep the detailed record of the early years of Charles II.'s reign which his Diary presents. Its audaciously candid

talk makes it invaluable. It is the very minuteness of its details which renders it so precious, for it enables us to fill up the outlines in which historians love to deal. "Pepys," says Lord Jeffrey, "seems to have been possessed of the most extraordinary activity, and the most indiscriminating, insatiable, and miscellaneous curiosity that ever prompted the researches or supplied the pen of a daily chronicler. He finds time to go to every play, to every execution, to every procession, fire, concert, riot, trial, review, city feast, or picture-gallery that he can hear of. Nay, there seems scarcely to have been a school examination, a wedding, christening, charity sermon, bull-baiting, philosophical meeting, or private merry-making in his neighbourhood at which he is not sure to make his appearance, and mindful to record all the particulars. He is the first to hear all the Court scandal, and all the public news—to observe the changes of fashion and the downfall of parties—to pick up family gossip, and to detail philosophical intelligence—to criticize every new house or carriage that is built—every new book or new beauty that appears—every measure the King adopts, and every mistress he discards."

The interest and importance of the Diary, in the number and closeness of its photographic touches, will best be shown by a few extracts from its crowded pages. We have said that he went with Sir Edward Montague to bring back Charles II. to his recovered kingdom. Here is his description, characteristic in every touch, of the King's landing :—

"1660, May 25th.—By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast

before they went; and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork and boiled beef. . . . I spoke to the Duke of York about business, *who called me Pepys by name* [ah, what an honour !], and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was then ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk* with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and give him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said *it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world.* A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat, and so into his barge, and we back to the ship, seeing a man

* "To receive His Majesty as a malefactor would his pardon," says Monk's biographer.

almost drowned that fell into the sea. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give offence to any, and with the great honour he thought it would be to him."

On the next day but one, May 27th, Montague was made a Knight of the Garter. Other honours followed, as the wary seaman had calculated.

"June 23rd.—To my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy came to me, and there stayed to see the King touch people for the King's Evil. But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterwards he touched them in the Banqueting-House."

This superstitious ceremony was of great antiquity, dating back as far, perhaps, as the reign of Edward the Confessor. It had fallen into disuse during the Civil War, but revived at the Restoration with increased popularity, so that in the first four years of Charles's reign he "touched" nearly 24,000 persons. It expired in the reign of George I.

Here is a quaint little personal touch :—

"July 1st (Lord's Day).—Infinite of business, my heart and head full. Met with Purser Washington, with whom and a lady, a friend of his, I dined at the Bell Tavern in King Street, but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and to let me pay my club. This morning came home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it."

"July 8th (Lord's Day). To White Hall Chapel, where I got in with ease by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the

first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs, and singing-men in surplices in my life."

"July 25th.—I did send for a cup of *tee* (a China drink), of which I never had drank before."

Tea was sold in almost every street at this time, but was so valuable that the infusion of it in water was taxed by the gallon, in common with chocolate and sherbet.

"Dec. 1st.—This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed; but, before I went out, I left her appeased."

"Dec. 2nd (Lord's Day).—To church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon; so home to dinner. My wife and I all alone to a leg of mutton, the sauce of which being made sweet, I was angry at it, and eat none, but only dined upon the marrow-bone that we had beside."

"March 23rd.—To the Red Bull * (where I had not been since plays came up again) up to the tireing-room; where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poor, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pit, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called "All's Lost but Lust," poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, in the music-room, the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his ears and beat him so, that it put the whole house into an uproar."

† A minor theatre in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, described as :—

"That degenerate stage,
Where none of the untamed kennel can rehearse
A line of serious sense."

"April 2nd.—To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pele Mele, the first time that ever I saw the sport."

Pele Mele, from the French *paille maille*,* the name of a popular game, and of the place where it was practised. A round box bowl had to be struck with a mallet through a high arch of iron or raised ring, standing at either end of an alley; and he who did this at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on, won. Charles II., who was fond of the game, caused a Pele Mele to be made "at the further end of St. James's Park," what is now called the Mall; but one had formerly existed on the site of the present Pall Mall. Says Waller:—

"Here a well-polished mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture and his graceful mien;
Vigour and youth in all his motions seen;
No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the mall.
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin 'twere shot."

"November 11th.—Captain Ferrars carried me the first time that ever I saw any gaming-house, to one, entering into Lincoln's Inn Fields at the end of Bell Yard, where strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money, and very glad I was to see the manner of a gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor, and unmanly. And thence he took me to a dancing-school in Fleet Street, where we saw a company of pretty girls dance, but I do not in myself like to have young girls exposed to so much vanity. So to the Wardrobe, where I found my lady had agreed upon a lace for my wife at £6, which I seemed much glad of that it was no more, though in my mind I

* Which was derived from the Italian *Palagamio*.

think it too much, and I pray God to keep me so to order myself and my wife's expenses, that no inconvenience in purse or honour follow this my prodigality."

"May 21st.—My wife and I to my Lord's lodging; where she and I stayed walking in Whitehall Garden. And in the Privy-garden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's laced with rich lace at the bottom that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah [Lord Sandwich's housekeeper] told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day and night last week; and that the night that the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrival, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street, which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child,* was said to be heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of door, since the King's going. But we went to the Theatre, to the French Dancing Mistress (Master), and there with much pleasure we saw and gazed upon Lady Castlemaine; but it troubles us to see her look dejectedly, and slighted by people already. The play pleased us very well; but Lacy's part, the dancing mistress, the best in the world."

"May 23rd.—My wife and I to the puppet play in Covent Garden, which I saw the other day, and indeed it is very pleasant."

Puppet-shows were greatly in vogue at the Restoration, and also in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The reader will remember the farcical *dénouement* of Ben Jon-

* The Duke of Southampton, born in the following May.

son's "Bartholomew Fair," which is connected with a performance of the drama of "Hero and Leander," by puppets in one of the booths there.

"*Cokes.*—These be players, minors indeed. Do you call these players?"

"*Leatherhead.*—They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows: indeed, I am the mouth of them all. . . ."

"*Cokes.*—Well, they are civil company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to pun, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then, there goes not much charge to the feasting of them, or making them drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness."

In the early part of the eighteenth century "Paul's Puppet-Show" was one of the sights of London. It was much helped to its celebrity, no doubt, by Steele's notices of it in *The Tatler* (No. 16, May 15th, 1709).

"May 27th.—With my wife and the two maids and the boy took boat and to Fox-hall, where I had not been a great while. To the old Spring Garden; and then walked long, and the wenches gathered pinks. Here we stayed, and seeing that we could not have anything to eat but very dear, and with long stay, we went forth again without any notice taken of us, and so we might have done if we had had anything. Thence to the New one, where I never was before, which much exceeds the other; and here we also walked, and the boy crept through the hedge, and gathered abundance of roses, and after a long walk, passed out of doors as we did in the other place, and so to another house that was an ordinary house, and here we had cakes and powdered beef and ale, and so home again by water, with much pleasure."

On the 28th of May, 1667, Pepys writes:—

"By water to Fox-hall, and then walked in the Spring Gardens. A great deal of company, and the weather and

garden pleasant; and it is very cheap going thither, for a man may spend what he will, or nothing at all, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and the birds, and here fiddles and there a banjo, and here a jew's trump and there laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising."

Spring Garden derived its name from an ingenious bit of mechanism, which, on being touched by the foot, sent a shower of water over the bystanders. It was a favourite resort of the Londoners in the reign of Charles I., but during the Commonwealth the preference seems to have been given to the Mulberry Garden, on the site of the present Buckingham Palace. At the Restoration a strip of land, on the Lambeth bank of the Thames, was laid out as a public garden, and soon acquired a reputation which it retained down to our own time. From a manor called Fulke's Hall, which had belonged to Fulke de Breauté, King John's minister, came the name of Fox-hall, afterwards modified into Vauxhall.

"September 7th.—Meeting Mr. Pierce, the chirurgeon, he took me into Somerset House; and then carried me into the Queen-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was, with our Queen sitting on her left hand, whom I never did see before; and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts [afterwards Duke of Monmouth], the King's bastard, a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both are mighty kind to him. By and by in

comes in the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess; so that, they being altogether, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dusk, and then went away; the King and his Queen, and my Lady Castlemaine, and young Crofts in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great store of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry; and he would have made the Queen-Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queen answered, 'You lie,' which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have made her say in English, 'Confess and be hanged.'"

"December 26th.—Hither came Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple: cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbiter knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and, by and by, meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d."

[Mr. Pepys afterwards bought another copy, "it being certainly some ill-humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit;" and resolved to read it again, and see whether he could find the wit or no. But in this he did not succeed.]

"April 4th.—This being my feast—very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the course for that very dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only maid. We had a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish

of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of fine lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie, a most rare pie, a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble, and to my great content."

"November 3rd.—By and by comes Chapman, the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it, without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but, it being over, and my periwig on, I paid him £3 for it; and away went he, with my own hair, to make up another of; and I, by and by."

"November 28th.—To St. Paul's Church Yard, and there looked upon the second part of Hudibras, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. To-day, for certain, I am told how in Holland publicly they have pictured our King with reproach: one way, is with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty; another, with two courtiers, picking of his pockets; and a third, leading of two ladies, while others abuse him; which amounts to great contempt."

"December 10th.—To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and, having gained this day in the office by my stationer's bill to the King, about 40s. or £3, calling for twenty books to lay this money out upon, and found myself at a great loss where to choose, and do see how my nature would gladly return to the laying out of money in this trade. Could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's

History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gesner, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthies, the Cabbala, or a Collection of Letters of State, and a little book, 'Delices de Hollande,' with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home and so to my office, and to read in Rushworth; and so home to supper and to bed."

Another side-light into the social condition of the Court:—

"January 20th, 1664.—Mr. Pierce tells me, that my Lady Castlemaine is not at all set by, by the King, but that he do doat upon Mrs. Stewart only, and, that, to the leaving of all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queen; that he values not who sees him, or stands by him while he dallies with her openly: and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentries observe him going in and out; and that so commonly, that the Duke, or any of the nobles, when they would ask where the King is, they would ordinarily say, 'Is the king above or below?' meaning with Mrs. Stewart; that the King do not openly disown my Lady Castlemaine, but that she comes to Court. . . . That the Duke of Monmouth the King do still doat on beyond measure, insomuch that the King only, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, do now wear deep mourning, that is, by cloaks, for the Duchess of Savoy: so that he mourns as a Prince of the Blood, while the Duke of York do no more, and all the nobles of

the land not so much; which gives great offence. But that the Duke of York do give himself up to business, and is like to prove a noble prince; and so indeed I do from my heart think he will. He says that it is believed, as well as hoped, that care is taken to lay up a hidden treasure of money by the King against a bad day. I pray God it be so! but I should be more glad that the King himself would look after business, which it seems he do not in the least."

"February 3rd.—In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great coffee-house there, where I never was before: where Dryden, the poet, I knew at Cambridge, and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hook of our College. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse."

This coffee-house was Will's, so called from William Urwin, the landlord, and was situated at the corner of Russell Street and Bow Street. There a chair was reserved for Dryden, near the fireplace in winter, and in the balcony in summer. The first coffee-house in London, Pasque Rosee's, had been opened only seven years before; but the new beverage had grown rapidly into popularity, and the coffee-house itself was at once recognised as a pleasant rendezvous by the wits, scholars, and other gregarious classes of the day. They afforded, moreover, an indirect channel for the expression of public opinion.

"March 27th. (Lord's day).—It being church time, walked to St. James's, to try if I could see the belle Butler, but could not; only saw her sister, who indeed is

pretty, with a fine Roman nose. Thence walked through the ducking-pond fields; but they are so altered since my father used to carry us to Islington, to the old man's, at the King's Head, to eat cakes and ale, that I did not know which was the ducking-pond, nor where I was. [The site of the ducking-pond, where the Londoners assembled to see the ducks hunted by dogs, is now occupied by the Back Road.] So home; and in Cheapside, both coming and going, it was full of apprentices, who have been here all this day, and have done violence, I think, to the master of the boys that were put in the pillory yesterday. But, Lord! to see how the trained bands are raised upon this: the drums beating everywhere as if an enemy were upon them: so much is this city subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions. But it was pleasant to hear the boys, and particularly one little one, that I demanded the business of. He told me that, that had never been done in the city since it was a city—two 'prentices put in the pillory! and that it ought not to be so."

"July 11th.—Betimes up this morning, and, getting ready, we by coach to Holborne, when, at nine o'clock, they set out, and I and my man Will on horseback by my wife to Barnet; a very pleasant day; and there dined with her company, which was very good—a pretty gentlewoman with her, that goes but to Huntingdon, and a neighbour to us in town. Here we stayed two hours, and then parted for all together, and my poor wife I shall soon want, I am sure. Thence I and Will to see the Wells, half a mile off, and there I drink three glasses, and walked, and come back and drunk two more: and so we rode home, round by Kingsland, Hackney, and Mile End,

till we were quite weary; and, not being very well, I betimes to bed."

The qualities of the Barnet Wells were discovered in 1652, and rose into repute with such rapidity that Fuller, only ten years afterwards, speaks of "the catalogue of the cures done by them as amounting to a great number: insomuch," he adds, "that there is hope, in process of time, the water rising here will repair the blood shed hard by, and save as many lives as were lost in the fatal battle at Barnet." Pepys went thither a second time on the 11th of August, 1667. He arrived by seven o'clock, and found many people a drinking; but as it was a cold morning, he contented himself with drinking three glasses, and then, returning to his inn (the Red Lion), "did eat some of the best cheese cakes that ever I eat in my life."

The well is still at the disposal of the public; it is a chalybeate water, and described as "an excellent safe purger."

"July 26th.—Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorfields, how the butchers at first did beat the weavers, between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery, but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first, the butchers knocked down all the weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling £100 for a butcher."

"August 10th.—Abroad to find out one to engrave my tables upon my new sliding rule with silver plates, it being so small, that Browne, that made it, cannot get one to do it. So I got Cocker, the famous writing-master, to do it,

and I set an hour by him to see him design it all; and strange it is to see him, with his natural eyes, to cut so small at his first designing it, and read it all over, without any missing, when for my life I could not, with my best skill, read one word or letter of it; but it is use. He says, that the best light for his life to do a very small thing by, contrary to Chaucer's words to the sun,* 'that he should lend his light to them that small seals grave,' it should be by an artificial light of a candle, set to advantage, as he could do it. I find the fellow, by his discourse, very ingenious: and, among other things, a great admirer of, and well read in, the English poets, and undertakes to judge of them all, and that not impertinently."

It would be unpardonable to omit from our record of the celebrities of Charles II.'s. reign a name which has become proverbial, "according to Cocker." Edward Cocker, though known to posterity as the author of the once celebrated book of "Arithmetick, being a Plain and Familiar Method suitable to the meanest capacity, for understanding that admirable Art," was held in repute in his own time chiefly as a caligraphist, a writer and engraver of "letters, knots, and flourishes." He was born in 1631, and died in 1677. His "Arithmetic" was a posthumous work (licensed on the 2nd of September, 1677), edited from the original manuscript by a Mr. John Hawkins. A portrait of the author is prefixed to it, and under the portrait are inscribed the following lines:—

"Ingenious Cocker, now to rest thou'rt gone,
No art can show thee fully, but thine own;
Thy rare Arithmetic alone can show
Th' vast sum of thanks we for thy labours owe."

* *In Troilus and Cressida*, bk. iii., lines 1466, 1467:—
"What proff'rst thou thy light here for to sell?
Go sell it them that small seals grave."

The completeness and lucidity of Cocker's treatise secured it so lasting a popularity that it ran through fifty editions in less than seventy years.

Here is a brief but curious reference to William Penn, the Quaker-founder of Pennsylvania:—

"August 26th.—Mr. Penn, Sir William's son, is come back from France, and come to visit my wife; a most modest person, grown, she says, a fine gentleman."

William Penn, at this time, was just upon twenty years old. He had already showed signs of an attachment to Quakerism, which his father had endeavoured to combat, and he was finally converted to it in 1666. At least he accepted its principles, but not its practices; for he was fond of good horses, handsome furniture, and bravery of dress. The Crown owing his father a sum of £16,000, Penn, at his father's death, compounded the debt for a tract of country in North America, nearly 300 miles long and 160 miles wide, which soon grew into a prosperous colony under the name of Pennsylvania. He provided it with a Constitution of a genuinely democratic character, and organised its government on the basis of toleration, respect for the rights of all, and justice towards the Indians. He lived to see the good fruits of his sagacious policy, and was seventy-four years old when he died (July 30th, 1718).

Mr. Pepys confesses his weakness for a pretty woman:—

"September 6th.—Called upon Doll, our pretty 'Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon, to [match] the petticoat my wife bought yesterday, which cost me 20s.; but she is so pretty that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much, which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it."

He notes, on the 2nd of October following that his wife was angry with him for not coming home, and for gadding abroad to look after beauties.

"January 9th, 1665.—Walked to White Hall. I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter and laws, and comes to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows are to be entered there, and lie as a monument; and the King hath put his with the word Founder."

This book is still extant, and contains the autograph of every Fellow down to the present time.

The Royal Society grew out of that vision of an ideal institution which Lord Bacon conceived in his "New Atlantis." The first who attempted to realize it were Evelyn, Bishop Sprat, Aubrey, Dr. Wilkins, and others, who met for the purposes of scientific inquiry and discussion in "the parlour" of Gresham College. To this philosophical conference Evelyn gave the felicitous designation of "The Royal Society."* A charter was granted to them; the King declared himself their founder; and Lord Brounker acted as their first President.

"January 20th.—To my bookseller's, and then took home Hook's† book of Microscopy, a most excellent piece, and of which I am very proud. Homeward, in my way buying a hare, and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the

* Dryden, in his *Annus Mirabilis* apostrophizes it as—

"O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind:
And thence, like limbers, rich ideas draw,
To fit the levelled use of human kind."

† Dr. Robert Hooke, Rector of Freshwater, born 1635, died 1702. Was the author of "Micrographia" and other scientific works.

joint to it; and assures me he never had his cholic since he carried it about him: and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his [hare's] foot, but I became very well, and so continue."

[On the 26th of March Pepys notes that though the preceding winter had been exceptionally severe, yet had he never been better in all his life, "nor had not, these ten years, gone colder in the summer than he had done all this winter, wearing only a doublet, and a waistcoat cut open on the back; abroad, a cloak, and within doors a coat he slipped on." He adds: "Now I am at a loss to know whether it be my hare's foot which is my preservation; for I never had a fit of the colic since I wore it, or whether it be my taking a pill of terpentine every morning."]

A gleam of light is thrown in the following passage on the elementary dabblings to which inquiring minds were prone in those infant days of Science:—

"March 22nd.—To Mr. Houblon's, the merchant, where Sir William Petty, and abundance of most ingenious men, owners and freighters of 'The Experiment,' now going with the two bodies [hulls] to sea. Most excellent discourse. Sir William Petty did tell me, that in good earnest, he hath in his will left some parts of his estate to him that could invent such and such things. As among others, that could discover truly the way of milk coming into the breasts of a woman; and he that could invent proper characters to express to another the mixture of relishes and tastes. And says, that to him that invents gold, he gives nothing for the philosopher's stone; for, says he, they that find out that, will be able to pay

themselves. But, says he, by this means it is better than to go to a lecture; for here my executors, that must part with this, will be sure to be well convinced of the invention before they do part with their money. . . . Thence to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite, but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way: the air out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the air being let in upon her, revives her immediately—nay, and this air is to be made by putting together a liquor and some body that ferments—the steam of that do do the work."

Another illustration of social manners:—

"April 12th.—Going to my Lady Batten's, there found a great many women with her, in her chamber merry—my Lady Penn and her daughter, among others, where my Lady Penn flung me down upon the bed, and herself and others, one after another, upon me, and very merry we were."

"May 28th.—To see my Lady Penn, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity: of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign." [They were gold fish, brought from China—the species, *Cyprinus auratus*.]

Of the first appearance of the dreaded Plague in London we find the following graphic record:—

"June 7th.—The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me

into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chew, which took away the apprehension."

The patriotism which elevated the character of Pepys, and more than counterbalanced his vanity and love of money, glows in the following brief but telling account of the great but fruitless victory over the Dutch on the 3rd of June, 1665:—

"This day they engaged: the Dutch neglecting greatly the opportunity of the wind they had of us; by which they lost the benefit of their fireships. The Earl of Falmouth,* Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle killed on board the Duke's ship, the Royal Charles, with one shot: their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face; and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke, as some say. Earl of Marlborough, Portland, Rear Admiral Sansum, to Prince Rupert, killed, and Captains Kirby and Allison. Sir John Lawson wounded on the knee:† hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again. Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the Duke for another to command the Royal Oak. The Duke sent Jordan out of the St. George, who did brave things to her. Captain Jeremiah Smith, of the Mary, was second to the Duke,

* Sir John Denham, in his savagely satirical "Advice to a Painter," says:—

"His shattered head the fearless Duke distains,
And gave the last first proof that he had brains."

† When the flag-ship of the Dutch Admiral Opdam blew up, a shot from it mortally wounded Sir John Lawson:—

"Destiny allowed
Him his revenge, to make his death more proud.
A fatal bullet from his side did rauge,
And battered Lawson; oh, too dear exchange!
He led our fleet that day too short a space,
But lost his knee: since died, in glorious race:
Lawson, whose valour beyond Fate did go,
And still fights Opdam in the lake below."

and stepped between him and Captain Seaton, of the Urania, 76 guns and 400 men, who had sworn to board the Duke, killed him 200 men, and took the ship; himself losing 99 men, and never an officer saved, but himself and lieutenant. His master indeed is saved, with his leg cut off. Admiral Opdam blown up, Tromp killed, and [it is] said, by Holmes [Sir Robert]; all the rest of their Admirals, as they say, Mr. Everson, whom they dare not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange, are killed: we have taken and sunk, as is believed, about twenty-four of their best ships; killed and taken near 8,000 or 10,000 men, and lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never known in the world. They are all fled; some 43 got into the Texel, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest. Thence, with my heart full of joy, home; then to my Lady Penn's, where they are all joyed, and not a little puffed up at the good success of their father; and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate; and I, with my Lady Penn's people, and others, to Mrs. Turner's great room, and then down into the street. I did give the boys 4s. among them, and mighty merry: so home to bed, with my heart at great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend."

It was a great victory, and might have been made a complete one. When the Dutch fled from off Lowestoft to their own shore, the English fleet pursued; but, during the night, the *Royal Charles*, the Duke of York's flag-ship, slackened sail and brought-to. In a Council of War, Admiral Sir William Penn bade his colleagues prepare for hotter work in the next engagement, knowing

that the courage of the Dutch always reached its highest point when their fortunes were most desperate. The courtiers protested that the Duke had won honour enough, and why should he venture himself a second time. His Royal Highness retired to his cabin; and in the night Brounker, one of his servants, delivered an order to the master, apparently in the Duke's handwriting, to slacken sail. To the intense mortification of the seamen, the pursuit was then abandoned, and the Dutch fleet spared to fight again. It was afterwards alleged that Brouncker forged the order; if so, he never received the punishment his treachery or cowardice deserved.

"July 26th.—Down to Woolwich, and there I first saw and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious; and away again to the King, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirit."

Mr. Pepys attends the marriage of Lord Sandwich's daughter with young Carteret, the son of Sir George Carteret.

"July 31st.—When we come, though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home; and, going towards the church, met them coming from church, which troubled us. But, however, that trouble was soon over; hearing it was well done: they being both in their old clothes; my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coachfulls of them. The young lady, mighty sad, which

troubled me; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not, till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but in such a sober way as never almost anything was in so great families: but it was much better. After dinner, company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. . . . At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too: and so, after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial."

"December 6th.—I spent the afternoon upon a song of Solyman's words to Roxalana [in D'Avenant's *Siege of Rhodes*] that I have set, and so with my wife and Mercer [her maid] walked to Mrs. Pierce's, where Captain Rolt and Mrs. Knipp, Mr. Coleman and his wife, and Laneari, Mrs. Worshipp and her singing daughter, met; and, by and by, unexpectedly comes Mr. Pierce from Oxford. Here the best company for music I ever was in, in my life, and wish I could live and die in it, both for music and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and my wife, and Knipp, who is pretty enough; but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life, and Rolt with her, some things together, most excellently. I spent the night in an ecstasy almost."

"1666, January 6th.—To a great dinner and much company. Mr. Cuttle and his lady and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself 'Dapper Dicky,' in answer to hers of 'Barbary Allen,' but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter, that he found her crying; and I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband: so we had a great, but I a melancholy dinner. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to town: so I to her. It is only to see what I do, and why I come not home; and she is in the right *that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I go away.* My wife to fetch away my things from Woolwich, and I back to cards, and after cards to choose King and Queen, and a good cake there was, but no marks found; but I privately found the clove, the mark of the Knave, and privately put it into Captain Cocke's piece, which made some mirth, because of his lately being known by his buying of clove and mace of the East India prizes. At night home to my lodging, where I find my wife returned with my things. It being Twelfth Night, they had got the fiddler, and mighty merry they were; and I above, come not to them, leaving them dancing, and choosing King and Queen."

In the Twelfth Night cake a bean was inserted for the King, a pea for the Queen, a clove for the Knave, and so on.

Here are two or three passages in illustration of the well-known weakness of Mr. Pepys for a pretty face:—

"January 15th.—This afternoon, after sermon, comes my dear fair beauty of the Exchange, Mrs. Batelier, brought by her sister, an acquaintance of Mercer's, to

see my wife. I saluted her with as much pleasure as I had done any a great while. We sat and talked together an hour, with infinite pleasure to me, and so the fair creature went away, and proves one of the modestest women and pretty, that ever I saw in my life, and my wife judges her so too."

"January 15th.—To Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent Garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boreman's by night, where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life—much company, a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excess of mirth, but all blank through the waywardness of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come. Not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger, I asking him, while we were in expectation what answer one of our many messengers would bring, what he thought, whether she would come or no, he answered that, for his part, he could not so much as think. At last, very late, and supper done, she came undressed, but it brought me no mirth at all; only, after all being done, without singing, or very little, and no dancing, Pierce and I to bed together, and he and I very merry to find how little and thin clothes they give us to cover us, so that we were fain to lie in our stockings and drawers, and lay all our coats and clothes upon the bed."

"January 18th.—To Captain Cocke's, where Mrs. Williams was and Mrs. Knipp. I was not heartily merry, though a glass of wine did a little cheer me. After dinner to the office. Anon comes to me thither my Lord Brounker, Mrs. Williams, and Knipp. I brought

down my wife in her night-gown, she not being indeed very well, to the office to them. My wife and I anon and Mercer, by coach, to Pierce's, where mighty merry, and sing and dance with great pleasure; and I danced, who never did in company in my life."

Here is a note of the Great Storm:—

"January 24th.—My Lord and I, the wind being again very furious, so as we durst not go by water, walked to London quite round the bridge, no boat being able to stir; and, Lord! what a dirty walk we had, and so strong the wind, that in the fields we many times could not carry our bodies against it, but were driven backwards. We went through Horsleydown. . . . It was dangerous to walk the streets, the bricks and tiles falling from the houses, that the whole streets were covered with them; and whole chimneys, nay, whole houses, in two or three places, blowed down. But, above all, the pales of London Bridge, on both sides, were blown away, so that we were fain to stoop very low for fear of blowing off of the bridge. We could see no boats in the Thames afloat, but what were broke loose, and carried through the bridge, it being ebbing water. And the greatest sight of all was, among other parcels of ships driven here and there in clusters together; one was quite overset, and lay with her masts all along in the water, and keel above water."

The King praises Mr. Pepys:—

"January 28th.—I went down into one of the Courts [at Hampton Court], and there met the King and Duke: and the Duke called me to him. And the King come to me of himself, and told me, 'Mr. Pepys,' says he, 'I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it.' And the Duke of

York did tell me with pleasure, that he had read over my discourse about pursers, and would have ordered it in my way, and so fell from one discourse to another. I walked with them quite out of the Court into the fields."

Valentines :—

"February 14th, 1666.—This morning called up by Mr. Hill, who, my wife thought, had come to be her Valentine —she, it seems, having drawn him, but it proved not. However, calling him up to our bedside, my wife challenged him. . . . By and by comes Mrs. Pierce, with my name in her bosom for her Valentine, which will cost me money."

To this custom Pepys has several allusions. The Valentines were drawn in a kind of lottery, and the choosing party invariably expected a present from his or her Valentine. On the 16th of February, 1667, Pepys writes: "I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing mottoes as well as names, so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was, I forget; but my wife's was 'Most courteous and most fair,' which, as it may be used, or an anagram upon each name, might be very pretty." The presents given varied in value according to the rank and means of the giver, and, naturally, also according to the degree of estimation in which the Valentine held the person by whom he or she was chosen. For example, Pepys records that the Duke of York, when chosen by Mrs. Frances Stewart, gave her a jewel worth £800; and, in another year, Lord Mandeville gave her a ring valued

at £300. Drayton, in his lyrical address to *his* Valentine, ridicules this Valentine-lottery. He says :—

Let's laugh at them that choose
Their Valentines by lot;
To wear their names that use,
Whom idly they have got,
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend:
We thus this morn may spend,
Else, Muse, awake her not.

Mr. Pepys entertains good company :—

"March 7th.—In the evening, being at Sir William Batten's, I find my Lord Brounker and Mrs. Williams, and they would of their own accord, though I had never obliged them, nor my wife neither, with one visit for many of theirs, go see my house and my wife; which I showed them and made them welcome with wine and China oranges, now a great rarity since the war, none to be had. My house happened to be mighty clean, and did me great honour, and they mightily pleased with it."

"March 19th.—After dinner, we walked to the King's playhouse, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to see with laughing; and particularly Lacy's wardrobe, and Shotrell's.* But then again to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light, and how

* Robert Shotterel, an actor in the King's company, mentioned by Downes. He was living as late as 1684, but little is known of him.

poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty."

We have here a reference to the principal seamen of the Restoration:—

"April 18th.—To Mr. Lilly's, the painter's [Sir Peter Lely]; and there saw the heads, some finished, and all begun, of the Flagmen [*i.e.*, Admirals] in the late great fight [June 1st-3rd] with the Duke of York against the Dutch. The Duke of York hath them done to hang in his chamber, and very finely they are done indeed. Here are the Prince's, Sir G. Ascue's, Sir Thomas Teddiman's, Sir Christopher Mings's, Sir Joseph Jordan's, Sir William Berkeley's, Sir Thomas Allen's, and Captain [Sir John] Harman's, as also the Duke of Albemarle's; and will be my Lord Sandwich's, Sir W. Penn's, and Sir Jeremy Smith's. I was very well satisfied with this sight, and other good pictures hanging in the house."

With the omission of Prince Rupert's, and the addition of Sir John Lawson's, this gallery of sea-captains may now be seen in the Naval Hall at Greenwich. There is also a copy of Prince Rupert's, but the original is at Windsor Castle. Prince Rupert's is a whole-length; the others are half-lengths.

Mr. Pepys will be master in his own house:—

"May 4th.—Home to dinner, and had a great fray with my wife about Browne's coming to teach her to paint, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield to. I do thoroughly believe she means no hurt in it; but very angry we were, and I resolved all into my having my will done, without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it."

Mr. Pepys enjoys himself:—

"May 29th.—King's birth-day and Restoration Day. Waked with the ringing of bells all over the town: so up before five o'clock, and to the office. At noon I did, upon a small invitation of Sir William Penn's, go and dine with Sir William Coventry at his office, where great good cheer, and many pleasant stories of Sir William Coventry. After dinner, to the Victualling Office; and there, beyond belief, did acquit myself very well to full content; so that, beyond expectation, I got over that second rub in this business; and if ever I fall on it again, I deserve to be undone. My wife comes to me, to tell me, that if I would see the handsomest woman in England, I shall come home presently; and who should it be but the pretty lady of our parish, that did heretofore sit on the other side of our church, over against our gallery, that is since married—she with Mrs. Anne Jones, one of this parish, that dances finely. And so I home; and she is a pretty black woman—her name Mrs. Horsely. But, Lord! to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation; but I must invite them to go to Foxhall, to Spring Gardens, though I had freshly received minutes of a great deal of extraordinary business. However, I sent them before with Creed, and I did some of my business; and so after them, and find them there, in an arbour, and had met with Mrs. Pierce, and some company with her. So here I spent 20s. upon them, and were pretty merry. Among other things, had a fellow that imitated all manner of birds, and dogs, and hogs, with his voice,* which was mighty pleasant. Staid here till

* This seems to have been one of the permanent attractions of Vauxhall. Many of our older readers will probably remember the ever-notorious "Herr Joel," whose boast it was that he mimicked all the sounds of a farm-yard.

night, then set Mrs. Pierce in at the New Exchange; and ourselves took coach, and so set Mrs. Horsely home, and then home ourselves, but with great trouble in the streets, by bonfires, it being the King's birthday and day of Restoration."

We gather from the Diary some curious particulars of the great sea battle on the 2nd and 3rd of June, 1666—the battle which Dryden has celebrated in his *Annus Mirabilis* with such elaborate word-painting. Pepys tells us how, walking in Greenwich Park on the 2nd of June, he "could hear the guns from the fleet most plainly." He hastens to the water-side, and sees Charles II. and the Duke of York come down in their barge to Greenwich House, attracted by the same ominous sound. It is known that Monk was lying at the Nore, waiting for Prince Rupert to join him with his division, and bring up his force to an equality with the Dutch. The apprehension in everybody's mind is, that the junction may not have been effected, as was indeed the case, and Monk may therefore be exposed to the overwhelming attack of the whole Dutch fleet. "All our hopes now," says Pepys, "are, that Prince Rupert with his fleet is coming back, and will be with the fleet this even: a message being sent to him for that purpose, on Wednesday last; and a return is come from him this morning, that he did intend to sail from St. Helen's point [in the Isle of Wight] about four in the afternoon yesterday; which gives us great hopes, the wind being very fair, that he is with them this even, and the fresh going off of the guns makes us believe the same."

Pepys hurries down to Blackwall, and there sees the soldiers embarked, who are intended to reinforce Monk.

He notes that most of them ware drunk. "But, lord!" he says, "to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted, and let off their guns, was strange sport." Next day, Whit-Sunday, he receives the good news that the Dutch ships have suffered severely, and he hastens to church in the sermon-time, and with great joy tells it to his fellows in the pew, who, we may be sure, listened to no more of the sermon. Later in the day, the tables are turned; the ill-tidings arrive that the Prince, with his fleet, did not reach Dover "until ten of the clock at night" yesterday, having delayed, with his characteristic obstinacy, to act on the orders he had received. "This is hard to answer," writes Pepys, "if it be true. This puts great astonishment into the King, and Duke, and Court, everybody being out of countenance." He goes home by the Exchange, which is still full of people, all of whom are commenting bitterly on the failure of the Prince "in not making more haste after his instructions did come, and of our managements here in not giving it sooner, and with more care, and oftener."

On the following day, while he is sitting in his room at home, he is informed that two men from the fleet desire to speak with him, and going downstairs, encounters "Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum." He left the fleet at five o'clock last night, with a wounded comrade; they were set on shore at Harwich at two this morning; and, riding fast, arrived in London between eleven and twelve. Pepys calls a coach, and carries the two wounded men to

Somerset House Stairs, where he takes boat, and with mingled feelings of exultant patriotism and gratified vanity, for "all the world was gazing upon us, and concluding it to be news from the fleet," proceeds to the royal presence at Whitehall. The King is mighty pleased with the information Pepys brings, takes him by the hand, and talks a little about it. Afterwards the two seamen are introduced, and tell their story simply enough, as follows:—

"How we found the Dutch fleet at anchor on Friday, half-seas over, between Dunkirk and Ostend, and made them let slip their anchors. They were about ninety, and we less than sixty. We fought them, and put them to the run, till they met with about sixteen sails of fresh ships, and so bore up again. The fight continued till night, and then again the next morning, from five till seven at night. And so, too, yesterday morning they began again, and continued till about four o'clock; they chasing us for the most part of Saturday, and yesterday we flying from them. The Duke himself by and by spied the Prince's fleet coming, upon which De Ruyter called a little council, being in chase at this time, of us, and thereupon their fleet divided into two squadrons, forty in one, and about thirty in the other, the fleet being at first about ninety, but, by one accident or another, supposed to be lessened to about seventy; the bigger to follow the Duke, the less to meet the Prince. But the Prince came up with the General's fleet, and the Dutch came together again, and bore towards their own coast, and we with them; and now what the consequence of this day will be, we know not. The Duke was forced to come to anchor on Friday, having lost his sails and rigging. No particular person spoken of to be hurt but Sir W. Clarke, who hath lost his leg, and bore it bravely. The Duke himself had a little hurt in his thigh, but signified little."

When the sailors have made an end of their story, King Charles pulls out of his pocket about twenty pieces in gold, and gives them to Daniel for himself and his companion, and then dismisses them.

Of the many bloody and desperate battles which marked the long struggle between England and Holland for naval and commercial supremacy, this, perhaps, was the bloodiest and most desperate. It extended over four days, and its result was not so glorious as the Court and Dryden would have had the people believe. "Lord! to see how melancholy the Court is, under the thoughts of this last overthrow, for so it is, instead of a victory," writes Mr. Pepys, in the frank privacy of his ciphered record. There were no daily newspapers in 1666 to blurt out inconvenient truths. The *London Gazette* and Roger L'Estrange's *News* and *Intelligencer*, "published for the satisfaction and information of the People,"* told only what the Government wished to be told; but the nation could not but see that there were no prizes in the Thames, and disabled seamen, returning to their homes, soon spread abroad unwelcome details of the disastrous fight. On the 15th of June Evelyn went to Sheerness, and there obtained convincing evidence of its calamitous character. "I beheld," he says, "a sad spectacle, more than half that gallant bulwark of the nation miserably shattered; hardly a vessel entire, but appearing so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us." Something was

* *The News* and *Intelligencer* were first published in 1663; *The Gazette* on Nov. 7th, 1665.

done to retrieve the renown of the Red Cross on the 25th of July, when Monk and Rupert chased the Hollanders into the Texel; but soon afterwards the English admirals set an evil example by entering the channel at Scholling, and burning to the ground the unfortified town of Brandaris—an outrage which the Dutch so signally avenged with the thunder of their guns in the Medway and the Nore. Yet it was in the face of such facts as these that Dryden wrote —

> Already we have conquered half the war,
> And the less dangerous part is left behind;
> Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
> And not so great to vanquish as to find—

an insult to a brave people unworthy of a generous foe!

We must bring our quotations to a close, from sheer want of space, not from lack of interest, for there is scarcely a page in Pepys which does not throw some light on persons, or events, or manners. The undignified relation in which the King stood to his imperious mistress, Lady Castlemaine, is vividly exposed in the following curious passage under the date of June 10th—that is, at the very time when the honour and security of the kingdom were reeling under the heavy shock of the recent naval disaster.—

"He [Mr. Penn, the royal chirurgeon] tells me further, how the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noon-day with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy-stairs, but will be owned publicly; and so she is. Mr. Brounker,* it seems, was

* Brounker was gentleman of the chamber to the Duke of York, and brother to Lord Brounker, president of the Royal Society. He was a person of infamous character, and to his treachery or cowardice was due the indecisive result of the great naval battle of 1665. Pepys, in his Diary, August 29th, 1667, notes: "I hear to-night that Mr. Brounker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Warden to say in the garden the day the Chancellor was with the King—that he believed the King would be hectored out of anything. For this, the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away; and everybody, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his King and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked a rogue he is by all men's report. But one observed to me, that there never was the occasion of men's holding their tongues at Court, and everywhere else, as there is at this day, for nobody knows which side will be uppermost."

the pimp to bring it about; and my Lady Castlemaine, who designs thereby to fortify herself by the Duke; there being a falling-out the other day between the King and her: on this occasion, the Queen, in ordinary talk before the ladies in her dressing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold in staying so late abroad at her house. She answered, before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence, though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning, but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in, and overhearing, did whisper in the ear aside, and told her she was a bold, impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pall Mall, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them: and so she come, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her; so, putting all together, we are, and are like to be, in a sad condition."

Pepys had a keen eye, and suffered nothing to escape him, even to the last new fashion in ladies' dress:—

"June 11th.—Walking in the galleries at White Hall, I find the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just, for all the world, like mine; and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with periwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus."

Let us take a passing glance at two fine gardens:—

"June 25th.—Mrs. Penn carried us to two gardens at Hackney, which I every day grew more and more in love with, Mr. Drake's one, where the garden is good, and house and the prospect admirable; the other my Lord Brooke's, where the gardens are much better, but the house not so good, nor the prospect good at all. But the gardens are excellent; and here I first saw oranges grow, some green, some half, some a quarter, and some full ripe, on the same tree; and one fruit of the same tree do come a year or two after the other. I pulled off a little one by stealth, the man being mightily curious of them, and eat it, and it was just as other little green small oranges are; as big as half the end of my little finger. There were also great variety of other exotique plants, and several labyrinths, and a pretty aviary."

In connection with this subject may be quoted the following:—

"July 22nd.—Walked to White Hall, where we saw nobody almost, but walked up and down with Hugh May,* who is a very ingenious man. Among other things, discoursing of the present fashion of gardens to make them plain, that we have the best walks of gravel in the world, France having none, nor Italy; and our green of our bowling alleys is better than any they have. So our business here being air, this is the best way, only with a little mixture of statues, or pots, which may be handsome, and so filled with another pot of such or such a flower or green, as the season of the year will bear. And then for flowers, they are best seen in a little plat by themselves: besides, their borders spoil the walks of another garden: and then for fruit, the best way is to have walls built circularly one within another, to the south, on purpose for fruit, and leave the walking garden only for that use."

* Hugh May, the architect, and friend of Evelyn. He built Cassiobury for the first Earl of Essex of the Capel family, in 1667-1679. His brother, Bob May, made some figure in the Court, and had lodgings at Whitehall.

The pleasures of our forefathers were too often of a coarse description, though it may be doubted by those who have seen "the lower orders" disporting themselves on Bank Holidays whether we are yet in a position to cast stones at them. Mr. Pepys records, on the 14th of August, that, after dinner, he went, with his wife and her maid, Mercer to the Bear Gardens (situated on Bankside, in the immediate vicinity of the street that now approaches Southwark Bridge), and saw "some good sport of the bull's tossing the dogs—one into the very boxes." But to Mr. Pepys's credit, he thought it "a very rude and nasty pleasure." He continues: "We had a great many Hectors in the same box with us, and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager; which was a strange sport for a gentleman; where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry." The merriment, as we shall see, was sufficiently rough. "And then about

nine to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the girl and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and then mighty merry, my Lady Penn and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright, till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another, and the people over the way. And, at last, our business being most spent, we went into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, W. Batelier dancing well; and dressing, him and I, and one Mr. Banister, who, with my wife, came over also with us, like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jig; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Penn put on periwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed."

The bull and bear-baiting continued in vogue for more than a century later; but as the refinements of culture and education extended, the higher classes withdrew their support, and at length, in 1835, it was finally abolished by Act of Parliament. Under the Tudor and Stuart monarchs, however, it throve apace. Old Burton speaks of it as a pastime "in which our countrymen and citizens greatly delight and frequently use." A quaint description of it occurs in the travels of Misson, the French advocate, who lived in England about five-and-twenty years after Pepys saw the sport in the Bear Garden. "They tie a rope," he says, "to the root of the horns of the bull, and fasten the other end of the cord to an iron

ring fixed to a stake driven into the ground; so that this cord, being about fifteen feet long, the bull is confined to a space of about thirty feet diameter. Several butchers, or other gentlemen, that are desirous to exercise their dogs, stand round about, each holding his own by the ears; and when the sport begins, they let loose one of the dogs. The dog runs at the bull; the bull, immovable, looks down upon the dog with an eye of scorn, and only turns a horn to him, to hinder him from coming near. The dog is not daunted at this, he runs round him, and tries to get beneath his belly. The bull then puts himself into a posture of defence; he beats the ground with his feet, which he joins together as closely as possible, and his chief aim is not to gore the dog with the point of his horn (which, when too sharp, is put into a kind of wooden sheath), but to slide one of them under the dog's belly, who creeps close to the ground to hinder it, and to throw him so high in the air that he may break his neck in the fall. To avoid this danger, the dog's friends are ready beneath him, some with their backs, to give him a soft reception; and others with long poles, which they offer him slantways, to the intent that, sliding down them, it may break the force of his fall. Notwithstanding all this care, a toss generally makes him sing to a very noisy tune, and draw his phiz into a pitiful grimace. But unless he is totally stunned with the fall, he is sure to crawl again towards the bull, come on't what will. Sometimes a second frisk into the air disables him for ever; but, sometimes, too, he fastens upon his enemy, and when once he has seized him with his eye-teeth, he sticks to him like a leech, and would sooner die than leave his hold. Then the bull bellows, and bounds, and kicks, all to shake

off the dog. In the end, either the dog tears out the piece he has laid hold on, and falls, or else remains fixed to him with an obstinacy that would never end, did they not pull him off. To call him away, would be in vain; to give him a hundred blows, would be as much so; you might cut him to pieces, joint by joint, before he would let him loose. What is to be done then? While some hold the bull, others thrust staves into the dog's mouth, and open it by main force."

THE MUSICIANS.

Progress of the Art.
The Protectorate.
The Restoration.
Instrumental Music.
Lowe.
Clifford.
Birchenshaw.
Dr. Child.
Henry Lawes.
Dr. Wilson.
Dr. Rogers.
John Jenkins.
Dr. Colman.
Matthew Lock.
Pelham Humfry.
Banister.
Dr. Blow.
Henry Purcell.

CHAPTER II.

THE MUSICIANS.

PROGRESS OF THE ART—THE PROTECTORATE—THE RESTORATION—INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—LOWE—CLIFFORD—BIRCHENSHAW—DR. CHILD—HENRY LAWES—DR. WILSON—DR. ROGERS—JOHN JENKINS—DR. COLMAN—MATTHEW LOCK—PELHAM HUMFRY—BANISTER—DR. BLOW—HENRY PURCELL.

A REMARKABLE impulse was given to the progress of music in England, in the latter half of the sixteenth and the early years of the seventeenth centuries, by the production of those musical dramas and masques which "so did take Elizabeth and our James." In these precursors of the modern opera the influence of the Italian composers made itself felt. The "stylo recitativo," which has undergone but little alteration to the present day, was first introduced in 1617, in "The Masque of Lethe," written by Ben Jonson for the Lord Hay. The poet was so pleased with its success that he immediately wrote another masque of the same kind, though with larger opportunities for the composer, "The Vision of Delight," acted at Court in the Christmas of 1617. It consisted of recitative, air ("Break, Phantasie, from thy cave of cloud"), chorus, and ballet. The music for both these pieces was composed by Nicholas Laniere.

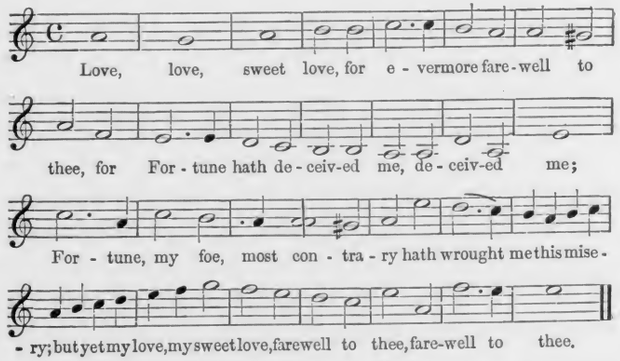
CHAPTER II.

THE MUSICIANS.

PROGRESS OF THE ART—THE PROTECTORATE—THE RESTORATION—INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC—LOWE—CLIFFORD—BIRCHENSHAW—DR. CHILD—HENRY LAWES—DR. WILSON—DR. ROGERS—JOHN JENKINS—DR. COLMAN—MATTHEW LOCK—PELHAM HUMFRY—BANISTER—DR. BLOW—HENRY PURCELL.

A REMARKABLE impulse was given to the progress of music in England, in the latter half of the sixteenth and the early years of the seventeenth centuries, by the production of those musical dramas and masques which "so did take Elizabeth and our James." In these precursors of the modern opera the influence of the Italian composers made itself felt. The "stylo recitativo," which has undergone but little alteration to the present day, was first introduced in 1617, in "The Masque of Lethe," written by Ben Jonson for the Lord Hay. The poet was so pleased with its success that he immediately wrote another masque of the same kind, though with larger opportunities for the composer, "The Vision of Delight," acted at Court in the Christmas of 1617. It consisted of recitative, air ("Break, Phantasie, from thy cave of cloud"), chorus, and ballet. The music for both these pieces was composed by Nicholas Laniere.

But the aid and embellishment of music was not confined to the masques ; songs and instrumental interludes were introduced into every form of dramatic composition, and the plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson and Massinger, were frequently enriched with lyrical ornament. Thus it happened that the vocal music of the stage came to be very various, and included airs, duets, trios, dialogues, and choruses. On the other hand, the music of the chamber continued monotonous, being confined almost exclusively to the madrigal. About 1620, however, we meet with "Ayres in four and more parts," and with solos, to be accompanied by lute or viol. Among the most popular of these were Ferrabosco's compositions. Rounds, catches, and canons were invented at this time ; the first printed collection, Ravenscroft's "Pammelia. Musick's, Miscellanie : or Mixed Varieties of Pleasant Roundelayes and delightful Catches, of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Parts in one,"* being published in 1609. We extract a specimen of a Round for Four Voices :—



* "None so ordinarie as musicall," says the title page, "none so musical as not to all very pleasing and acceptable."

In his desire to promote the best interests of the art which he passionately loved, Charles I., in 1636, granted to Laniere and other eminent musicians a charter, based upon one of Edward IV., incorporating them under the style of "The Marshal, Wardens, and Cominality of the Arte and Science of Musicke in Westminster," and authorising them to control and regulate all matters connected with music throughout the kingdom (the county palatine of Chester alone excepted). This corporation seems to have been suspended during the Protectorate, but at the Restoration it was revived.

In the seventeenth century instrumental music, in parts, found its way from the theatre into the chamber. At first it was used to accompany and reinforce the voice in the performance of madrigals, but its capabilities apart from the voice were soon discovered, and composers entered gladly upon a new and wide field of musical effort. Pieces of three to six parts, written for viols and other instruments, were composed under the general name of "fantasies," or "fancies," which abounded, says Hawkins, in fugues, and little responsible passages, and all those other elegancies observable in the structure and contrivance of the madrigal. Many madrigals and motets were, as a matter of fact, converted into "fantasies." So popular grew this species of composition, that almost every musical family rejoiced in the possession of two tenors, two trebles, and two basses, constituting what was called "a chest ;" and for this combination, or even for "five cornets," several compositions were written, as well as for the "Virginals," by Bird and Orlando Gibbons in the "Parthenia."* These

* "Parthenia : or, The Maydenhead of the first musicke that ever was printed for the Virginalls Composed by three famous Masters, William Byrde, Dr. John Bull, and Orlando Gibbons, Gentilmen of his Ma^ties most Illustrious Chappell," 1611.

were neither very tuneful nor very elaborate; the narrow range of the "fantasie" preventing the composer from giving free rein to his faculties of grace and expression.

During the Civil War music was necessarily at a stand-still; there was no time for its cultivation when the nation was arrayed in two hostile camps, and men's minds were filled with apprehensions of the issue of the struggle. It revived under the care of the Protector, who, like his secretary, Milton, had a passion for the art. In 1653 was published the first book of "Ayres and Dialogues," by Henry Lawes, and a variety of other works by Colman, Simpson, Webb, Child, Cook, and Rogers met with a cordial welcome from the public. In 1657 appeared the "Lessons for the Virginals," by Bull, Gibbons, and other masters of repute. In the same year Matthew Lock produced his first work, a "Little Consort of three Parts, for Viols." Plays, as we have seen, were prohibited, but as early as 1656 Sir William Davenant obtained a license for the performance of operas at Rutland House, in Charter-house Square, under the title of "Entertainments in Declamation and Music, after the Manner of the Ancients."

At the Restoration the Arts sprang up into a new life, favoured by the encouragement of a luxurious and accomplished Court. The Royal Chapel nurtured a school of excellent composers, and great advances were made in composition by Humphrey, Blow, and Wise, by Tudway and Turner, all to be eclipsed in their turn by the genius of Purcell, the greatest of English musicians, who, had he lived longer, would probably have given to English music a distinct and original character. It was he who first transformed the masque into the opera; or rather, annihilated the one, and substituted the other in its place,

"and this," says Rockstro, "he did so satisfactorily, that, measuring his success by the then condition of Art in France and Italy, he left nothing more to be desired. His recitative, no less rhetorically perfect than Lulli's, was infinitely more natural, and frequently impassioned to the last degree; and his airs, despite his self-confessed admiration for the Italian style, show little trace of the forms then most in vogue, but breathing rather the spirit of unfettered National Melody, stand forth as models of refinement and freedom."

Towards the end of Charles's reign the true capacity and character of the violin began to be appreciated, and that noble instrument rose into its right position in the public favour. At Court a band of violins, tenors, and basses happily supplied the place of viols, lutes, and cornets*—a step in advance of which the musician will recognise the full importance. For accompanying the voice, however, the lute and guitar were still in request. Nor, while composition and execution were undergoing a gradual process of development, was theory neglected. In the year after the Restoration Edward Lowe published his "Short Directions for the Performance of Cathedral Service," in which, to the notation of the preces, versicles, and responses, he added chants for the Psalms and *Te Deum*, with Tallis's Litany in counterpoint, Parsons's Burial Service, and the *Te Deum*, all in four parts.

Three years later the Rev. James Clifford gave to the world "A Collection of the Divine Services and Anthems usually sung in the Cathedrals and Collegiate Choirs of

* An instrument somewhat resembling the modern "serpent."

the Church of England," to which are prefixed, "Brief Directions for the understanding of that part of the Divine Service performed with the Organ in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sundays and Holydays." In the same year a certain John Birchenshaw* translated the "Templum Musicum: or, the Musical Synopsis of the learned and famous Johannes Henricus Alstedius; being a Compendium of the Rudiments both of the Mathematical and practical part of Music; of which subject not any book is extant in the English tongue." The dry and ponderous "Theatrum" failed to supply the want; and its place was taken, in 1667, by Christopher Simpson's clear and intelligent "Compendium, or Introduction to Practical Music."

We now proceed to sketch the careers of the principal Musicians of the Restoration period.

One of the chamber-musicians to the King, and a chanter of the Royal Chapel, was Dr. William Child. Born at Bristol in 1606, he received his musical education at the Cathedral there, under Elway Bevin, the organist. In 1631, being then of Christ Church, Oxford, he took his degree of Bachelor of Music. In 1636 he was appointed one of the royal organists of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and subsequently to a similar post in the chapel at Whitehall. In 1663 he obtained his Doctor's degree. His blameless and industrious life was prolonged far beyond "the glorious Revolution;" and he was 90 years old when he died at Windsor, in March, 1697.

* In Evelyn's *Diary*, under the date of August 3rd, 1664, we read: "A concert of excellent musicians, especially one Mr. Berkenshaw, that rare artist, who invented a mathematical way of composure [composition] very extraordinary, true as to the exact notes of art, but without much harmony." Birchenshaw was music-master to Pepys, who gave him £5 for five weeks' instruction.

His grave-stone in the Chapel Royal bears the following inscription:—

"Go, happy soul, and in the seats above
Sing endless hymns of thy great Maker's love.
How fit in heavenly songs to bear thy part;
Before well-practised in the sacred art;
Whilst hearing us, sometimes the choir divine
Will sure descend, and in our consort join;
So much the music thou to us hast given
Hast made our earth to represent thine heaven."

It is said of him that, his salary as organist having fallen largely into arrear, he promised the Dean and Chapter, if the amount due were paid up, to repave the body of the choir of the Chapel. The bribe was accepted; the Dean and Chapter discharged the arrears; and Child then carried out his liberal undertaking.

As a composer, Child's merits are very considerable. His style is remarkable for its simplicity; so much so that it would sometimes offend the performers. "When at Windsor, on one occasion, he called the choir to a practice of an anthem he had just composed, the choirmen found the composition so plain and easy, that they treated it with derision." At times, however, he indulged in rich and well-wrought harmonies, which satisfy the ear by their fulness and gratify the imagination by their colouring. This is especially the case in his Service in D. His works consist of "Psalms for Three Voices," "Divine Anthems and Vocal Compositions to several pieces of Poetry," and various catches and canons.

The name of Henry Lawes will always be held in respect from its association with that of Milton. He was born in the last days of 1595—the son of Thomas Lawes, a native of Salisbury, and a vicar-choral of its Cathedral. His

musical education he received under John Cooper (or Giovanni Copreario, as he preferred to style himself), and on January 6th, 1625, was sworn in as epistler of the Chapel Royal. A few months later, and he became one of the gentlemen of the Chapel—also clerk of the cheque—and afterwards a member of Charles I.'s private band. In conjunction with his brother William and Simon Ives, he composed the music for Shirley's masque, "The Triumphs of Peace," performed at Whitehall, on Candlemas-night, before the King and his Court; and in the same year set to music Thomas Carew's "Cœlum Britannicum," in which Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Devonshire, Holland, and other nobles took part. In 1634, he composed the music for Milton's "Comus," which originated, as everybody knows, in the following circumstances :—

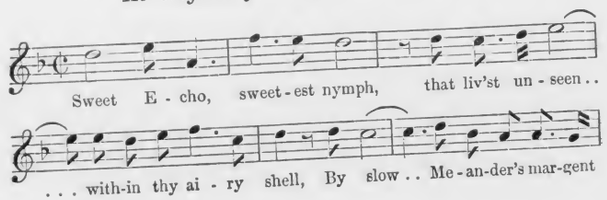
The Earl of Bridgewater, as Lord President of Wales, desiring to give a large entertainment to the Welsh gentry, resolved that one feature of it should be a masque, and desired Milton to write one for him. The poet founded his work on a real incident; the Earl's children, Lord Brackley and Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, having recently been benighted in passing through Haywood Forest, and the young lady for some time separated from her brothers. A beautiful allegory was woven round this incident, and "Comus" was the result. With infinite skill, Milton adapted it to the conditions under which it would be presented. The "rout," or following of Comus, disguised with the heads of various animals, supplied the necessary masking. Local feeling was gratified by the introduction of Sabrina, the nymph of the Severn; and suitable parts were provided for the

Earl's three youngest children, the Lady Alice, and her brothers John and Thomas, aged from twelve to fifteen. These children-actors Milton was careful to present in their own characters. A mimic wood was built up on the stage, through which the children passed on their way to the Earl and his Countess, who sat in front, and to whom at the close they addressed themselves. The wood typified the world, and the adventures they encountered in it the temptations to which youth and purity are exposed, and over which they triumph.

Lawes, as already a popular composer, and as music-teacher to the Lady Alice, was naturally engaged to furnish music for the masque, which was produced in the great hall of Ludlow Castle on the 29th of September, 1634, Lawes himself taking the part of Thyrsis, or the Attendant Spirit. The musical portions were "Sweet Echo," "Sabrina fair," "Back, Shepherds," "To the Ocean wed," "Now my task is smoothly done," and the Dance of the attendants of Comus, all of which are preserved in the British Museum, while "Sweet Echo" has been printed both by Hawkins and Burney. We subjoin it, for the convenience of the reader, to whom their works may not be accessible :—

AIR IN COMUS.

As originally set by Henry Lawes.



It is worth noting that Milton's poem was edited and published by Lawes. It appeared in 1637 without the author's name. In his dedication to Lord Brackley, Lawes says that "although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much to be desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to the necessity of producing it to the public view." The poet has introduced a graceful reference to the musical genius of his friend in the speech of Thyrsis:—

> "But I must put off
> These my sky robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
> And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
> That to the service of this house belongs,
> Who with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,
> Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
> And hush the waving woods."

Milton paid him another tribute of admiration in the commendatory sonnet, beginning —

> "Harry! whose tuneful and well-measured song
> First taught our English music how to span
> Words with just note and accent, not to scan
> With Midas' ears, committing short and long,
> Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,"—

prefixed, in 1645, to "Choice Psalms put into Music for Three Voices, composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers and Servants to His Majesty," &c. This was preceded, in 1635, by "A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David. By G[eorge] S[andys]. Set to new Tunes for private Devotion. And a thorough Base for Voice or Instrument. By Henry Lawes." The songs in the plays and poems of Cartwright were set by Lawes, and the Christmas music in Herrick's "Hesperides." His genius was exercised also upon the lyrics of Waller, who contrived in the following couplets to combine a compliment to the composer with an ingenious touch of self-laudation:—

> "Let those who only warble long,
> And gargle in their throat a song,
> Content themselves with *Ut, Re, Mi*;
> Let *words of sense* be set by thee."

These and other melodies will be found in the three books of "Ayres and Dialogues for One, Two, and Three Voices," which he published in 1653, 1655, and 1658. During the Commonwealth period he supported himself chiefly by his exertions as a teacher; but he was employed in 1656 with Colman, Hudson, and Cooke in providing music for Sir William Davenant's "First Day's Entertainment of Music at Rutland House." At the Restoration he was reinstated in his various offices, and for the coronation of Charles II. he composed the anthem of

"Zadok the Priest." He died on the 21st of October, 1662, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

In spite of Hawkins, who criticizes his music as wanting in melody, as neither recitative nor air, "but in so precise a medium between both that a name is wanting for it" of Dr. Burney, who finds his compositions languid and insipid, and equally devoid of learning and genius, Lawes, by impartial judges, will be elevated to a high place among our early English composers. He chose the best words to set to music, and in setting them consulted carefully their shades of meaning, their accent, and cadence, always anxious that the poet should not be forgotten in the musician, and writing always with taste and feeling. Hence it was that the best poets of the age, as Fenton says, were ambitious of having their verses composed by this "incomparable artist."

Lawes belonged to a musical family. His uncle, the Rev. Thomas Lawes, was a vicar-choral of Salisbury Cathedral. His brother John, who died in 1655 was a lay-vicar of Westminster Abbey; while his elder brother, William, killed by a stray shot during the siege of Chester, 1645, almost rivalled himself in public estimation.

Another musician who flourished in the reigns of the first and second Charles, was Dr. John Wilson, a native of Faversham, in Kent, whose extraordinary skill as a lutenist procured him the royal favour in a marked degree. After the capture of Oxford by the army of the Parliament in 1646, he found an asylum in the family of Sir William Waller. At the Restoration he was appointed chamber-musician to Charles II., and subsequently, chanter in the Chapel Royal. He died in 1679 at the age of 78. Besides his published compositions, he bequeathed to the University a manuscript volume "curiously bound in blue Turkey leather, with silver clasps," with the injunction that it was not to be opened until after his death. When examined, the contents proved to consist of musical settings of some of the odes of Horace, and of passages selected from Ausonius, Claudian, Petronius Arbiter, and Statius.

Dr. Benjamin Rogers was born in 1614 at Windsor, where his father was a lay-clerk in St. George's Chapel. He himself, in his youth, obtained a similar post, then became organist of Christ Church, Dublin; but in 1641 at the opening of the Civil War, returned to Windsor. At the breaking up of the choir in 1644 he received an annual allowance as some compensation for the loss of his appointment, and on this and on his industry as a teacher he supported his family. He was fortunate, also, in the friendship of Dr. Nathaniel Ingelo, a Fellow of Eton College, who recommended him to the University of Cambridge; where, in 1658, pursuant to a mandate from the Lord Protector, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Music. When, at the Restoration, the Corporation of London entertained the King, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and the two Houses of Parliament, at a grand Guildhall banquet,* he composed for it a "Hymnus Eucharisticus," in four parts, to words by Dr. Nathaniel Ingelo. In 1662 he regained his post in

* "July 5th.—I saw his Majesty go with as much pomp and splendour as any earthly prince could do to the great City feast, the first they had invited him to since his return; but the exceeding rain which fell all that day much eclipsed its lustres. This was at Guildhall, and there was also all the Parliament-men, both Lords and Commons. The streets were adorned with pageants, at immense cost."—EVELYN.

St. George's Chapel, his stipend being augmented by half the usual amount, and a consideration of twelve pounds a year being paid him for assisting as organist; soon afterwards he was appointed organist of Eton College. These employments he gave up in July, 1664, on accepting the office of Informator Choristarum and Organist of Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1669 he proceeded to the degree of Doctor of Music, on the opening of the new theatre. He continued to enjoy his position at Oxford until 1685, when, together with the Fellows, he was rejected from Magdalen by James II., but the Society assured him a yearly pension of £30, which kept him out of the reach of want until his death in 1698, at the ripe old age of 84. Rogers composed a variety of sacred and secular music. His Service in D and some of his anthems are still popular, and the first stanza of his "Hymnus Eucharisticus," beginning "Te Deum colimus," is daily sung at Magdalen by way of "grace after dinner." The whole hymn is chanted on the top of the College tower every Sunday at five in the morning. Anthony Wood says of this master that "his compositions for instrumental music, whether in two, three, or four parts, have been highly valued, and thirty years ago, or more, were always first called for, taken out and played, as well in the public music school as in private chambers; and Dr. Wilson, the professor, the greatest and most curious judge of music that ever was, usually wept when he heard them well performed, as being wrapt up in an ecstasy; or, if you will, melted down, while others smiled, or had their hands and eyes lifted up at the excellency of them." Such enthusiasm they would fail to provoke in our own day, though we may acknowledge the sweet simplicity of their

melodies, and the "clearness and correctness" of their counterpoint.

Both as a composer and an executant, John Jenkins claims respectful notice. He was born at Maidstone in 1592. His chief patrons were two Norfolk cavaliers, Dering and Hermon L'Estrange, and in the family of the latter he resided during a considerable portion of his life. On the lute and viol he performed with great manipulative facility, and for the viol composed a number of fantasies, which won admiration, not only in England, but in foreign countries. He also wrote some lighter pieces, which he called "rants," and sonatas for the organ. His vocal productions include rounds, and songs, and anthems, and a setting of parts of "Theophila; or Love's Sacrifice," a sacred poem written by Edward Barkam (1651). In 1660 he published "Twelve Sonatas for two Violins and a Base, with a Thorough Base for the Organ or Theorbo," the first of the kind produced by an English composer. During the latter years of his life Jenkins resided in the family of Sir Philip Wodehouse, at Kimberley, Norfolk, where he died on the 27th of October, 1678. He is remembered by his attempt at imitative music in his "Five Bell Consorte."

Four years after the Restoration died Dr. Charles Colman, a composer of some merit, who, during the Commonwealth, taught music in London, and was universally allowed to be "a great improver of the *lyra-way*" on the viol. He was one of the composers engaged by Sir William Davenant for his Musical Entertainments at Rutland House. Some of his songs are given in the three editions of "Select Musicale Ayres and Dialogues," 1652, 1653, and 1659, and some of his instrumental com-

positions in "Court by Masquing Ayres," 1662. He died in Fetter Lane, London, in 1664.

In these early times of English Music an honoured name is that of Matthew Lock, from whose brow we see no just reason to strip the garland that belongs to the composer of the music for "Macbeth." Lock was born at Exeter about 1630, and as a chorister in the cathedral there studied under Edward Gibbons. In partnership with Christopher Gibbons, he composed, in 1653, the music for Shirley's masque, "Cupid and Death," represented before the Portuguese Ambassador. Three years later, he published his "Little Consort of Three Parts" for viols or violins, composed at the request of his old master and friend, William Wake, for his scholars. Such was his eminence as a musician that he was commissioned to compose the music (for "sagbutts and cornets") for the public prayers of Charles II. through London (April 22nd, 1661), from the Tower to Whitehall; and so well did he acquit himself that he received the appointment of Composer in Ordinary to the King. He composed several anthems for the Chapel Royal, and on April 12th, 1666, produced a Kyrie and Credo, in which he provided each response with different music, an innovation that called forth much hostile criticism. Locke replied with asperity in a preface to his composition, which he entitled "Modern Church Music; Pre-Accused, Censured, and Obstructed in its Performance before His Majesty, Vindicated by the Author, Matt. Lock, Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty." Shortly afterwards, having, it is said, embraced the Catholic religion, he was made organist to the Queen.

In 1669, Lock had composed "the instrumental, vocal,

and recitative music" for Sir Robert Stapylton's tragi-comedy, "The Step-mother," and in 1670 he was engaged to furnish the instrumental music for Dryden and Davenant's audacious adaptation of "The Tempest." In 1672 he wrote the music for Davenant's alteration of "Macbeth," in which were introduced the songs and choruses from Middleton's "Witch." That the music was Lock's is expressly stated by Downes in his "Roscius Anglicanus," and under his name it was printed by Dr. Boyce, about 1750-1760. It has, however, been claimed for Purcell, on the single ground that a manuscript score of it exists in his handwriting; but against this must be set the fact that when the "Macbeth" music was produced Purcell was a boy of thirteen, and had had no dramatic experience.

In 1673, Lock composed the music (with the exception of the act tunes by Draghi) for Shadwell's "Psyche," and published it in 1675, together with the "Tempest" music, under the title of "The English Opera." In a sharply-worded preface he explained his views of the right method of operatic construction, which were based evidently on his study of Lulli. About 1672 he was engaged in a singular controversy with Thomas Salmon, of Trinity College, Oxford, who, in "An Essay to the Advancement of Music," had proposed to abolish the different clefs, and substitute the letter B for the bass, M for the mean or tenor part, and Tr for the treble. Lock replied in a style of much vehemence in his "Observations upon a late book, entitled "An Essay, &c.," to which Salmon rejoined, with equal acrimony in his "Vindication of an Essay to the Advancement of Music, from Mr. Matthew Lock's Observations, inquiring into the real

Nature and most convenient Practice of that Science." Lock terminated the controversy in 1673, by his "Present Practice of Music Vindicated. . . . To which is added —Duellum Musicum, by John Phillips [the nephew of Milton]. Together with a Letter from John Playford to Mr. T. Salmon in Confutation of his Essay." Thus assailed by a threefold band of critics, the unfortunate Salmon wisely relapsed into silence. His proposed innovation had nothing to recommend it, and has never been accepted. Lock, in attacking it, was tilting at a windmill.

In 1673 this industrious, if hot-tempered, musician gave to the world his "Melothesia, or Certain General Rules for Playing upon a Continued Base, with a Choice Collection of Lessons for the Harpsichord or Organ of all Sorts"—the first work of the kind published in England. And in the same year appeared his "Little Consort of Four Parts" for viols, consisting of pavan, ayre, cornet, and saraband. He died in 1677, and Purcell composed an elegy on his death.

One of the first set of children in the Chapel Royal, after the Restoration, was Pelham Humfry, or Humphrey. He was born in 1647, and was the nephew, it is said, of Colonel John Humphrey, a noted Cromwellian, and President Bradshaw's sword-bearer. His musical faculty was displayed at a comparatively early age; for in Clifford's "Divine Services and Anthems," 1663-4, are given the words of five anthems, "composed by Pelham Humfrey, one of the Children of His Majesti's Chappel." While still a chorister he joined his companions, Blow and Turner, in composing as a memorial of their common friendship "The Club-Anthem," the first portion being

written by Humfry, the latter portion by Blow, and Turner supplying a connecting bass solo. In 1664 Charles II. sent him abroad to study music, defraying his expenses, which amounted in 1664-1667 to £450. He spent his time chiefly in Paris, under the illustrious Lulli. In October, 1667, he returned to England, and was sworn in as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal; and in July, 1672, on the death of Captain Henry Cook, which Wood absurdly ascribes to his jealousy of Humfry,* was appointed Master of the Children. On the 8th of August following he and Purcell were favoured with a patent as joint "Composers in Ordinary for the Violins to His Majesty;" but he enjoyed the honour and profit of these offices only for a couple of years, dying, at the early age of 27, on the 14th of July, 1674. In his short life Humfry gave a distinct impulse to English music, embodying in his compositions the fine effects he had learned under Lulli. Some of his anthems are still in vogue; and musicians are well acquainted with the beauty of not a few of his songs.

Pepys, in his Diary, notes, under the date of February 20th, 1667, that "they talk how the King's violin, Banister, is mad, that a Frenchman [Louis Grabu] is come to be chief of some part of the King's music." This Banister was the son of one of the "waitts" of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, London; was born in 1630, educated by his father, and attained to remarkable facility of execution as a violinist. His talent attracted the notice of Charles II., who sent him abroad to study, and on his return appointed him leader of his private band. He lost his post

* Wood says that Cook was esteemed "the best musician of his time to sing to the lute, till Pelham Humfrey, his scholar, came up, after which he died of grief."

in 1667 for asserting, in the King's hearing, that the English violinists were superior to those of France. Banister was the founder of that important institution, the weekly concert, and the first musician who appealed to the public through the medium of advertisements. Whether in either capacity he merits the gratitude of the profession we leave the reader to determine. His announcements appeared in the *London Gazette*. As for example : "These are to give notice that at Mr. John Banister's house, now called the Musick-School, over against the George Tavern in White Friars, this present Monday, will be musick performed by excellent masters, beginning precisely at four of the clock in the afternoon, and every afternoon for the future, precisely at the same hour." This appeared on December 30th, 1672, and from similar notices, occurring in a long series, it is evident that Banister carried on his concerts until his labours were terminated by his death on the 3rd of October, 1679. Banister was a sound musician : he joined Pelham Humfry in composing music for "The Tempest," on its revival in 1676, and in the same year he wrote the incidental music for Charles Davenant's tragedy of "Circe."

English Church music owes not a little to the genius of Dr. John Blow, whose services and anthems exhibit a really majestic style of treatment. Severe critics find fault with his "crudities," and it may be admitted that his contrapuntal arrangements sometimes err on the side of freedom, but in the general elevation and excellence of his work this may be forgiven. We hold it discreditable to our music publishers that so much of his music still remains in manuscript ; and are convinced that the public would gladly welcome a complete edition of his compositions for the Church. Many of his sacred songs, duets, catches, organs, secular songs, and odes * have been published, either separately or in "collections," but some seventy or eighty anthems are still in manuscript. We transcribe one of his lighter efforts—a smooth and graceful Pastoral Ballad :—

John Blow, a native of North Collingham, in Nottinghamshire, where he was born in 1648, was a fellow-pupil with Humfry under Captain Cook ; but he had also the advantage of being instructed by Hingeston and Dr. Christopher Gibbons. When a lad of fifteen he gave

* Such as the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," and Dryden's "Ode on the Death of Purcell."

evidence of his ability as a composer: the words of three anthems composed by John Blow, "one of the Children of His Majesty's Chapel," appear in Clifford's "Divine Hymns and Anthems," 1663, and he joined Humfry and Turner in the "Club-Anthem," to which we have already referred. In 1673 he became one of the gentlemen of the Chapel, and in the following year succeeded Humfry as Master of the Children. He was already organist of Westminster Abbey (1669), a post which he held until 1680, being reappointed in 1695. His talents were appreciated by Charles II., who asked him, on one occasion, if he could imitate Carissimi's duet, "Dite, o Cieli." Blow modestly answered that he would try; and the result was his fine song, "Go, perjured man."

In 1685 James II. appointed him one of his private musicians, and in 1699 he was made "Composer to the King," an office created under the following circumstances:—"After the Revolution," says Hawkins, "and while King William was in Flanders, the summer residence of Queen Mary was at Hampton Court. Dr. Tillotson was then Dean of St. Paul's, and the Reverend Mr. Gostling, Sub-dean, and also a gentleman of the Chapel. The Dean would frequently take Mr. Gostling in his chariot thither to attend the chapel duty; and in one of those journeys, talking of Church-music, he mentioned it as a common observation, that it then fell short of what it had been in the preceding reign, which the Queen herself had noticed. Gostling observed that Dr. Blow and Mr. Purcell were capable of producing, at least, as good anthems as most of those which had been so much admired, which a proper management would soon prove. This the Dean mentioned to her Majesty, who

profited by the hint, and, for eighty pounds per annum, purchased the exertions of two of the greatest musical composers that England ever produced. Their attendance was limited to alternate months; and, on the first Sunday of his month each was required to produce a new anthem. The salaries of the Chapel composers have since been augmented to £73 each."

His great merits as a musician were recognized by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, who bestowed on him the degree of Doctor of Music by diploma.

In 1700 Blow published a collection of his songs (in imitation of Purcell's "Orpheus Brittannicus") under the title of "Amphion Anglicus," containing compositions for one, two, three, and four voices, with accompaniments of instrumental music, and a thorough base figured for the organ, harpsichord, or theorbo-lute. A critic says: "The harmony of these polyphonic songs is pure, the contrivance always ingenious, and the melody, for the most part, excellent, the time considered in which it was produced; a time when, in composition, grace and eloquence were such scarce features."

This able and industrious musician died on the 1st of October, 1708, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory. The inscription runs as follows:—"Here lies the body of John Blow, Doctor in Music, who was organist, composer, and Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal for the space of 33 years, in the reigns of K. Cha. 2, K. Ja. 2, K. Wm. and Q. Mary, and Her present Majesty Q. Anne, and also organist of this collegiate church, about 15 years. He was scholar to the excellent musician, Dr. Christopher Gibbons, and master

of the famous Mr. Purcell, and most of the eminent masters in music since. He died October 1, 1708, in the 60th year of his age. His own musical compositions, especially his church music, are a far nobler monument to his memory than any other."

Michael Wise, another church composer of eminence, was a native of Wiltshire. He received his musical education in the Chapel Royal; in 1668 was appointed master of the choristers in Salisbury Cathedral; succeeded Raphael Cantville, in 1673, as a gentleman of the Chapel Royal; and in the following year was preferred to the post of almoner and master of the choristers of St. Paul's. Charles II. esteemed him highly, and in a progress which he once made selected him as one of his suite. For a time he enjoyed the exclusive privilege of playing at whatever church the King visited.

Besides several excellent anthems, Wise composed a number of catches, and two or three part-songs. His duet, "Old Chiron thus sang to his pupil Achilles," was long and deservedly popular.

Our survey now brings us to the greatest of the musicians of the Restoration, perhaps the greatest of English musicians, if we consider only the question of natural genius, and remember what he accomplished when the art was still in a state of imperfect development—Henry Purcell. The son of Henry, and the nephew of Thomas Purcell, both musicians and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, he was born in 1658. His father died when he was only six years old, He seems to have received his early education under Captain John Cook, but completed his studies under an abler master, Dr. Blow. However great his endowments by nature,

he owed much to his persistency of application and fixity of purpose, which were inspired by an earnest ambition. While a boy he produced several anthems, full of high promise of future excellence; and it is a remarkable testimony to his precocious powers and their sedulous cultivation that, in 1676, at the age of eighteen, he was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey. In the previous year he had been commissioned by Josiah Priest, who reminds us of Colman's three single gentlemen rolled into one, being a fashionable dancing-master, a composer of stage dances, and master of "a boarding-school for young gentlemen" in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to supply the music for a little drama, by Nahum Tate, entitled "Dido and Æneas," intended for representation by his pupils. This task he executed with so much liveliness of fancy and fertility of invention—especially in the spirited chorus, "To the hills and the vales"—that the attention of theatrical managers was drawn to the rising genius; and in 1676 he composed the music for Dryden's tragedy of "Aureng-Zebe," and Shadwell's comedy of "Epsom Wells." To Shadwell's tragedy of "The Libertine" he contributed part of the music, including the beautiful air "Nymphs and Shepherds," and the chorus, "In those delightful pleasant groves." With indefatigable energy and inexhaustible wealth of resource, he provided, in 1677, the overture, instrumental music, and vocal melodies for Aphra Behn's "Abdelazor," and composed an elegy on the death of Matthew Lock. The variety and freshness of his melodic powers are seen to great advantage in the music to the masque in Shadwell's adaptation of "Timon of Athens," produced in 1678. Bringing together all his compositions for the stage, we

find that, in 1680, he wrote the music for Nathaniel Lee's "Theodosius;" and the overture and entr'acte music for D'Urfey's "Virtuous Wife;" in 1686 (after an interval of six years, devoted chiefly to church and chamber music, in which his versatile genius was equally successful), the music including the fine air, "Ah, how sweet it is to love!" for Dryden's "Tyrannic Love;" in 1688, the songs for Mountford, the actor, in D'Urfey's comedy, "A Fool's Preferment;" in 1690, the glorious music for Shadwell's version of "The Tempest," so fluent in its strength, so rich and varied in its melody, that to this day it remains unsurpassed;* and in the same year for Betterton's adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Prophetess; or the History of Dioclesian," which contains the tenderly beautiful air, "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" and the bold and strenuous "Sound, Fame, thy brazen trumpet." In his preface to this "opera," published by subscription in 1691, he indicates his view of the then position of the art in England, and his belief in its future expansion and elevation.

"Music and Poetry," he says, "have ever been acknowledged sisters, which, walking hand in hand, support each other; as Poetry is the harmony of words so Music is that of notes; and as Poetry is a rise above Prose and Oratory, so is Music the exaltation of Poetry. Both of them may excel apart, but surely they are most excellent when they are joined, because nothing is then wanting to either of their proportions; for thus they appear like wit and beauty in the same person. Poetry and Painting have arrived to per-

* What can excel the beauty of Ariel's flowing and quaintly rhythmical air, "Come unto these yellow sands"?

fection in our own country; Music is yet but in its nonage a forward child, which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air, to give it somewhat more of gaiety and fashion. Thus being further from the sun we are of later growth than our neighbour countries, and must be content to shake off our barbarity by degrees. The present age seems already disposed to be refined, and to distinguish between wild fancy and a just, numerous composition."

In 1690 Purcell composed* his great work, "King Arthur," which may rightly be designated the first complete English opera. The drama, by Dryden, was evidently constructed with a view to the musician's requirements, and supplies that variety in the measure and that interest in the scenes which are essential to musical effect. It should not be overlooked that the music is not only original, vigorous, various, and beautiful, but imbued with a fine spirit of patriotism, as if the composer's genius had been specially inspired by association with the story of England's legendary hero. Two of the choicest numbers are the grand war-song of the Britons, "Come if you dare," and the lively lyric in praise of the fatherland, "Fairest isle, all isles excelling." The resources of the master are exhibited triumphantly in the sacrificial scene of the Saxons, the scene with the spirits, the choric dances and songs of the shepherds, the frost scene, the duet of the Syrens, and the concluding masque. By this one com-

* In 1690 his work for the theatre was confined to overture, act-tunes and songs for Dryden's comedy of "Amphitryon," and the bass solo, "Thy genius, lo, from his sweet bed of rest," in Nat. Lee's "The Massacre in Paris."

position Purcell has placed himself at the head of English musicians; and we can imagine what he would have accomplished had he known the combinations and contrasts of which the modern orchestra is capable.

Yet this noble work did not satisfy the activity of his genius in 1691. He also wrote the overture and act-tunes for Elkanah Settle's tragedies, "Distressed Innocence," and "The Gordian Knot Untied," and some songs for Southerne's comedy, "Sir Anthony Love."

In the year 1692 he composed the music for Sir Robert Howard and Dryden's "The Indian Queen," including the masterly recitative, "Ye twice ten hundred deities," the air, "By the croaking of the toad," and the charming rondo, "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly." Also songs for Dryden's "Indian Emperor," and "Cleomenes" (which Southerne finished), Dryden and Lee's "Œdipus," Southerne's comedy, "The Wife's Excuse," and D'Urfey's comedy, "The Marriage State Matched;" and further, the opera of "The Fairy Queen" (adapted from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream"), which seems to have been put upon the stage in a very costly and brilliant manner. It is unfortunate that a considerable portion of the score has been lost; but some of the numbers were printed in the "Orpheus Britannicus," and others separately.

In 1693 Purcell composed the music for Congreve's comedy, "The Old Bachelor," D'Urfey's "The Richmond Heiress," Southerne's "The Maid's Last Prayer," and Bancroft's tragedy, "Henry the Second;" in 1694, portions of the music for Parts 1 and 2 of D'Urfey's "Don Quixote," songs for Southerne's tragedy, "The Fatal Marriage," Dryden's play of "Love Triumphant," and

Crowne's comedy, "The Married Beau;" and the overture, act-tunes and songs for Congreve's "Double Dealer." The famous war-song, "Britons, strike home," and the four-part chorus, "To arms," were among the gems with which, in 1695, he enriched Purcell's adaptation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Boadicea." In the same year he composed songs for Southerne's tragedy, "Oroonoko," Ravenscroft's comedy, "The Canterbury Guests," Gould's tragedy, "The Rival Sisters," Scott's comedy, "The Mock Marriage," Beaumont and Fletcher's play, "The Knight of Malta," and the third part of D'Urfey's "Don Quixote." The "Don Quixote" contains Purcell's swan-song, his last composition, "From rosy hours," which, though written in his dying hours, presents no trace of weakness or decay.

From this review of his dramatic compositions we proceed to a survey of what he accomplished in church and chamber music. Perhaps it is in the service of the temple that his genius is most fully developed.* Certain it is that his church music is characterized by a wonderful power of devotion and solemnity of feeling. Exact and well-defined in its scientific development, it attains, by the richness of its harmonic combinations and the purity of its melodic strains, a strength and fulness of effect which every heart acknowledges. Let us glance at a few of his more memorable compositions. There is the anthem for six voices: "Oh God, Thou hast cast us out," with its felicitous "commixture of spirit, sweetness, and elaborated counterpoint;" the anthem for bass solo and chorus, "The Lord is King;" the coronation anthems for James

* The reader is advised to study Vincent Novello's edition (1829-1832) of "Purcell's Sacred Music," if he would understand the full scope and character of the composer's powers.

II., and his Queen "I was glad," and "My heart is inditing;" the anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships," composed on the occasion of the King's narrow escape from a great storm when at sea in the Fubbs yacht, and remarkable for its expression of the mingled sensation of awe, agitation, wonder, and thanksgiving; and the noble and majestic eight-part anthem, "O Lord God of hosts!" The anthem for four voices, with instrumental accompaniments, "Blessed are they that fear the Lord," was produced on the 29th of January, 1687, as a thanksgiving for the pregnancy of the Queen, Mary of Modena.

To enumerate all his anthems, or services, or settings of the *Jubilate* and *Benedictus*, would be unprofitable. Something must be said, however, respecting his famous *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* in D, with orchestral accompaniments, the first of the kind composed in England, which he wrote for the Cecilian celebration in 1694. "In this composition," says Busby, "the science and genius of a great and superior master are conspicuously displayed. To hear the chorus, 'All, all the earth, Lord, worship Thee, the Father Everlasting,' is to feel the utmost richness of sonorous combination, and to be impressed with the fullest sense of devotional duty. The duet, given to the Cherubim and Seraphim, broken and thundered upon by the chorus, with the awfully impressive word, 'Holy,' is divinely conceived; and both the harmony and the melody of 'Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter,' exhibit Purcell as a musician inspired. In the double fugue of 'Thou art the King of Glory,' the noble and elevated feelings of the author are expressed with a degree of science and decision which manifest the contrivance of a real and great master, animated and emboldened by the divine majesty of the object before him. From the words, 'Thou sittest at the right hand of God,' to 'ever world without end,' we find in the music a continued and unremitting echo to the sense of the language, and are everywhere reminded of the import and the grandeur of the subject treated."

This noble and majestic masterpiece was composed for the Cecilian festival of the Sons of the Clergy, and was performed every year until the production of Handel's *Te Deum*, in 1713, for the peace of Utrecht. Thenceforward, until 1743, they were alternately used. In 1743 Handel composed his Dettingen *Te Deum*, to which his knowledge of the powers and combinations of the instruments of the orchestra enabled him to give such a colossal character that it has, to a great extent, superseded Purcell's beautiful composition. Why does not some English musician arrange the latter with orchestral accompaniments in the modern fashion?

To present a brief chronological *resumé*:—

The first of Purcell's numerous odes, a form of composition in which he seems to have taken much delight, appeared in 1680—"An Ode or Welcome Song for his Royal Highness (the Duke of York) on his return from Scotland." In 1681 he wrote another Ode or Welcome Song for the King, "Swifter, Isis, swifter flow;" and in 1682, one on the King's return from Newmarket, "The summer's absence unconcerned we bear." He also wrote some inauguration songs for the Lord Mayor, October 29th. In 1683 he essayed a new branch of composition, instrumental chamber music, and published his twelve "Sonnatas of III. parts, two Viollins and Basse to the Organ or Harpsichord." Each consists of an adagio,

fugue, slow movement, and air. In his preface Purcell states that he has aimed at a just imitation of the most famed Italian masters, "principally to bring," he says, "the seriousness and gravity of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whose humour 'tis time now should begin to loath the levity and balladry of our neighbours." The attempt he confesses to be bold and daring; there being pens and artists of more eminent abilities, much better qualified for the employment than his or himself, which he well hopes these his weak endeavours will in due time provoke and influence to a more accurate undertaking. He is not ashamed to own his unskilfulness in the Italian language, but that is the unhappiness of his education, which cannot justly be counted his fault; however, he thinks he may warrantably affirm that he is not mistaken in the power of the Italian notes, or elegancy of their composition.

In the same year (1683) he produced another Ode for the King, "Fly, bold Rebellion," and one Ode, "From hardy climes," in celebration of the marriage of Prince George of Denmark to the Princess Anne. Also, a St. Cecilia's Day Ode, "Welcome to all the pleasures."

In 1684 he composed an Ode, the last he was to lay at the feet of Charles II., on the King's return to Whitehall after his Summer's Progress—"From those serene and rapturous joys."

"Why are all the Muses mute?" was the title of the Ode or Welcome Song which he addressed to James II. in 1685. "Ye tuneful Muses" was produced in 1686.

In 1687 he composed another Ode, "Sound the trumpet, beat the drum," in which occurs the duet for

altos, "Let Cæsar and Urania live." This enjoyed so extensive a popularity that succeeding composers of Royal Birthday Odes were wont to introduce it into their own productions until late into the 18th century.

In 1688 he composed his last Welcome Song for James II., and in 1689, an Ode, "Celestial Music," and a "Welcome Song at the Prince of Denmark's Coming Home." In this year he wrote the celebrated "Yorkshire Feast Song" in praise of the county and its worthies, for the annual gathering in London of natives of Yorkshire—one of his most vigorous and varied compositions. It was performed at an expense of £100 at the annual Feast held in Merchant Taylor's Hall, on the 27th of March, 1690. In this year a sharp contention arose between the composer and the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey. Purcell, considering the organ loft as his *peculium*, in virtue of his office, had received the admission fees of persons desirous of viewing the coronation of William and Mary. The Dean and Chapter claimed them, and when Purcell refused to acknowledge the claim, made an order that unless he handed over the moneys his place should be declared vacant, and his salary detained by the Treasurer. As he held his appointment, however, until his death, we may assume that the dispute was amicably arranged.

In 1690 the inexhaustible genius of Purcell produced a Birthday Ode for the Queen, "Arise, my Muse," and an ode for King William, "Sound the trumpet." Another Birthday Ode for the Queen, "Welcome, glorious Morn," appeared in 1691. A curious anecdote is related of the one which he composed in the following year to Sir Charles Sedley's words, "Love's Goddess sure was blind."

The bass to one of its airs, "May her blest example chase," is simply the tenor of the old song, "Cold and raw." It seems that Queen Mary one day was entertained by the singing of Gostling and Mistress Arabella Hunt, with Purcell as accompanist. After they had sung some admirable songs by Purcell and others, Queen Mary asked Arabella Hunt for the ballad of "Cold and raw." In his indignation that the Queen should prefer a common ballad to his own excellent compositions, Purcell resolved that she should hear it again when she little expected it, and accordingly introduced it, as we have seen, into the Birthday Ode.

In the same year he set to music Dr. Brady's Ode, "Hail, great Cecilia," which was performed at the annual celebration on St. Cecilia's Day,* the composer himself singing the alto solo, "'Tis Nature's voice." In 1693 he set Nahum Tate's Ode for the Queen's birthday, "Celebrate this festival;" and the same versifier's Ode commemorative of the centenary of Trinity College, Dublin. In 1694 he wrote another Birthday Ode for the Queen, "Come, come, ye Sons of Art!" and at the close of the year composed for her funeral the anthem, "Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts," in so deeply impressive and majestic a style that Dr. Croft, when he set the funeral service, wisely refrained from resetting this passage, and adopted Purcell's music. Purcell also wrote for this occasion his anthem, "Blessed

* These annual concerts were established in 1683 by "The Musical Society," whose members on St. Cecilia's Day (Nov. 22nd) first attended choral service at St. Bride's Church, and afterwards at the concert (generally given in Stationer's Hall), where an ode in praise of music was always the *pièce de resistance*. For these occasions Dryden wrote his famous Odes in 1687 and 1697.

is the man;" and early in the following year composed two elegies on the Queen's death.

Irregularities of living, and, doubtless, the excessive mental labour of which the foregoing list affords so signal an illustration, shattered the composer's constitution while he was still in the prime of manhood; and, to the great loss of English music, he died of some lingering disease, probably consumption, at his house in Dean's Yard, Westminster, on the 21st of November, 1695, aged 37.* He was buried in Westminster Abbey. On a tablet affixed to a pillar is the following well-known inscription, ascribed, though on doubtful evidence, to Dryden:—

"Here lyes
Henry Purcell, Esq.,
Who left this life,
And is gone to that blessed place,
Where only his harmony can be exceeded.
Obiit. 21 mo die Novembris,
Anno Ætatis suæ, 37mo.,
Annuq; Domini, 1695."

On a flat stone over his grave was inscribed the following epitaph, renewed, a few years ago, through the agency of Turle, then organist of the Abbey:—

"Plaudite, felices superi, tanto hospite; nostris,
Præfuerat, vestris additur ille choris:
Invidia nec vobis Purcellum terra reposcat,
Questa decus secli, deliciasque breves.
Tum cito decessisse, modos cui singula debit
Musa, prophana suos religiosa suos.
Vivit Io et vivat, dum vicina organa spirant,
Dumque colet numeris turba canora Deûm."

* The old story that his fatal illness was due to a cold, caught one night when his wife kept him waiting outside his own door, in punishment for his late hours, may be dismissed as without foundation. By his will he bequeathed his whole property to his "loving wife," and appointed her sole executrix.

Which has been thus Englished:—

"Applaud so great a guest, celestial Powers!
Who now resides with you, but once was ours;
Yet let invidious earth no more reclaim
Her short-liv'd fav'rite and her chiefest fame;
Complaining that so prematurely dy'd,
Good-nature's pleasure and devotion's pride.
Dy'd? no, he lives while yonder organs sound,
And sacred echoes to the choir rebound."

The finest tribute to the great musician's memory is the sonorous verse of Dryden (set to music by Dr. Blow), in which he speaks of him as "the godlike man," and adds:—

"The heavenly choir, who heard his notes from high,
Let down the scale of music from the sky;
They handed him along,
And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung,
Ye brethren of the lyre, and tuneful voice,
Lament his lot, but at your own rejoice;
Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleased alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice."

Elsewhere the poet writes:—

"Sometimes a hero in an age appears,
But scarce a Purcell in a thousand years."

One or two anecdotes of the composer may here be introduced. According to Sir John Hawkins, he had a strong dislike to the tones of the viol da gamba, on which his friend, the Rev. Mr. Sub-dean Gostling, was an enthusiastic performer. "The composer, to gratify some little pique, engaged a certain poetaster to write the following mock eulogium on the viol, which he set in the form of a round, for three voices:—

"Of all the instruments that are,
None with the viol can compare;
Mark how the strings their order keep,
With a whet, whet, whet, and a sweep, sweep, sweep,
But above all this abounds,
With a zingle, zingle, zing, and a zit, zan, zounds."

It is said that Dryden wrote his Ode of "Alexander's Feast" with a view to its musical illustration by the genius of his friend; but for some unexplained reason Purcell declined the task.

Of his skill as an organist little is now known; but that it was highly esteemed we infer from the curious rebus, in rhyming Latin, written by Tomlinson, a translation of which was set to music by one Lenton,* in the form of a catch:—

"Galli marita, par tritico seges,
Prænomen est ejus, dat chromati leges;
Intrat cognomen blanditiis Cati,
Exit eremi in Ædibus stati,
Expertum effectum omnes admirentur.
Quid merent Poetæ? ut bene calcentur."

The translation, as set by Lenton ran thus:—

"A mate to a cock, and corn tall as wheat,
Is his Christian name who in music's complete;
His surname begins with the grace of a cat,
And concludes with the house of a hermit; note that.
His skill and performance each auditor wins,
But the poet deserves a good kick on the shins."

Purcell's widow, in 1698, with the aid of a liberal subscription, reared an endearing monument to her husband's memory in the *Orpheus Britannicus*, a collection of his vocal compositions, to which a second volume was added in 1702, and a third in 1705. It was dedicated to that able and accomplished statesman, Charles Montague, Lord Halifax, and contains songs from "The Fairy Queen," and "The Indian Queen," the Birthday Odes, that noble song, "Genius of England," and numerous other occasional productions. "The Genius of England" has an accompaniment for a trumpet, and it may here be

* John Lenton was a member of the private band of King William and Queen Anne; he wrote the overtures and act-tunes to several plays; and, in 1702, published "The Useful Instructor on the Violin."

noted that Purcell was the first English musician who wrote songs with symphonies and accompaniments for that instrument.

Among the most popular and successful of Purcell's compositions for the voice may be named: "Come, if you dare!" "Fairest isle, all isles excelling," "Come unto these yellow sands," "Celia has a thousand charms," "Ye twice ten hundred deities," "Tell me why, my charming fair?" "Mad Bess," "Blow, Boreas, blow," "Thus the gloomy world," "May the god of wit inspire," "Two daughters of this aged stream," "I attempt from love's sickness to fly," "Let the dreadful engines," "Crown the altar," "Ah! cruel nymph," "From rosy bowers," "I'll sail upon the Day-star," "Lost is my quiet," "When Mira sings," "Celebrate this festival," and "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" In most of these the words are admirably expressed; the melody and modulation always aim at more than the gratification of the external sense, are uniformly impregnated with sentiment, and never fail to be either elegant, or pathetic, or both. Whenever the subject demands fire and animation, his native spirit bursts forth with an energy, and kindles to a glow, that no apathy in the hearer can resist. In his duets and trios we find a contexture and contrivance in the *parts* only conceivable by real genius, and not to be fabricated, or accomplished, but by profound science.

DRAMATIC AUTHORS.

Arrowsmith.
Banks.
Bancroft.
Betterton.
Buckingham, Duke of
Brome.
Lord Broghill.
Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland.
Caryll.
Corye.
Cowley.
Crowne, John.
Davenant.
Dryden.
D'Urfey.
Etherege, Sir George.
Fane.
Edward Howard.
James Howard.
Sir Robert Howard.
Killigrew.
Lacy.
Lee, Nat.
Leonard.
Maidwell.
Medbourne.
Newcastle, Duke of
Otway.
Payne.
Porter and Pordage.
Rawlins.
Revet.
Rymer.
Saunders.
Settle.
Shadwell.
Shirley.
Southern.
Stapleton, Sir R.
Tate.
Tuke.
Wycherley.
Behn, Mrs. Aphra.

CHAPTER III.

DRAMATIC AUTHORS IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

ARROWSMITH—BANKS—BANCROFT—BETTERTON—BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF—BROME—LORD BROGHILL—LUCIUS CARY, LORD FALKLAND—CARYLL—CORYE—COWLEY—CROWNE, JOHN—DAVENANT—DRYDEN—D'URFEY—ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE—FANE—EDWARD HOWARD—JAMES HOWARD—SIR ROBERT HOWARD—KILLIGREW—LEE, NAT—LACY—LEONARD—MAIDWELL—MEDBOURNE—NEWCASTLE, DUKE OF—OTWAY—PAYNE—PORTER AND PORDAGE—RAWLINS—REVET—RYMER—SAUNDERS—SETTLE—SHADWELL—SHIRLEY—SOUTHERN—STAPLETON, SIR R.—TATE—TUKE—WYCHERLEY—BEHN, MRS. APHRA.

AT the sixty or seventy Dramatic Authors who contributed to the English Stage between 1660 and 1685 we purpose to glance in alphabetical order: an arrangement which has at least the merit of simplicity, and will probably prove more convenient to the reader than one based upon chronological data. The first place will be taken, therefore, by Arrowsmith, the author of a dull comedy, called "The Reformation" (the title alone was enough to kill it), which did not hit the taste of the town, and soon passed, with its writer, into oblivion.

As late as 1682 the indefatigable John Banks produced his tragedy of "The Unhappy Favourite: or, The Earl of

Essex," concerning which Steele, in *The Tatler*, remarks, that it does not contain one good line, and yet it was "never seen without drawing tears from some part of the audience." Banks also composed "The Rival Kings," 1677; "The Destruction of Troy," 1679; "Virtue Betrayed," 1682; "The Island Queens," 1684; "The Innocent Usurper," 1694; and "Cyrus the Great," 1696. "His style," it is said, "gives alternate specimens of meanness and bombast. But even his dialogue is not destitute of occasional nature and pathos, and the value of his works as acting plays is very considerable."*

The surgeon Bancroft, who had a large practice among fine gentlemen and actors, caught from them a touch of stage-fever, and produced a play, which the audience found more difficult to swallow than his potions.

Thomas Betterton, the actor, shows a certain knowledge of stage-craft in his dramatic works: "The Woman Made a Justice," a comedy; "The Amorous Widow, or The Wanton Wife;" and an adaptation of John Webster's tragedy of "The Unjust Judge, or Appius and Virginia," which he entitled "The Roman Virgin," 1679; "The Revenge: or, A Match at Newgate," 1680; "The Prophetess: or, The History of Dioclesian, with a Masque," 1690; "King Henry IV., with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff;" and "The Bondman: or, Love and Liberty," published in 1719, after his death.

To the Duke of Buckingham full reference is made in another chapter. He is included in the category of

* Pope speaks of Banks as Settle's rival in tragedy, "though most successful in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, The Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and their prosaic." (Note to The Dunciad, bk. vi.)

Dramatic Authors by virtue of his immortal burlesque, "The Rehearsal," in which he is said (by those who will not believe that a Duke can be a wit) to have been assisted by Martin Clifford, Dr. Sprat, and Butler. But neither of these was capable of *the fun* which brims over in Buckingham's "Rehearsal"—fun so true and fresh that even a modern audience might appreciate it, while not detecting or understanding the parodies and contemporary allusions.

From his love of wine and his lyrical gifts Alexander Brome earned the title of "The English Anacreon." Charles Cotton apostrophizes him:—

> "Anacreon, come and touch thy jolly lyre,
> And bring in Horace to the quire;"

and Walton alludes to his vivacious lays and cavalier-ditties as

> "Those cheerful songs which we
> Have often sung with mirth and merry glee
> As we have marched to fight the cause
> Of God's anointed and His laws."

He is mentioned here by right of his comedy of "The Cunning Lovers." Born in 1620; died in 1666.

One of the aristocratic dramatists of the day was the Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, who makes so distinguished a figure in its political affairs. He was the son of the great Earl of Cork, and with his precocious talents astonished the grave professors of Dublin University. At the age of 15 he went abroad. After seeing much of men and cities, he fell in love with the daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, and crossed to Ireland to celebrate his wedding on the very day that the Great Civil War broke out. Drawing his sword in support of the royal cause, he fought bravely on many a field. After the

execution of Charles I. he went into exile; but secretly visiting London, came into contact with Cromwell, and was persuaded by him to assist in the expedition then fitting out for Ireland, with the understanding that he would be called upon to fight only against the native Irish. His military abilities were considerable, and his Irish campaigns were crowned with success. He won the battle of Macrome, and inflicted a severe defeat on Lord Muskerry and his "Irish Papistry." At the great Protector's death he refused his services to Richard Cromwell, and returned to his old allegiance. For his share in bringing about the Restoration Charles II. created him Earl of Orrery. His occupation as a soldier gone, he took to writing plays, of which Pepys justly complains that they are all alike, though for one or two of them he seems to have had a fancy. Thus he bestows not a few good words on Orrery's "Henry V.," in which Henry and Owen Tudor in stilted rhymes both make love to Katherine of Valois. In December, 1666, he notes: "After all staying above an hour [at Whitehall] for the players, the King and all waiting, which was absurd, saw 'Henry V.,' well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habits, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high, and so far off, that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night, and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine."

Says Dr. Doran: "In Orrery's 'Mustapha' and 'Tryphon,' the theme is all love and honour, without variation. Orrery's 'Mr. Anthony' is a five-act farce, in ridicule of

the manners and morals of the Puritans. Therein the noble author rolls in the mire for the gratification of the pure-minded cavaliers. Over Orrery's 'Black Prince,' even vigilant Mr. Pepys himself fell asleep, in spite of the stately dances. Perhaps he was confused by the author's illustration of genealogical history; for in this play, Joan, the wife of the Black Prince, is described as the widow of Edmund, Earl of Kent—*her father!* But what mattered it to the writer whose only teaching to the audience was, that if they did not fear God, they must take care to honour the King? Orrery's 'Altemira' was not produced till long after his death. It is a roar of passion, love (or what passed for it), jealousy, despair, and murder. In the concluding scene the slaughter is terrific. It all takes place in presence of an unobtrusive individual, who carries the doctrine of non-intervention to its extreme limit. When the persons of the drama have made an end of one another, the quietly delighted gentleman steps forward, and blandly remarks, that there was so much virtue, love, and honour in it all, that he could not find it in his heart to interfere, though his own son was one of the victims!"

John Caryl, or Caryll, appears in history as secretary to Mary of Modena, James II.'s Queen, and as for some time James's agent at the Court of Rome. Here is Macaulay's reference to him: "This gentleman was known to his contemporaries as a man of fortune and fashion, and as the author of two successful plays, a tragedy in rhyme which had been made popular by the action and recitation of Betterton, and a comedy which owes all its value to scenes borrowed from Molière. These pieces have long been forgotten; but what Caryl could

not do for himself has been done for him by a more powerful genius. Half a line in the Rape of the Lock has made his name immortal."

His plays are: "The English Princess, or The Death of Richard III.," 1667; and "Sir Solomon Single, or The Cautious Coxcomb," 1671.

James II. bestowed on him the titles of Earl Caryl and Baron Dartford, which, however, proved merely nominal distinctions. He returned to England in the reign of Queen Anne, and was included among the friends of Pope, to whom, it is said,* he suggested the idea of "The Rape of the Lock":—

> "What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
> What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
> I sing—This verse to Caryll, Muse, is due."

To Henry Lucius Cary, third Viscount Falkland, son of Clarendon Falkland, we owe a tragedy called "The Marriage Night," published in 1664.

A play called "Generous Enemies" was produced by Corye in 1667.

John Crowne, who died in 1703, was a native of Nova Scotia. He received a tolerable education; and as gentleman usher to a wealthy old lady having obtained some knowledge of society, resolved on taking up the profession of an author. In 1671 he made his appearance as a dramatist, and produced the first of his long list of seventeen plays, the tragi-comedy of "Juliana." Rochester then befriended him, and played him off against Dryden as a dramatic poet. Attaching himself, therefore, to the Court party, he satirised the Whigs in his comedy of "City Politics," 1675, and in the same year brought out

* See "Spence's Anecdotes," p. 194.

at Court the masque of "Calisto."* In 1677 appeared his tragedy, in two parts, "The Destruction of Jerusalem." After this, he contrived to lose Rochester's patronage, and as he had offended the Whigs, his prospects were sufficiently dubious; but Charles II. promised to do something for him when he had written one more comedy, and suggested as a model Agustin Morato's "No Puede Ser" ("It Cannot Be"). Such was the origin of Crowne's best play, "Sir Courtly Nice;" but on the last day of the rehearsal Charles II. died, and with him poor Crowne's hopes of preferment.

That he could write with terseness the following extract shows:—

> "These are great mazims, sir, it is confessed;
> Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
> Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
> In ours, it fills up all the room it finds." †

And this:—

> "I'll not such faviour to rebellion show,
> To wear a crown the people do bestow;
> Who, when their giddy violence is past,
> Shall from the King, the adored, revolt at last;
> And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
> And scorn the idol which themselves have made."

Of Abraham Cowley I speak at length under the Poets; but here I may refer to his dramatic compositions: "Love's Riddle," a pastoral comedy, 1638; "The Guardian," a comedy, 1650; and the more celebrated

* Evelyn saw the representation of this masque at Whitehall. The characters in it were represented by the Princesses Mary and Anne, the Lady Henrietta Wentworth (so unhappily associated with the Duke of Monmouth), Sarah Jennings (afterwards Duchess of Marlborough), and Mrs. Blagg, whom Evelyn has celebrated as Mrs. Godolphin. There were other less distinguished ladies and some professional actresses, while the dances between the acts were executed by "lords and ladies of high degree." Mrs. Blagg, on this occasion, wore £20,000 worth of jewels.

† Which may be compared with Lord Byron's:—

> "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence."

"Cutter of Coleman Street" (founded on "The Guardian"), which was produced in 1663.

I treat of Sir William Davenant in the same chapter. He wrote, in all, 25 dramatic pieces, including "The Tragedy of Albovine, King of the Lombards," 1629; "The Cruel Brother," 1630; "The Just Italian," 1630; "The Temple of Love," 1634; "The Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour," 1635; "The Platonick Lovers," 1636; "The Witts," 1636; "The Unfortunate Lovers," 1643; "The Siege of Rhodes," 1663; "The Rivals," 1668; and "The Man's a Master," 1668.

It will be for the convenience of the reader that we should consider Dryden's dramatic work as a whole, taking his plays in the chronological order of their production.

His first dramatic effort was "The Wild Gallant, a Comedy" probably produced in February, 1663, for on the 23rd of that month Mr. Pepys records that "it was ill acted, and the play so poor a thing as ever I saw in my life." Dryden himself acknowledges that it was unsuccessful,* and so it deserved to be, for the plot, derived from a Spanish source, is extravagant, and the characters are absurdly unreal. There is a good deal of lively incident in it; but, as Scott remarks, few modern audiences would endure the gross deceit practised on Lord Nonsuch in the fourth act; nor is the device of Lady Constance to gain her lover, by marrying him in the disguise of a heathen divinity, more grotesque than unnatural. "Those passages, in which the plot stands still, while the spectators

* "It would be a great impudence in me," he says, "to say much of a comedy, which has had but indifferent success in the action. I made the town my judges, and the greater part condemned it: after which I do not think it my concernment to defend it with the ordinary zeal of a poet for his decried poem."

are entertained with flippant dialogue and repartee, are ridiculed in the scene betwixt Prince Prettyman and Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal; the facetious Mr. Bibber being the original of the latter personage. The character of Trice, at least his whimsical humour of drinking, playing at dice by himself, and quarrelling as if engaged with a successful gamester, is imitated from the character of Carlo, in Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour,' who drinks with a supposed companion, quarrels about the pledge, and tosses about the cups and flasks in the imaginary brawl." But the best conceived and best executed character in the piece is Sir Timorous.

"The Wild Gallant" was revived and published in 1669, with a new prologue and epilogue, and some alterations which showed that Dryden's Muse in the six years had gained nothing in morality.

The *dramatis personæ* are: Lord Nonsuch, an old rich humorous lord; Justice Trice, his neighbour; Mr. Loveby, the Wild Gallant; Sir Timorous, a bashful knight; Failer and Burr, hangers-on of Sir Timorous; Bibber, a tailor, and Setstone, a jeweller; Lady Constance, Lord Nonsuch's daughter; Madam Isabelle, her cousin; and Mrs. Bibber, the tailor's wife.

Of the flashes of liveliness which relieve the dialogue we give a specimen or two.

Loveby describes a garret in the tailor's house:—

"Why, 'tis a kind of little ease,* to cramp thy rebellious prentices in; I have seen an usurer's iron chest would hold two on't; a penny looking-glass cannot stand upright in the window, that and the brush fills it: the hat-case must be disposed under the bed, and the comb-case will hang down from the ceiling to the floor. If I chance to dine in my chamber, I must stay till I am empty before I can get out."

* A prison, so called from its construction.

A jest quite in the modern style:—

"*Loveby.*—But for the fountain, madam—
Constance.—The fountain's a poor excuse, it will not hold water."

Jests against the clergy:—

"If the Devil can send churchmen on his errands, Lord have mercy on the laity!"

Constance.—Our parson ran away too, when they cried out the Devil!

Loveby.—He was the wiser; for if the devil had come indeed, he has preached so long against him, it would have gone hard with him.

Setstone.—Indeed, I have always observed parsons to be more fearful of the Devil than other people.

Loveby.—Oh, the Devil's the spirit, and the parson's the flesh; and betwixt those two there must be a war; yet, to do them both right, I think in my conscience they quarrel only like lawyers for their fees, and meet good friends in private, to laugh at their clients."

Dryden's second dramatic effort was "The Rival-Ladies, a Tragi-Comedy," first acted in 1664. Pepys refers to it as "a very innocent and most pretty witty play," with which he was much pleased, and again, after reading it, he pronounces it "a most pleasant and witty fine-writ play." It is, for Dryden, commendably free from indecency. The dialogue is often very smart, and at times, glitters with wise and witty phrases. As for the plot, which is obviously borrowed from some Spanish drama of intrigue, it is so complex as almost to defy unravelling; but the incidents are numerous and entertaining. Several of the scenes are written in rhyme, in what was then called the heroic manner.

The *dramatis personæ* are: Don Gonzalvo de Peralta, a young gentleman newly arrived from the Indies, in love with Julia; Don Roderigo de Sylva, also in love with Julia; and Don Manuel de Torres, Julia's brother; Julia, Don Manuel's elder sister, promised to Roderigo; Honoria, a younger sister, disguised in a man's habit, and going by the name of Hippolito, in love with Gonzalvo; and Angelina, Don Roderigo's sister, in man's habit, likewise in love with Gonzalvo, and going by the name of Aneideo. It is not difficult to imagine the embarrassments occasioned by this arrangement of the characters. Eventually, however, Roderigo and Julia are mated; Honoria wins Gonzalvo, and we are allowed to see that an alliance will be concluded between Angelina and Don Manuel.

We quote a few happy sentences:—

"I will not so much crush a budding virtue
As to suspect."

"One of those little prating girls,
Of whom fond parents tell such tedious stories."

"Methinks, I see
Your soul retired within her inmost chamber."

"Like a fair mourner sit in state, with all
The silent pangs of sorrow round about her."

"I am no more afraid of flying censures,
Than heaven of being fired with mounting sparkles."

"The noblest part of liberty they lose
Who can but shun, and want the power to choose."

"I feel death rising higher still, and higher,
Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass,
And, like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air."

We come next to "The Indian Queen," a play in which Dryden assisted that dull dramatist, Sir Robert Howard, youngest son of the Earl of Berkshire. In October, 1663, Dryden married Sir Robert Howard's sister Elizabeth, and in the following month was brought out "The Indian Queen," with costly scenery and rich decorations, of which Evelyn says that "the like of them had never been seen here, or haply, except rarely, elsewhere, in a mercenary theatre." The *dramatis personæ* include:—The Inca of Peru; Montezuma, his general; Acacis, son to Zempoalla;

Traxalla, Zempoalla's general; Garucca, a faithful servant to Aurexia; the God of Dreams; and Ismeron, a Conjurer; Aurexia, the lawful Queen of Mexico; Zempoalla, the usurping Indian Queen, and Orazia, daughter to the Inca. The characters of Montezuma and Zempoalla seem clearly to belong to Dryden, and much of the third act exhibits his vigorous versification.

A summary of the plot will show the kind of dramatic interest which then pleased the public. In Act I., Montezuma is loaded with rewards by the Inca of Peru for his victories over the Mexicans, and among these receives as a prisoner Prince Acacis, son of Zempoalla, the usurping Indian Queen. Montezuma releases the prince, and asks for the hand of Orazia, the Inca's daughter, a request at which the Inca is indignant. To revenge himself Montezuma resolves to carry his sword to the aid of the Mexicans, though Acacis reminds him of his duty, and refuses to accept his liberty. He feels bound in honour to the Inca, and, moreover, he too is not insensible to the charms of Orazia.

"*Mont.*—You are my prisoner, and I set you free.
Aca.—'Twere baseness to accept such liberty.
Mont.—From him that conquered you, it should be sought.
Aca.—No, but from him, for whom my conqueror fought.
Mont.—Still you are mine, his gift has made you so.
Aca.—He gave me to his general, not his foe."

Montezuma betakes himself to the enemy, while Acacis remains, and is set free by the Inca, when he returns with his soldiers to find that his general has gone. Still Acacis shows no inclination to depart, but undertakes the defence of the Inca and his daughter against Montezuma's revenge. The scene then shifts to the camp of the Mexicans, where Zempoalla, the mothor of Acacis, receives

Montezuma with a noble welcome, and vows to the gods that she will sacrifice a prince to them if they give her arms the victory.

Act II.—The Inca and his daughter, in flying from the field of battle, are overtaken by Montezuma, who turns repentant at their sight, and when Traxalla, the Indian Queen's general, claims them as his prisoners, refuses to give them up. Acacis, who in the fight has several times saved their lives, now appears, and the Mexicans, hailing with delight their prince, leave it to him to decide the contention between Montezuma and Traxalla. He adjudges the prisoners to the former. The scene changes, and we see Zempoalla wrathful because the victorious Mexicans

". . . . . above their prince's dare proclaim,
With their rebellious breath, a stranger's name."

Learning from Traxalla the decision made by her son, she commands that the Inca and his daughter shall be seized by force, their lives being forfeit to the gods by her vow. While Acacis is confessing to Montezuma his grief at his mother's usurpation of the throne on the murder of his uncle by Traxalla, a messenger enters with the ill tidings that Traxalla has carried off the Inca and Orazia from Montezuma's tent; whereupon Acacis and Montezuma agree to unite for the punishment of the rebellious general.

Act III.—Acacis and Montezuma break in upon a festival which the Indians are celebrating in honour of their victory. Zempoalla commands that they shall be brought before her, and orders Montezuma and Orazia to be thrown into "several prisons." Acasis pleads in vain for Orazia. Traxalla enters, and it soon appears that Zempoalla has fallen in love with Montezuma, while Traxalla is not less suddenly

enamoured of the Peruvian princess. A musical interlude follows, in which Zempoalla resorts to Ismeron, a conjurer, for the interpretation of a dream, and he thereupon raises the God of Dreams, whose answer, however, is as vague as an ancient oracle:—

"Seek not to know what must not be revealed;
Joys only flow where fate is most concealed:
Too busy man would find his sorrows more,
If future fortunes he should know before;
For, by that knowledge of his destiny,
He would not live at all, but always die."*

Zempoalla droops "under the weight of rage and care," and then a song is supposed to be sung by aerial spirits:—

"Poor mortals, that are clogged with earth below,
Sink under love and care,
While we, that dwell in air,
Such heavy passions never know.
Why then should mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From blood, that sallow cloud,
Which shining souls does shroud?
Then they'll show bright,
And like us light,
When leaving bodies with their care,
They slide to us and air."

At the opening of Act IV. Montezuma is discovered, asleep in prison. To him enters Traxalla, leading in Orazia, and offers him his life on condition that he resigns the princess. On his refusal, Traxalla is about to slay him, when Zempoalla appears, and threatens, in her turn, to kill Orazia. Says Traxalla:—

". . . . If she must die,
The way to her loved life through mine shall lie."

He thrusts the Indian Queen aside and steps before Orazia, who in her turn throws herself before Montezuma.

* This passage was probably in Pope's memory when he wrote the well-known lines beginning, "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate."

As it is now clear that the two love one another, the Queen and her general determine that both shall die. But Acacis obtains admission to the prison, restores Montezuma his sword, and releases Orazia. Having thus obeyed honour in setting the Inca's daughter free, Acacis says he must next obey love, and fight for her. At the clash of their swords Orazia hastily returns, to find Acacis bleeding from his wounds, and at Montezuma's mercy.

"*Orazia.*—What noise is this?
Hold, hold! what cause could be so great, to move
This furious hatred?—
Mont.—'Twas our furious love.—
Aca.—Love, which I hid till I had set you free,
And bought your pardon with my liberty:
That done, I thought, I less unjustly might
With Montezuma, for Orazia, fight;
He has prevailed, and I must now confess
His fortune greater, not my passion less;
Yet cannot yield you, till his sword remove
A dying rival, that holds fast his love.
Oraz.—Whoever falls, 'tis my protector still,
And then the crime's as great, to die as kill.—
Acacis, do not hopeless love pursue;
But live, and this soft malady subdue."

She makes up her mind to return to her prison, and there, in fetters, with her father mourn. "She goes softly off, and often looks back." Montezuma and Acacis are about to follow, when Zempoalla, Traxalla, and attendants enter and seize them. Orazia returns, in order to share her lover's fate; Zempoalla dooms them to the sacrificial altar; and the act closes with a pledge from Acacis that he will fall before them, "the first sacrifice."

Act V. opens with a scene which was doubtlessly "got up" in a very effective and brilliant manner—the

Temple of the Sun, all of gold, with four Priests, in habits of white and red feathers, attending by a bloody altar, as ready for sacrifice. Then enter the Guards, Zempoalla and Traxalla, the Inca, Orazia, and Montezuma, bound. As soon as they are placed, the Priest sings:—

"You to whom victory we owe,
Whose glories rise
By sacrifice,
And from our fates below;
Never did your altars shine
Feasted with blood so near divine;
Princes to whom we bow
As they to you:—
Thus you can ravish from a throne,
And, by their loss of power, declare your own."

The action then grows somewhat "mixed." Zempoalla would save Montezuma and kill Orazia; Traxalla would save Orazia and kill Montezuma; Acacis would save both, and, stabbing himself—in order, we suppose, to remove *one* difficulty out of the way—dies, calling on Montezuma for his friendship, and on Orazia for her love. The latter weeps over her dying adorer, who professes to be

"Refreshed by that kind shower of pitying tears,"

and so expires. At this moment comes information of the near approach of the banished Queen, with old Garucca. She has declared Montezuma to be her son, and he is immediately hailed as King by a rejoicing people. Traxalla draws and thrusts at Montezuma, who wards off the blow, and kills him with a dagger placed in his hands by Zempoalla. He is on the point of attacking the guards, in order to rescue the Inca, when in come Queen Aurexia, Garucca, and their soldiers. Great is the joy of Aurexia at recovering her son! They offer pardon and amity to Zempoalla, but she, though fallen from her high

estate, preserves her proud spirit, and, grieving over her dead Acacis, kills herself:—

"The greatest proof of courage we can give
Is thus to die when we have power to live."

The end can now be imagined:—

"*Montezuma (to the* INCA).—Your pardon, Royal Sir.
Inca.—You have my love. [*Gives him* ORAZIA.
Aurexia.—The gods, my son, your happy choice approve.
Mont.—Come, my Orazia then, and pay with me
[*Leads her to* ACACIS.
Some tears to poor Acacis' memory;
So strange a Fate for Men the gods ordain,
Our clearest sunshine should be mixed with rain;
How equally our joys and sorrows move!
Death's fatal triumphs joined with those of Love.
Love crowns the dead, and Death crowns him that lives,
Each gains the conquest which the other gives.
[*Exeunt* ORAZIA."

The sequel of "The Indian Queen" is entitled, "The Indian Emperor: or, The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards," first acted in 1665, and very warmly received. An "Argument," showing the connection between the two, was printed and dispersed among the audience on the first night of representation, to which Bayes alludes in "The Rehearsal," where he says that he has printed many reams to instil into the audience some conception of his plot. Dryden simply points out that, at the conclusion of "The Indian Queen," only two considerable characters remained alive, Montezuma and Orazia, who could be introduced into another story. Therefore, he "thought it necessary to produce new persons from the old ones: and considering the late Indian Queen, before she loved Montezuma, lived in clandestine marriage with her general Traxalla, from those two he has raised a son and two daughters, supposed to be left young orphans at their death. On the other side, he has given to Montezuma

and Orazia two sons and a daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to men's and women's estate; and their mother, Orazia (for whom there was no further use in the story), lately dead."

"The Indian Emperor" is an instance, says Scott, of the beautiful poetry which may be united to, or rather thrown away upon, the heroic drama. "The very first scene exhibits much of those beauties, and their attendant deformities. A modern audience would hardly have sate in patience to hear more than the first extravagant and ludicrous supposition of Cortez :—

> 'As if our old world modestly withdrew;
> And here, in private, had brought forth a new.'

But had they condemned the piece for this uncommon case of parturition, they would have lost the beautiful and melodious verses in which Cortez and his followers describe the advantages of the newly discovered world; and they would have lost the still more exquisite account, which, immediately after, Guyomar gives of the arrival of the Spanish fleet. Of the characters little need be said; they stalk on, in their own fairy land, in the same uniform livery, and with little peculiarity of discrimination. All the men, from Montezuma down to Pizarro, are brave warriors; and only vary, in proportion to the mitigating qualities which the poet has infused into their military ardour. The women are all beautiful, and all deeply in love; differing from each other only, as the haughty or tender predominates in their passion. But the charm of the poetry, and the ingenuity of the dialogue, render it impossible to peruse, without pleasure, a drama, the faults of which may be imputed to its structure, while its beauties are peculiar to Dryden."

The *dramatis personæ* include Moutezuma, Emperor of Mexico; his sons, Odmar and Guyomar; Orbellom, son to the late Indian Queen, by Traxalla; Cydaria, Montezuma's daughter; Almeria and Alibech, the late Indian Queen's two daughters; Cortez, the Spanish general, and his lieutenants, Vasquez and Pizarro.

We quote the passages praised by Scott :—

> "*Cortez.*—Here nature spreads her fruitful sweetness round,
> Breathes on the air and broods upon the ground;
> Here days and nights the only seasons be;
> The sun no climate does so gladly see:
> When forced from hence, to view our parts, he mourns,
> Takes little journeys and makes quick returns.
> *Vasquez.*—Methinks, we walk in dreams on Fairyland,
> Where golden ore is mixt with common sand;
> Each downfall of a flood, the mountains pour
> From their rich bowels, rolls a silver shower."
> "*Guyomar.*—At last, as far as I could cast my eyes
> Upon the sea, somewhat, methought, did rise,
> Like bluish mists, which, still appearing more,
> Took dreadful shapes, and moved towards the shore.
> *Mont.*—What forms did these new wonders represent?
> *Guy.*—More strange than what your wonder can invent.
> The object I could first distinctly view
> Was tall straight trees, which on the waters flew;
> Wings on their sides, instead of leaves, did grow,
> Which gathered all the breath the winds could blow:
> And at their roots grew floating palaces,
> Whose outblowed bellies cut the yielding seas.
> *Mont.*—What divine monsters, O ye gods, were these,
> That float in air, and fly upon the seas!
> Come they alive, or dead, upon the shore?
> *Guy.*—Alas, they lived too sure: I heard them roar.
> All turned their sides, and to each other spoke;
> I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
> Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
> Or these the younger brothers of the sky."

Langbaine asserts that the comedy of "Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen," is founded upon certain passages in Mademoiselle de Scudéri's "Grand Cyrus" and "Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa." However this may be,

the play is one of its author's liveliest and most effective compositions; and we are not at all sure but that, with the pruning happily rendered necessary by modern taste, it might meet a favourable reception from an audience of to-day. The dialogue is always sprightly, and sometimes poetical ; and the part of Florimel offers abundant opportunities to a clever actress.

The *dramatis personæ*, with the original cast, may here be given : Lysimantes, first Prince of the Blood, Mr. Burt ; Philocles, the Queen's favourite, Major Mohun ; Celadon, a courtier, Mr. Hart; Queen of Sicily, Mrs. Marshall ; Candispe, Princess of the Blood, Mrs. Quin ; Asteria, the Queen's confidante, Mrs. Knipp ; Florimel, a maid of honour, Mrs. Ellen Gwynn ; Flavia, another maid of honour, Mrs. Frances Davenport ; Olinda and Sabina, sisters, Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Elizabeth Davenport ; Melissa, their mother, Mrs. Cory.

With such a cast, almost any play must have been successful ; but the "triumphant reception" which "Secret Love" commanded was specially due to the inimitable acting of Nell Gwynn, for whom the part of Florimel seems to have been written. It was produced on March 2nd, 1667, both Charles II. and the Duke of York being present. Pepys, the invaluable, records that "the play is mightily recommended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit of Nell Gwynn's acting." He adds that "he can never hope to see the like done again by man or woman," and that "so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw

any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her." No doubt, as Mr. Saintsbury suggests, the portrait which Celadon draws of Florimel is pretty accurately descriptive of its bewitching representative : "A turned-up nose that gives an air to your face :—Oh, I find I am more and more in love with you !—a full nether lip, an out-mouth, that makes mine water at it; the bottom of your cheeks a little blub, and two dimples when you smile : For your stature, 'tis well ; and for your wit, 'twas given you by one that knew it had been thrown away upon an ill face.—Come, you're handsome, there's no denying it."

Here is a fine description of the Queen of Sicily :—

> "Doubtless she's the glory of her time :
> Of faultless beauty, blooming as the spring
> In our Sicilian groves ; matchless in virtue,
> And largely souled when'er her bounty gives,
> As, with each breath, she could create new Indies."

As a brief specimen of the lively dialogue given to Celadon and Florimel, take the following :—

"*Flo.*—I would have a lover that, if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his neck, poison himself, for very despair: He that will scruple this is an impudent fellow if he says he is in love.

Cel.—Pray, madam, which of these four things would you have your lover to do ? For a man's but a man ; he cannot hang, and drown, and break his neck, and poison himself, all together.

Flo.—Well, then, because you are but a beginner, and I would not discourage you, any of these shall serve your turn, in a fair way.

Cel.—I am much deceived in those eyes of yours, if a treat, a song, and the fiddles, be not a more acceptable proof of love to you, than any of those tragical ones you have mentioned."

The trail of the serpent pollutes Dryden's comedy of "Sir Martin Mar-all ; or, The Feigned Innocence"—an adaptation of the Duke of Newcastle's translation of Moliére's "L'Etourdi"—in which but little of the wit, and none of the airiness, of the original, is preserved—mixed up with an excessively indelicate under-plot from

Quinault's "L'Amour Indiscret." It seems to have hit the taste of the public when produced in 1667,* for it ran for thirty-three nights, and was four times acted at Court. Doubtlessly, much of its success was owing to the humour of the inimitable Noakes, who played Sir Martin Mar-all. It must be admitted that those portions of the play in which Sir Martin appears are sufficiently diverting; but these would not excuse to a modern audience the singular coarseness of the scenes between Lord Dartmouth, Mrs. Christian, and Lady Dupe. There is an inconceivable grossness in the idea of a young girl coolly calculating the highest profits to be obtained by becoming the pretended victim of a seduction, while her aunt speculates with her on the best means of stimulating the ardour of her would-be seducer! What are we to think of the man who could put on the stage a dramatic representation of such an idea? What are we to think of the audiences who could tolerate and even applaud such a representation? We may inquire, with Taine, "What could the drama teach to gamesters like St. Albans, drunkards like Rochester, prostitutes like Castlemaine, old boys like Charles II.? What spectators were those coarse epicureans, incapable even of an assumed decency, lovers of brutal pleasures, barbarious in their sports, obscene in words, void of honour, humanity, politeness, who made the Court a house of ill fame?" It was Dryden's misfortune—or shall we not rather say his sin?—that he *wrote down* to this lewd, coarse audience, and degraded his strong rich genius by exposing it to the rank airs of a moral cesspool.

"The Tempest; or, The Enchanted Island, a Comedy,"

* At the Duke of York's Theatre, Aug. 16, 1667.

a travesty of Shakespeare's immortal play in which Miranda is turned into a courtesan, and provided with a sister named Dorinda, while Caliban is furnished with a sister also, was chiefly written by Davenant. It was acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1667. A perusal of it, with its affectation, its prettiness, and its indelicacy, will convince the reader of the truth of a couplet in Dryden's prologue:—

"But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he."

The comedy of "The Evening's Love; or, The Mock Astrologer," was produced in 1668. Evelyn refers to it as "a foolish plot, and very profane,"* and expresses his regret "to see how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times." Pepys, though not very fastidious, was "troubled at it," pronouncing it "very smutty, and nothing so good as *The Maiden Queen*." He adds, on the publisher's authority, that Dryden himself thought it only "a fifth-rate play." It is founded on "Le Feint Astrologue," by Corneille the younger, which, in its turn, owed the breath of life to Calderon's "El Astrologo Fingido," of Calderon. The quarrelling scene in the fourth act is taken almost bodily from Molière's "Le Dépit Amoreux." There is liveliness enough and to spare in the comedy, but it reminds one of a man disporting in muddy water. The critical preface attached to it is in Dryden's best style.

We subjoin the *dramatis personæ* and original cast:—Wildblood and Bellamy, two young English gentlemen, Mr. Hart, and Mr. Mohun; Maskall, their servant, Mr. Shat-

* Some of the characters meet in the dark in a chapel, whereupon Dryden puts in the mouth of one of them the following brilliant jest:—
"*Wild.*—There's no knowing them, they are all children of darkness.
Bell.—I'll be sworn they have one sign of godliness among them, there's no distinction of persons here."

terel ; Don Alonzo de Ribera, an old Spanish gentleman, Mr. Wintershal ; Don Lopez de Gamboa, a young noble Spaniard, Mr. Burt ; Don Melcher de Guzman, a gentleman of a great family, but of a decayed fortune, Mr. Lydal ; Donna Theodosia, and Donna Jacintha, daughters to Don Alonzo, Mrs. Bartell, and Mrs. Ellen Gwynn ; Donna Aurelia, their cousin, Mrs. Marshall ; Beatrix, woman and confidante to the two sisters, Mrs. Knipp ; Camilla, woman to Aurelia, Mrs. Betty Shute.

In Scott's opinion, "Tyrannic Love ; or, The Royal Martyr," is one of Dryden's most characteristic productions. "The character of Maximin, in particular, is drawn in his boldest plan, and only equalled by that of Almanzor, in 'The Conquest of Granada.' Indeed, although in action, the latter exhibits a larger proportion of that extravagant achievement peculiar to the heroic drama, it may be questioned whether the language of Maximin does not abound more with the flights of fancy, which hover betwixt the confines of the grand and the bombast and which our author himself has aptly termed the Dalilahs of the theatre." To us it seems a curiously unequal play ; passages of real beauty and sublimity alternating with the wildest outbursts of extravagance. Some of the happiest strokes in Buckingham's "Rehearsal" are levelled at these tumidities.

"Tyrannic Love" was produced at the King's Theatre in the spring of 1669, with the following cast : Maximin, Tyrant of Rome, Major Mohun ; Porphyrius, Captain of the Prætorian Bands, Mr. Hart ; Charinus, the Emperor's son, Mr. Harris ; Placidius, a great officer, Mr. Kynaston ; Valerius and Albinus, Tribunes of the Army, Mr. Lydall and Mr. Littlewood ; Nigrinus, a Tribune and Conjurer,

Mr. Beeston ; Amariel, guardian-angel to S. Catherine, M. Bell ; Apollonius, a Heathen Philosopher ; Berenice, wife to Maximin, Mrs. Marshall ; Valeria, daughter to Maximin, Mrs. Ellen Gwynn ; S. Catherine, Princess of Alexandria, Mrs. Hughes ; Felicia, her mother, Mrs. Knipp ; Erotion and Cydon, attendants, Mrs. Uphill and Mrs. Eastland.

At the close of the play, Valeria (Nell Gwynn) is about to be carried off dead by the bearers, but revives in order to speak the epilogue. It was in this part, so runs the story, that Mistress Gwynn completed her conquest of Charles II.

Here is Taine's estimate of this once celebrated play :—

"The royal martyr is St. Catherine, a princess of Royal blood as it appears, who is brought before the tyrant Maximin. She confesses her faith, and a pagan philosopher, Apollonius, is set loose against her, to refute her. Maximin says :—

> 'War is my province ?—Priest, why stand you mute ?
> You gain by heaven, and, therefore, should dispute.'

Thus encouraged, the priest argues ; but St. Catherine replies in the following words :—

> '. . . . Reason with your fond religion fights,
> For many gods are many infinites ;
> This to the first philosophers was known,
> Who, under various names, adored but one.'

Apollonius scratches his ear a little, and then answers that there are great truths and good moral rules in paganism. The pious logician immediately replies :—

> 'Then let the whole dispute concluded be
> Betwixt these rules, and Christianity.'

Being nonplussed, Apollonius is converted on the spot,

insults the prince, who, finding St. Catherine very beautiful, becomes suddenly enamoured, and makes jokes:—

> 'Absent, I may her martyrdom decree,
> But one look more will make that martyr me.'

In this dilemma he sends Placidius, 'a great officer,' to St. Catherine; the great officer quotes and praises the gods of Epicurus; forthwith the lady propounds the doctrine of final causes, which upsets that of atoms. Maximin comes himself and says:—

> 'Since you neglect to answer my desires,
> Know, princess, you shall burn in other fires.'

Thereupon she beards and defies him, calls him a slave, and walks off. Touched by these delicate manners, he wishes to marry her lawfully, and to repudiate his wife. Still, to omit no expedient, he employs a magician, who utters invocations (on the stage), summons the infernal spirits, and brings up a troop of demons who dance and sing voluptuous songs about the bed of St. Catherine. Her guardian-angel comes and drives them away. As a last resource, Maximin has a wheel brought on the stage, on which to expose St. Catherine and her mother. Whilst the executioners are going to strip the saint, a modest angel descends in the nick of time, and breaks the wheel; after which the ladies are carried off, and their throats are cut behind the wings. Add to these pretty inventions a two-fold intrigue, the love of Maximin's daughter, Valeria, for Porphyrius, captain of the Prætorian bands, and that of Porphyrius for Berenice, Maximin's wife; then a sudden catastrophe, three deaths, and the triumph of the good people, who get married, and interchange polite phrases. Such is the tragedy, which is called French-like."

But, in truth, there is little that is French-like, except

the form, in the Restoration drama. Take away the heroic couplets, and it is the Elizabethan drama, with such modifications as the changes of taste in half a century necessitated. Dryden is not uncleaner than Beaumont and Fletcher, only he lacks their dramatic genius, and, instead of the profound pathos and strenuous passion which to so large an extent redeemed, almost refined, their coarseness—instead of their graceful fancy and lyrical profuseness—he assists us to bombast and extravagance, to unreal sentiment, and to excessive sensuality. The Restoration drama is, we repeat, the Elizabethan drama, without its finer qualities, and degraded down to the level of the rakes and fops and frail beauties who were its principal patrons. That the dramatists of Charles II.'s reign pilfered their plots and often their dialogues from the French is, indeed, true; but they never did so without superadding upon their stolen material a native layer of vehemence and waywardness. They plundered nothing else; nothing of that order, moderation, and decorum which distinguished a Corneille, a Racine, and a Molière. We are compelled to agree with the French critic when he repudiates the judgment which would associate the heroic dramas of Dryden with the masterpieces of the French tragedy. The resemblance is superficial. Who can really compare the noble and chivalrous heroes of the French tragic poets with the swash-bucklers, the harlot-mongers, the rakes, who figure upon Dryden's stage? But Racine wrote for the decorous, if artificial, Court of Louis XIV.; Dryden for that of Charles II., which had neither piety nor refinement, neither generosity nor truth. "Panders and licentious women, ruffianly or butchering courtiers, who went to see Harrison drawn, or to mutilate Coventry,

maids of honour who have awkward accidents at a ball,* or sell to the planters the convicts presented to them, a palace full of baying dogs and bawling gamesters, a king who would bandy obscenities in public with his half-naked mistresses,—such was this illustrious society; from French modes they took but dress, from French noble sentiments but high-sounding words."

One of the most popular of Dryden's heroic dramas was "The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards," in two parts,† produced in the spring of 1670, at the Theatre Royal, but not published until 1672. Its hero, Almanzor, is the original of Drawcansir in Buckingham's "Rehearsal," where some of Dryden's exuberant outbursts are felicitously parodied. The plot, which owes something to Mademoiselle de Scudéri's romances, and something to history, is without doubt interesting and ingeniously developed; and the language, though too often bombastic and extravagant, is enriched with many of those *purpurei panni* which the poet had always at his free disposal. There are, as Scott says, not a few passages which convey what the poet desired to represent—the aspirations of a mind so heroic as almost to surmount the bonds of society, and even the laws of the universe, "leaving us often in doubt whether the vehemence of the wish does not even disguise the impossibility of its accomplishment." As thus:—

"Good Heavens! thy book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of this day,
Or, if the order of the world below
Will not the joys of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow.
That minute, e'en the happy from their bliss might give,
And those who live in grief a shorter time would live.

So small a link, if broke, the external chain
Would, like divided waters, join again.
It cannot be; the fugitive is gone,
Pressed by the crowd of following minutes on:
That precious moment's out of nature fled,
And in the heap of common rubbish laid,
Of things that once have been, and now decayed."

Again:—

"No, there is a necessity in fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in sight,
And that assurance holds him firm and right.
True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice:
Fear makes men look aside, and then their footing miss."

Again:—

"Man makes his fate according to his mind.*
The weak low spirit Fortune makes her slaves
But she's a drudge when hectored by the brave:
If fate weaves common thread, he'll change the doom,
And with new purple spread a nobler loom."

The following sketch of the plot and incidents of what is undoubtedly "the representative piece of heroic drama," is freely adapted from Mr. Saintsbury:—

Under its last sovereign, Boabdelin, the Moorish kingdom of Granada is convulsed by the feuds of the two great rival families of the Abencerrages and the Zegrys. These break out into open tumult at a festival held in the capital. A stranger takes the part of the weaker side, and ignoring the King's commands to desist, kills one of the opposite leaders. Seized by Boabdelin's guards, and ordered for execution, he is discovered to be Almanzor, a warrior lately arrived from Africa, where he has done good service for the Moors in their struggle against the Spaniards. He is accordingly released, and addressing the factions in swelling words, compels them to desist

* The story, not a very nice one, is told by Pepys, and in the "Memoirs of the Count de Grammont."

† The second part has the separate title of "Almanzor and Almahide."

* A distinct echo of Fletcher's "Man is his own star."

from their strife. To the Duke of Arcos, the Spanish ambassador, who offers peace on hard conditions, he haughtily replies that

"The Moors have Heaven, and me, to assist their cause,"

and the Duke thereupon retires. Almahide, the King's betrothed, sends a messenger to invite him to attend a *zambra*, or Moorish dance; but Almanzor insists upon a sally against the Spaniards, as a preliminary, and the act ends with the departure of the warriors.

The second opens with the triumphal return of the Moors, bringing the Duke of Arcos as Almanzor's prisoner. Enter Lyndaxara, sister of Zulema, the Zegry chief, the *bad* heroine of the play, to whom Abdalla, the King's brother, makes violent love, and is consoled with the intimation that were he king his suit would not be unsuccessful. Lyndaxara's ambition is sustained by her brother's factious hostility, and the act ends with the formation of a conspiracy against Boabdelin, in which it is hoped to engage the invincible Almanzor.

The third act in its opening scene recalls Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," Almanzor raging against Boabdelin for the same reason that Hotspur rages against the Lancastrian monarch. He is therefore disposed to join Abdalla, while Abdelmelech, the Abencerrage chief, is introduced in a very amorous scene as that prince's rival for the hand of Lyndaxara. The promised *zambra*, or dance, takes place, and while the King and his Court are engaged by it, Almanzor, Abdalla, and the Zegrys rise in revolt, defeat the royal troops, drive back the King, and capture Almahide. Struck by her beauty, Almanzor claims her as his prisoner, with the view of releasing her, but as Zulema opposes, Abdalla refuses the request, and Almanzor immediately betakes himself to the citadel, and offers his services to Boabdelin. They are gladly accepted, and of course the tables are at once turned, and the Zegrys defeated. Then Almanzor renews his suit to Almahide, who refers him to her father, and at the same time gently rebukes her lover's swelling arrogance :—

"I do your merit all the right I can ;
Admiring virtue in a private man :
I only wish the King may grateful be,
And that my father with my eyes may see.
Might I not make it as my last request—
Since humble carriage suits a suppliant best—
That you would somewhat of your fierceness hide—
That inborn fire—I do not call it pride."

Almanzor answers in the true heroic vein :—

"Born, as I am, still to command, not sue,
Yet you shall see that I can beg for you ;
And if your father will require a crown,
Let him but name the kingdom, 'tis his own.
I am, but while I please, a private man,
I have that soul which empires first began.
From the dull crowd, which every king does lead,
I will pick out whom I will chose to head :
The best and bravest souls I can select,
And on their conquered necks my throne erect."

In the fifth act Lyndaxara holds against both parties a fort which has been entrusted to her, and from without the walls she and they hold parley in extravagant terms. Almanzor prefers his suit to Almahide's father and to King Boabdelin, but meeting with no encouragement from either, breaks out into violence. He is overpowered and bound. His life, however, is generously spared, and the truculent hero, after a parting scene with the virtuous Almahide, retires from the city, leaving Boabdelin and Almahide to celebrate their nuptials.

The first act of the second part takes us to Granada,

where the unfortunate Boabdelin is vexed by the mutinies originating in the expulsion of Almanzor, and is compelled to entreat Queen Almahide to recall her lover. There is then a good deal of fighting, the object of which is far from clear, but it centres about Lyndaxara's castle, which falls eventually into the hands of the Duke of Arcos, and the renegade Abdalla, who has joined the Spaniards. Now Almanzor reappears, to repeat the professions of his violent love. Boabdelin's jealousy takes alarm, much to the indignation of Almahide, whose indignation provokes that of Almanzor, so that confusion becomes "worse confounded." There is more fighting around Lyndaxara's castle; after which appears the ghost of Almanzor's mother, apparently for no other reason than to show that the hero is no more afraid of ghosts than he is of Spaniards. More love—the drama is wholly occupied with love and fighting—and then Zulema accuses Almahide of having broken her marriage vow with Abdelmelech. Though tortured with jealous suspicions unworthy of a heroic soul, Almanzor undertakes the wager of battle on her behalf, and triumphantly vindicates her innocence. It is not unnatural that Almahide, thus proven innocent, should abandon the husband who has doubted her, and in a scene with Almanzor, which follows, she permits it to be seen that his passion is not unacceptable. The jealous King has been a spectator of the interview, and assails the Queen with fresh accusations, and goodness knows what would happen were it not that, just at the right moment, the Spaniards attack and capture the city. Boabdelin dies fighting; Lyndaxara, as a reward for the assistance she has traitorously given the enemies of the people, is proclaimed queen; but the dagger of Abdelmelech cuts

short her reign and her life. Strange to tell, Almanzor turns out to be the long-lost son of the Duke of Arcos, and Almahide, at the instigation of Queen Isabella, consents, when her year of widowhood has expired, to reward his devotion.

"*Almanzor.*—Move swiftly, sun, and fly a lover's pace;
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race!
King Ferd.—Meantime you shall my victories pursue,
The Moors in woods and mountains to subdue.
Almanzor.—The toils of war shall help to wear each day,
And dreams of love shall drive my nights away.—
Our banners to the Alhambra's turrets bear,
Then, wave our conquering crosses in the air,
And cry, with shouts of triumph—Live and reign,
Great Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain!"

This summary takes no account of the underplot of love between Osmyn and Benzayda, which, in its moderation and sweetness, comes as a pleasant relief to the more "heroic" portion of the drama.

To the quotations already made we may add the following:—

"As one who, in some frightful dream, would shun
His pressing foe, labours in vain to run;
And his own slowness, in his sleep, bemoans,
With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans."

"*Abdal.*—Reason was given to curb our headstrong will.
Zul.—Reason but shows a weak physician's skill;
Gives nothing, while the raging fit does last,
But stays to cure it, when the worst is past."

"A blush remains on a forgiven face,
It wears the silent tokens of disgrace.
Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

When first acted the principal characters were supported by Kynaston (Boabdelin), Lydall (Abdalla), Mohun, (Abdelmelech), Harris (Zulema), Cartwright (Abenamar), Euston (Osmyn), and Hart (Almanzor). The Almahide was Nell Gwynn (who spoke the prologue in a colossal

broad-brimmed hat, in ridicule of one worn by Noakes, the comedian).* Mrs. Marshall was Lyndaxara, and Mrs Boutell Benzayda.

The epilogue to this play was written with such bold and frank self-assertion that Dryden found it necessary to write a defence of it, which he developed into a very interesting "Essay on the Dramatic Art of the Last Ages." The epilogue, we may note, was attacked with much severity by Rochester.

One of Dryden's most popular comedies was "Marriage à la Mode," acted by "His Majesty's Servants" at the Theatre Royal in 1673. The comic scenes are written with what seems to have been a spontaneous vivacity; nowhere is the dramatist's humour more sprightly or less forced. Had the whole play been written in the same strain, it would have ranked with the best of the comedies of the Restoration; but the tragic scenes are very poor.

Being a comedy by Dryden, it is necessarily gross, and this grossness must always prevent the general recognition of its lively wit. We cannot but repeat our surprise that a man of Dryden's genius, a man so capable—as his heroic dramas, in spite of their extravagance, abundantly show—of sympathising with noble thoughts and aspirations, should have descended to such lewd excess. We feel that he revels in his own nastiness; he cannot make even the poor excuse that it was forced upon him by his audiences, for it is tolerably certain that they were frequently shocked by his profuse and premeditated ribaldry. The jests against marriage are so numerous and so severe as to suggest the

* The prologue says:—

"This is that hat whose very sight did win ye
To laugh and clap as though the devil were in ye.
As then, for Noakes, so now I hope you'll be
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me."

idea that Dryden sought by these sharp arrows of ridicule to revenge the unhappiness of his own married condition. Was his wife a shrew?

On the whole, we agree with a recent critic,* that Dryden, as a dramatist, does not present an edifying figure. "His sins against morality, against humanity, are flagrant. In the world that he presents upon the stage 'sweetness and light' have no place. To say that he offends against modesty would be to say little; but in his comedies Dryden ignores the existence of virtue. His men and women live solely for intrigue, his mirth is the hollow laughter of the brothel. Even in his heroic plays this vice exhibits itself in unexpected places, as though he could not for the life of him avoid making a palpably gross suggestion; but in such comedies as 'Marriage à la Mode,' 'The Wild Gallant,' 'An Evening's Love' (which disgusted even Pepys), and 'Limberham,' impurity reigns triumphant. Dryden did not understand, although he had Shakespeare to teach him, that comedy may be made a vehicle for the loveliest poetry, for the sanest and yet the most imaginative views of life; and looking at what he has done in this way, we are not surprised that he should have written: 'I think it in its own nature inferior to all sorts of dramatic writing.'"

The first cast of characters is thus given:—Polydamas, Wintershal; Leonidas, Kynaston; Argaleon, Lydall; Hermogenes, Cartwright; Eubulus, Watson; Rhodophil, Mohun; Palamede, Hart; Palmyra, Mrs. Coxe; Amalthea, Mrs. James; Doralice, Mrs. Marshall; Melantha, Mrs. Boutell; Philotis, Mrs. Reeve; Beliza, Mrs. Slade; Artemis, Mrs. Uphill.

* *The Athenæum*, p. 342, March 15, 1884.

It is, however, generally stated that Mrs. Montfort was the original Melantha, and

"Almost moved the thing the poet thought."

Colley Cibber has a well-known passage in her praise:—

"Melantha," he says, "is as finished an impertinent as ever fluttered in a drawing-room; and seems to contain the most complete system of female foppery that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady. Her language, dress, motion, manners, soul, and body are in a continual hurry to be something more than is necessary or commendable. And, though I doubt it will be a vain labour to offer you a just likeness of Mrs. Montfort's action, yet the fantastic expression is still so strong in my memory, that I cannot help saying something, though fantastically, about it. The first ridiculous airs that break from her, are upon a gallant, never seen before, who delivers her a letter from her father, recommending him to her good graces as an honourable lover. Here, now, one would think she might naturally show a little of the sex's decent reserve, though never so lightly covered. No, sir, not a tittle of it. Modesty is a poor-souled country-gentlewoman; she is too much a court-lady to be under so vulgar a confession. She reads the letter, therefore, with a careless, dropping lip, and an erected brow, humming it hastily over, as if she were impatient to outgo her father's commands by making a complete conquest of him at once; and that the letter might not embarrass the attack, crack! She crumbles it at once into her palm, and pours down upon him her whole artillery of airs, eyes, and motion; down goes her dainty, diving body to the ground, as if she were sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions; then launches into a flood of fine language and

compliment, still playing her chest forward in fifty falls and risings, like a swan upon waving water; and, to complete her impertinence, she is so rapidly fond of her own wit, that she will not give her lover leave to praise it. Silent assenting bows, and vain endeavours to speak, are all the share of the conversation he his admitted to, which, at last, he is removed from by her engagement to half-a-score of visits, which she swims from him to make, with a promise to return in a twinkling."

It is difficult, where all is so gross, to find a specimen of the dialogue, but the following is eminently *Drydenish*, and will serve:—

"*Mel.*—I declare, I had rather of the two be rallied, nay, *mal traitée* at court, than be deified in the town; for, assuredly, nothing can be so *ridicule* as a mere town lady.

Dor.—Especially at court. How I have seen them crowd and sweat in the drawing-room on a holiday-night! For that's their time to swarm and invade the presence. O, how they catch at a bow, or any little salute from a courtier, to make show of their acquaintance! and, rather than be thought to be quite unknown, they court'sy to one another; but they take true pains to come near the circle, and press and peep upon the princess, to write letters into the country how she was dressed, while the ladies, that stand about, make their court to her with abusing them.

Arte.—These are sad truths, Melantha: and therefore I would e'en advise you to quit the court, and live either wholly in the town, or, if you like not that, in the country.

Dor.—In the country! nay, that's to fall beneath the town, for they live upon our offals here. Their entertainment of wit is only the remembrance of what they heard when they were last in town;—they live this year upon the last year's knowledge, as their cattle do all night, by chewing the cud of what they eat in the afternoon.

Mel.—And they tell, for news, such unlikely stories! A letter from one of us is such a present to them, that the poor souls wait for the carrier's-day with such devotion, that they cannot sleep the night before.

Arte.—No more than I can, the night before I am to go a journey.

Dor.—Or I, before I am to try on a new gown.

Mel.—A song, that's stale here, will be new there a twelvemonth hence; and if a man of the town by chance come amongst them, he's reverenced for teaching them the tune.

Dor.—A friend of mine who makes songs sometimes, came lately out of the west, and vowed he was so put out of countenance with a song of his;

for, at the first country gentleman's he visited, he saw three tailors cross-legged upon the table in the hall, who were tearing out as loud as ever they could sing,

'After the pangs of a desperate lover,' * &c.

And that all day he heard of nothing else, but the daughters of the house, and the maids, humming it over in every corner, and the father whistling it.

Arte.—Indeed, I have observed of myself, that when I am out of town but a fortnight I am so humble, that I would receive a letter from my tailor or mercer for a favour.

Mel.—When I have been at grass in the summer, and am now come up again, methinks I'm to be turned into ridicule by all that see me; but when I have been once or twice at court, I begin to value myself again, and to despise my country acquaintance.

Art.—There are places where all people may be adored, and we ought to know ourselves so well as to choose them.

Dor.—That's very true; your little courtier's wife, who speaks to the King but once a month, need but go to a town lady, and there she may vapour and cry,—'The King and I,' at every word. Your town lady, who is laughed at in the circle, takes her coach into the city, and there's she called Your Honour, and has a banquet from the merchant's wife, whom she laughs at for her kindness. And, as for any finical wit, she removes but to her country house, and there insults over the country gentlewoman that never comes up, who treats her with furmity and custard, and opens her dear bottle of *mirabilis* beside, for a gill-glass of it at parting.

Arte.—At last, I see, we shall leave Melantha where we found her; for, by your description of the town and country, they are become more dreadful to her than the court, where she was affronted. But you forget we are to wait on the princess Amalthea. Come, Doralice.

Dor.—Farewell, Melantha.

Mel.—Adieu, my dear.

Arte.—You are out of charity with her, and therefore I shall not give your service.

Mel.—Do not omit it, I beseech you; for I have such a *tendre* for the court, that I love it even from the drawing-room to the lobby, and can never be *rebutée* by any usage. But hark you, my dears; one thing I had forgot, of great concernment.

Dor.—Quickly, then, we are in haste.

Mel.—Do not call it my service, that's too vulgar; but do my *baise-mains* to the princess Amalthea; that is *spirituelle*.

Dor.—To do you service, then, we will *prendre* the *carosse* to court, and do your *base-mains* to the princess Amalthea, in your phrase *spirituelle*."

"The Assignation; or, Love in a Nunnery," was produced in 1672. It did not secure a favourable reception from Dryden's contemporaries, and posterity has agreed

* A song of Dryden's own, in "An Evening's Love."

to forget it. Tradition hints that the actors were dissatisfied with their parts, and did not play their best; but no acting, however brilliant, could have redeemed the insipidity of the dialogue, the vulgarity of the motive, and the dulness of the incidents. In his prologue, Dryden dealt some lusty blows at that wretched dramatist, Francis Ravenscroft, whom the failure of "The Assignation" provided, however, with an effective retort. In a prologue to his own play, "The Careless Lovers," 1673, Ravenscroft exclaims:—

"An author did, to please you, let his wit run,
Of late, much on a serving man and cittern;
And yet, you would not like the serenade—
Nay, and you damned his nuns in masquerade . . .
In fine, the whole by you was so much blamed,
To act their parts the players were ashamed.
Ah, how severe your malice was that day!
To damn, at once, the poet and his play."

Dryden never sank so far below himself in any composition as in his tragedy of "Amboyna." It is, as Scott remarks, "The worst production Dryden ever wrote." The incident on which it is founded—the horrible massacre of some Englishmen in the service of the East India Company at Amboyna by the Dutch authorities—was unfitted for dramatic treatment; but on a story, repulsive in itself, Dryden has laid the grimmest colouring. His tragedy converts the stage into a shambles; and the spectators must have thought they were present in a torture-chamber rather than in a theatre. The characters are monstrous caricatures, and the style is not less exaggerated. The best thing in it is the following spirited lyric:—

"THE SEA-FIGHT.

Who ever saw a noble sight,
That never viewed a brave sea-fight?
Hang up your bloody colours in the air,
Up with your fights and your nettings prepare;

Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold spright,
Now each man his brindice, and then to the fight.
St. George, St. George, we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
Oh, now it begins, and the gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with culverin and with small shot;
Hark, does it not thunder? no! 'tis the guns' roar,
The neighbouring billows are turned into gore;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing bell.
Now, now, they grapple, and now board amain;
Blow up the hatches, they're off all again:
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast and yard, and tacklings fall;
She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's wheel,
She sinks then, she sinks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight,
As this so brave, so bloody sea-fight?"

That extraordinary production, "The State of Innocence and Fall of Man, an Opera," in which Dryden has travestied "Paradise Lost," appeared in 1674. Of course, it was not intended for representation; but it is difficult to understand the delusion which led Dryden to give a dramatic form to a story so ill-adapted for it. We must accept, we suppose, the excuse which Sir Walter Scott supplies: "The probable motive of this alteration," he thinks, "was the wish, so common to genius, to exert itself upon a subject in which another had already attained brilliant success, or, as Dryden has termed a similar attempt, the desire to shoot in (with?) the bow of Ulysses." It is reported by Mr. Aubrey that the step was not taken without Dryden's reverence to Milton being testified by a personal application for his permission. The aged poet, conscious that the might of his versification could receive no addition, even from the glowing numbers of Dryden, is stated to have answered

with indifference, "Ay, you may *tag* my verses, if you will!"

"The State of Innocence" is dedicated to the Duchess of York, afterwards Queen of James II., in a strain of extravagant panegyric, and prefixed to it is "The Author's Apology for Heroic Poetry and Poetic Licence," in which Dryden refers to Milton's immortal epic as "being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced."

A very favourable specimen of Dryden's treatment of his subject is furnished by Lucifer's soliloquy in Act iii., s. 1, 2:—

"Fair place! yet what is this to heaven, where I
Sat next, so almost equalled the Most High?
I doubted, measuring both, who was most strong;
Then, willing to forget time since so long,
Scarce thought I was created: vain desire
Of empire in my thoughts still shot me higher,
To mount above His sacred head. Ah why,
When He so kind, was so ungrateful I?
He bounteously bestowed unenvied good
On me: in arbitrary grace I stood:
To acknowledge this was all He did exact;
Small tribute where the will to pay was act.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As he, who knows my hatred to relent.
Jealous of power once questioned: Hope, farewell;
And with hope, fear; no depth below my hell
Can be prepared: Then, Ill, be thou my good;
And, vast destruction, be my envy's food.
Thus I, with Heaven, divided empire gain;
Seducing man, I make his project vain,
And in one hour destroy his six days' pain."

The last of the heroic, or rhymed verse, plays was "Aureng-Zebe, a Tragedy," successfully produced in 1676. In the dedication to John, Earl of Mulgrave (afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire), Dryden says:

"Some things in it have passed your approbation, and many your amendment. You were likewise pleased to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it, when I received the favour from him, to have the most considerable event of it modelled by his royal pleasure. It may be some vanity in me to add his testimony here, and which he graciously confirmed afterwards, that it was the best of all my tragedies; in which he has made authentic my private opinion of it; at least, he has given it a value by his commendation, which it had not by my writing." That it merited the royal favour may, we think, be conceded. It contains some of those just and forcible reflections which Dryden could pour out so abundantly, and embody in the aptest and most vigorous language. As thus:—

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and, while it says, We shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly morning could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old."

Again:—

"'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new:
Each day's a mistress, unenjoyed before;
Like travellers, we're pleased with seeing more.
Did you but know what joys you may attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end."

In Davis' "Dramatic Miscellanies" we read: "Dryden's last and most perfect rhyming tragedy was 'Aureng-Zebe.' In this play, the passions are strongly depicted, the characters well discriminated, and the diction more familiar and dramatic than in any of his preceding pieces. Hart and Mohun greatly distinguished themselves in the characters of Aureng-Zebe and the Old Emperor. Mrs. Marshall was admired in Nourmahal, and Kynaston has been much extolled by Cibber for his happy expression of the arrogant and savage fierceness in Morat." Wintershall was Amirant; Mrs. Coxe, Indamora; and Mrs. Corbett, Melesinda. When revived in 1726, beautiful Nancy Oldfield played Indamora, and Mrs. Cibber Melesinda, to the Aureng-Zebe of Wilkes and the Morat of Booth.

Dryden was now weary of rhymed dramas, and the public taste had changed, influenced in a great degree by the sharp ridicule of "The Rehearsal." The poet saw that he must perforce seek a new field for the exercise of his genius; and, challenging competition with Shakespeare, he produced the famous tragedy of "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost." In this he is inferior to the great master; but, I think, to him only. Pathos, and the sympathetic faculty, and deep passion were not at Dryden's command; but in the other qualifications of the dramatic writer he shows himself here to be very richly endowed. There is dignity—there is animation—there is strength; besides a rare profusion of impressive figures and images, and a pomp of diction which compels our admiration. In the following description of Cleopatra's voyage down the Cydnus, the musical flow of the versification and the richness of the language are very pleasing:—

"*Ant.*—The tackling silk, the streamers, waved with gold,
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails;
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

Orla.—No more: I would not hear it.
Ant.—Oh, you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take them: Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That played about her face! But if she smiled,
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad:
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;
And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more:
For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice."

We become conscious that this is not the highest poetry only when we read the original of Shakespeare, which suggested Dryden's glowing paraphrase. Taken by itself, however, it must be pronounced most admirable, and in luscious sweetness equal to anything of Beaumont and Fletcher's.

One of the most animated scenes is the quarrel between Antony and Ventidius. Here again Dryden has attempted to bend the bow of Shakespeare; and though he has not succeeded, yet he gives proof of the possession of a stalwart and strenuous arm. It is impossible to despise such writing as the following:—

"*Ant.*—(*Starting up.*)—Art thou Ventidius?
Vent.—Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.
Ant.—I'm angry.
Vent.—So am I.
Ant.—I would be private; leave me.
Vent.—Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant.—Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent.—My emperor; the man I love next Heaven:
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.
Ant.—All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent.—'Twas too presuming
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant.—Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent.—Look, emperor, this is no common dew. [*Weeping.*
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
Ant.—By Heaven, he weeps! poor, good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks.—Stop them, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame
That caused them, full before me.
Vent.—I'll do my best.
Ant.—Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, father!
Vent.—Emperor.
Ant.—Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory;
The conq'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent.—I warrant you.
Ant.—Actium, Actium; oh!
Vent.—It sets too near you.
Ant.—Here, here it is; a lump of lead by day,
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers
The hag that rides my dreams.—
Vent.—Out with it; give it vent.
Ant.—Urge not my shame.
I lost a battle.—
Vent.—So has Julius done.
Ant.—Thou favourest me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony —

Vent.—Nay, stop not.

Ant.—Antony,—
Well, thou wilt have it,—like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought ; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

* * * * * * * *

Vent.—Up, up, for honour's sake ; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief : By painful journeys
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks and chapt hands : there's virtue in them.
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than you their bands can buy.

Ant.—Where left you them?

Vent.—I said in Lower Syria.

Ant.—Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.

Vent.—They will not come.

Ant.—Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent.—Most firm and loyal.

Ant.—Yet they will not march
To succour one. O trifler!

Vent.—They petition
You would make haste to head them.

Ant.—I'm besieged.

Vent.—There's but one way shut up : How came I hither?

Ant.—I will not stir.

Vent.—They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant.—I have never used
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent.—They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,
And call this diamond such or such a toy ;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant.—Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults ; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra : she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent.—Behold yon Powers,
To whom you have intrusted human kind!
See Europe, Africa, Asia, put in balance.
And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman
I think the gods are Antony's, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant.—You grow presumptuous.

Vent.—I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant.—Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards ; thou, an envious traitor;
Who under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank, o'er flowing gall.
O that thou wert my equal ; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honour!

Vent.—You may kill me ;
You have done more already,—called me traitor.

Ant.—Art thou not one?

Vent.—For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done? but had I bore
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to penetrate your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so called.

Ant.—Forgive me, soldier :
I've been too passionate.

Vent.—You thought me false ;
Thought my old age betrayed you : kill me, sir.
Pray kill me : yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant.—I did not think so ;
I said it in my rage : Pr'ythee, forgive me,
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not bear? . . .
But Cleopatra —
Go on ; for I can bear it now.

Vent.—No more.

Ant.—Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st ;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.

Vent.—Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant.—Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Hugging him.*
Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve them.
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory! Thou know'st the way.

Vent.—And, will you leave this—

Ant.—Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour;
But I will leave her.

Vent.—That's my royal master;
And, shall we fight?

Ant.—I warrant thee, old soldier.
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And at the head of our old troops that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud—Come, follow me!

Vent.—Oh, now I hear my emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all:
I'll thank you for the exchange.

Ant.—O, Cleopatra!

Vent.—Again?

Ant.—I've done: In that last sigh, she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent.—Methinks you breathe
Another soul: Your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant.—Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me: Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted on my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.

Vent.—Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

Ant.—Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them: mow them out a passage,
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

This is manly, vigorous, and even poetical writing. The blank verse, which Dryden had never before attempted, is strong and fluent, with the cadences effectively distributed, and a skilful avoidance of monotony. It is, of course, inferior to Shakespeare's; but in its degree it is good and satisfying.

Taine is no great admirer of Dryden, but he does justice to his "All for Love." "The poet," he says, "is skilful; he has planned, he knows how to construct a scene, to represent the internal struggle by which two passions contend for a human heart. We perceive the tragical vicissitude of the strife, the progress of a sentiment, the overthrow of obstacles, the slow growth of desire or wrath, to the very instant when the resolution, rising up of itself or seduced from without, rushes suddenly in one groove. There are natural words; the poet writes and thinks too genuinely not to discover them at need. There are manly characters: he himself is a man; and beneath his courtier's pliability, his affectations as a fashionable poet, he has retained his stern and energetic character."

When the play was first produced, the part of Antony was played by Hart; Ventidius, Mohun; Dolabella, Clarke; Alexas, Goodman; Serapion, Griffin; Myris, Coxon; Cleopatra, Mrs. Boutell; and Octavia, Mrs. Cory. At a later period Cleopatra was one of Mrs. Oldfield's favourite characters.

We must pass over the comedy of "Limberham; or, The Kind Keeper," brought out at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens in 1678, with a brief reference. From beginning to end it is absolute filth; such filth that even a Restoration audience was disgusted with it, and after three representations it was withdrawn from the stage.

The worst of it is that some of the lewdest and most ribald language is put into the mouth of a young girl, who is represented as the only virtuous person in the piece. No excuse can be made for a man of genius who degrades himself in this shameless fashion. The composition and production of such a play as "Limberham" —the atmosphere of which is the reeking atmosphere of the brothel—is an indelible blot on Dryden's character. "Limberham" is supposed to have been a caricature of the Duke of Lauderdale; but more probably the Earl of Shaftesbury was intended.

About this date (1679) Dryden collaborated with Nathaniel Lee in a tragedy on the old classical story of "Œdipus," in which both poets show themselves at their strongest, as if inspired by the passion and pathos of the subject. The plan was Dryden's, and he wrote the first and third acts. Lee's portion is, on the whole, finely written probably it was revised by Dryden, as the style throughout preserves a remarkable uniformity. The incantation scene, which is wholly Dryden's, rises to a high poetic level; and the ghost of Laius is a creation not altogether unworthy of Shakespeare. Indeed, it must be owned that "Œdipus" is a work of considerable merit, though the incestuous passion which supplies its motive unfits it for the modern stage. The story runs that when, soon after its first production, it was performed at Dublin, a musician in the orchestra was so strongly affected by the madness of Œdipus, that he himself actually became delirious. This may be untrue or exaggerated; but, as Scott remarks, when the play was revived, "about thirty years ago," the audiences were unable to support it to an end.

The original cast was as follows:—Œdipus, Betterton;

Adrastus, Smith; Creon, Samford; Tiresias, Harris; Ghost of Laius, Williams; Jocasta, Mrs. Betterton; Eurydice, Mrs. Lee.

"Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found Too Late. A Tragedy. As it is acted at the Duke's Theatre," was published in 1679, with a Preface containing the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy. Compared with the great original of Shakespeare, its demerits are only too conspicuous; the additions are trivial and in bad taste, the omissions are deplorable. The delicacy of the beautiful old tale has been grossly marred by the introduction of ribald passages in Dryden's worst style; and Pandarus, whom even Shakespeare has drawn somewhat coarsely, is converted into a loathsome buffoon.

The original cast included Smith as Hector, Betterton as Troilus, Leigh as Pandarus, Harris as Ulysses, Bowman as Patroclus, Underhill as Thersites, Mrs. Mary Lee as Cressida, and Mrs. Betterton as Andromache.

"The Spanish Friar; or, The Double Discovery," was acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1681. It is one of the most popular, though not, perhaps, one of the best, of Dryden's dramatic efforts. Though the plot is not, as Johnson strangely remarks, exceedingly happy in its combination of the tragic and comic elements, the situations are worked up with all the skill of a practised playwright. In the comic scenes, the liveliness of the dialogue may entertain the reader; while the broadly humorous character of Dominic is developed with a care and cunning Dryden does not always exercise. This whimsical exaggeration of a Roman Catholic Priest was singularly acceptable to the public at a time when the so-called Popish Plot had awakened the fiercest passions of

religious bigotry. It is worth noting that, after the Revolution of 1688, this was the first play represented by order of Queen Mary and in her presence.

"The tragic part," says Scott, "has uncommon merit. The opening of the drama, and the picture of a besieged town in the last extremity, is deeply impressive, while the description of the noise of the night attack, and the gradual manner in which the intelligence of its success is communicated, arrests the attention, and prepares expectation for the appearance of the hero, with all the splendour which ought to attend the principal character in tragedy. The subsequent progress of the plot is liable to a capital objection, from the facility with which the Queen, amiable and virtuous, as we are bound to suppose her, consents to the murder of the old dethroned monarch."

Hallam's criticism is as follows:—

"'The Spanish Friar,' so far as it is a comedy, is reckoned the best performance of Dryden in that line. Father Dominic is very amusing, and has been copied very freely by succeeding dramatists, especially in the Duenna. But Dryden has no great abundance of wit in this or any of his comedies. His jests are practical, and he seems to have written more for the eye than the ear. It may be noted as a proof of this, that his stage directions are unusually full. In point of diction, the Spanish Friar in its tragic scenes, and All for Love, are certainly the best plays of Dryden."

Mr. Saintsbury's criticism is less favourable:—

"'The Spanish Friar' [is] a popular piece, possessed of a good deal of merit, from the technical point of view of the playwright; but which I think has been somewhat overrated, as far as literary excellence is concerned.

The principal character is no doubt amusing, but he is heavily indebted to Falstaff on the one hand and to Fletcher's Lopez on the other; and he reminds the reader of both his ancestors in a way which cannot but be unfavourable to himself. The play is to me most interesting, because of the light it throws on Dryden's grand characteristic, the consummate craftmanship with which he could throw himself into the popular feeling of the hour. This 'Protestant play' is perhaps his most notable achievement of the kind in drama, and it may be admitted that some other achievements of the same kind are less creditable."

In the tragedy of "The Duke of Guise," written for a political purpose in 1684, Dryden again found a collaborator in Nat Lee. The Duke is undoubtedly intended for the Duke of Monmouth, and the party significance of the play is obvious from beginning to end. At first the representation was prohibited, nor was permission given until December, when Charles II. had finally determined on severe measures against his ambitious son. The reception was unfavourable; but the Court party took it up, and eventually secured for it a moderate success. To Dryden must be ascribed part of the first act, the whole of the fourth, and the first part of the fifth. The introduction of the necromancer, Malicorne, is due to Dryden, who has seldom written anything finer than the last scene between the magician and the fiend. The reader may be glad to have it before him. It takes place in Malicorne's chamber. After a loud knocking at the door, a servant enters:—

"*Mal.*—What noise is that?
Serv.— An ill-looked surly man,
With a hoarse voice, says he must speak with you.

Mal.—Tell him I dedicate this day to pleasure,
I neither have, nor will have, business with him. [*Exit* SERVANT.
What louder yet? what saucy slave is this? [*Knock louder.*

Re-enter SERVANT.

Serv.—He says you have, and must have, business with him.
Come out, or he'll come in, and spoil your mirth.
Mal.—I will not.
Serv.—Sir, I dare not tell him so; (*Knocking again more fiercely.*
My hair stands up in bristles when I see him;
The dogs run into corners; the spayed bitch
Bays at his back, and howls.
Mal.—Bid him enter, and go off thyself. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter MELANAX, *an hour-glass in his hand, almost empty.*

How dar'st thou interrupt my softer hours?
By heaven, I'll ram thee in some knotted oak,
Where thou shalt sigh and groan to whistling winds
Upon the lonely plain, or I'll confine thee
Deep in the Red Sea, grovelling on the sands,
Ten thousand billows rolling o'er thy head.
Mel.—Oh, ho, ho!
Mal.—Laughest thou, malicious fiend?
I'll ope my book of bloody characters,
Shall crumple up thy tender airy limbs,
Like parchment in a flame.
Mel.—Thou canst not do it.
Behold this hour-glass.
Mal.—Well, and what of that?
Mel.—Seest thou then these ebbing sands?
They run for thee, and when their race is run,
Thy lungs, the bellows of thy mortal breath,
Shall sink for ever down, and heave no more.
Mal.—What, resty, friend?
Nine years thou hast to serve.
Mel.—Not full nine minutes.
Mal.—Thou liest; look on thy bond, and view the date,
Mel.—Then, wilt thou stand to that without appeal?
Mal.—I will, so help me Heaven!
Mel.—So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the bond.*
There, fool; behold who lies, the devil, or thou?
Mal.—Ha! one and twenty years are shrunk to twelve!
Do my eyes dazzle?
Mel.—No, they see too true:
They dazzled once, I cast a mist before them
So what was figured twelve, to thy dull sight
Appeared full twenty-one.

Mal.—There's equity in Heaven for this, a cheat.
Mel.—Fool, thou has quitted thy appeal to Heaven
To stand to this.
Mal.—Then I am lost for ever!
Mel.—Thou art!
Mal.—O why was I not warned before?
Mel.—Yes, to repent; then thou hadst cheated me.
Mal.—Add but a day, but half a day, an hour:
For sixty minutes I'll forgive nine years.
Mel.—No, not a moment's thought beyond my time!
Despatch; 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor single fare.
Mal.—So pitiless?
But yet I may command thee, and I will;
I love the Guise, even with my latest breath,
Beyond my soul, and my lost hopes of Heaven:
I charge thee, by my short-lived power, disclose
What fate attends my master.
Mel.—If he goes
To council when he next is called, he dies.
Mal.—Who waits?

Enter SERVANT.

Go, give my lord my last adieu;
Say, I shall never see his eyes again;
But if he goes, when next he's called, to council,
Bid him believe my latest breath, he dies. [*Exit* SERVANT.
The sands run yet.—O do not shake the glass!—
I shall be thine too soon!—Could I repent!—
Heaven's not confined to moments.—Mercy, mercy!
Mel.—I see thy prayers dispersed into the winds,
And Heaven has passed them by.
I was an angel once of foremost rank,
Stood next the shining throne, and winked but half;
So almost gazed I glory in the face
That I could bear it, and stand farther in;
'Twas but a moment's pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell; but man, base earth-born man,
Sins past a sum, and might be pardoned more:
And yet 'tis just; for we were perfect light,
And saw our crimes; man, in his body's mire,
Half-soul, half-clod, sinks blindfold into sin,
Betrayed by frauds without and lusts within.
Mal.—Then I have hope.
Mel.—Not so; I preached on purpose
To make thee lose this moment of thy prayer.
Thy sands creep low; despair, despair, despair!

Mal.—Where am I now? upon the brink of life,
The gulf before me, devils to push me on,
And Heaven behind me closing all its doors.
A thousand years for every hour I've passed,
O could I 'scape so cheap! but ever, ever!
Still to begin an endless round of woes,
To be renewed for pains; and last for hell!
Yet can pains last, when bodies cannot last?
Can earthly substance endless flames endure?
Or, when our body wears and flits away,
Do souls thrust forth another crust of clay
To force and guard their tender souls from fire?
I feel my heart-strings rend!—I'm here,—I'm gone!
Thus men, too careless of their future state,
Dispute, know nothing, and believe too late.
[*A flash of lightning; they sink together.*

The original cast of this tragedy included Kynaston, as Henry III., King of France; Betterton, as the Duke of Guise; Smith, as Crillon; Percival, as Malicorne; Giles, as Melanax; Lady Slingsby, as the Queen-Mother; and Mrs. Barry, as Marmoutier, niece to Crillon.

It could not be supposed that the Whigs would remain silent under the trenchant attack on their party and principles which this play embodied. A vigorous reply appeared in the "Defence of the Charter and Municipal Rights of the City of London," by Thomas Hunt, the lawyer. In Shadwell's "Lenten Prologue" (April, 1683) the satire is laid on heavily, if somewhat clumsily; and Shadwell is also credited with the part authorship of a pamphlet entitled "Some Reflections on the Pretended Parallel in the Play called The Duke of Guise." These criticisms provoked from Dryden the publication of his "Vindication of the Duke of Guise," in which his powers as a controversialist receive the most admirable illustration.

In the last year of Charles II.'s life and reign Dryden produced at the Queen's Theatre, in Dorset Garden,

his opera of "Albion and Albanius," for which the music was supplied by Louis Grabu, the master of the King's band, whom Charles II., in the excess of his French partialities, preferred to Purcell. In this opera, as in the tragedy which preceded it, Dryden had an avowed political object. He introduced, in chronological order, and under allegorical forms, the principal incidents of Charles II.'s reign, and depicted them as all leading up to the victory of the Crown over his opponents. The allegory, to tell truth, is dull and tedious, and the plot contains nothing very ingenious or novel. Dryden may have learned from Verrio to paint the Duchess of York as Venus, or her husband as protected by Neptune, and Charles II. as finding a counsellor in Proteus. But the lyrical diction is everywhere sweet and glowing. "The reader finds none of those harsh inversions and awkward constructions by which ordinary poets are obliged to screw their verses into the fetters of musical time. . . . Every line seems to flow in its natural and most simple order, and where the music required repetition of a line, or a word, the iteration seems to improve the sense and poetical effect. Neither is the piece deficient in the higher requisites of lyric poetry. When music is to be 'married to immortal verse,' the poet too commonly cares little with how indifferent a yoke-mate he provides her. But Dryden, probably less from a superior degree of care, than from that divine impulse which he could not resist, has hurried along in the full stream of real poetry."

Grabu's music was of a trivial and indifferent character. The play failed to attract the public; and as a heavy sum had been laid out upon the scenery, decorations, and dresses,

the result was a very considerable loss to the theatre. That the Whigs whom the dramatist satirised, and rival dramatists, and the admirers of Purcell and the English school of music should triumph in the disaster is intelligible enough. The following verses are a specimen of the lampoons which appeared :—

"From Father Hopkins, whose voice did inspire him,
Bayes sends this raw show to public view;
'Prentices, fops, and their footmen admire him,
Thanks patron, painter, and Monsieur Grabu.

"Each actor on the stage his luck bewailing,
Finds that his loss is infallibly true;
Smith, Nokes, and Leigh, in a fever with railing,
Curse poet, painter, and Monsieur Grabu.

"Betterton, Betterton, thy decorations,
And the machines, were well written, we know;
But, all the words were such stuff, we want patience,
And little better is Monsieur Grabu."

The first representation of "Albion and Albanius" took place on the 3rd of June, 1685.* The music was published by Grabu in 1687, with a dedication to James II.

The finale, put into the mouth of Fame, is as follows:—

"Renown, assume thy trumpet!
From pole to pole resounding
Great Albion's name;
Great Albion's name shall be
The theme of Fame, shall be great Albion's name,
Great Albion's name, great Albion's name.
Record the Gaelic's glory;
A badge for heroes and for kings to bear!
For kings to bear!
And swell the immortal story
With songs of gods, and fit for gods to hear;
And swell the immortal story
With songs of gods, and fit for gods to hear;
For gods to hear."

* Charles II., "in honour of whom it was principally made," had then been dead more than three months; but "he had been pleased," says Dryden in his preface, "twice or thrice to command that it should be practised before him, especially the first and third acts of it; and publicly declared, more than once, that the composition and choruses were more just and more beautiful than any he had heard in England."

By many critics "Don Sebastian," produced in 1690, after a tolerably long pause in his dramatic activity, is considered Dryden's best work in this direction, or, at least, to challenge equality with his "All for Love." Hallam's opinion is less favourable. He places its chief excellence in the highly-finished character of "Dorax." Dorax, he says, and with much justice, is the best of the poet's tragic characters; perhaps the only one in which he has made practical use of his great knowledge of the human mind. "It is highly dramatic, because formed of those complex passions which may readily lead either to virtue or to vice, and which the poet can manage so as to surprise the spectator without transgressing consistency." Having delivered himself of this eulogium, Hallam returns to his favourite cold judiciousness. "Don Sebastian," he says, "is as imperfect as all plays must be in which a single personage is thrown forward in too strong relief for the rest. The language is full of that rant which characterised Dryden's earlier tragedies, and to which a natural predilection seems, after some interval, to have brought him back. Sebastian himself may seem to have been intended as a contrast to Muley-Moluch; but if the author had any rule to distinguish the blustering of the hero from that of the tyrant, he has not left the use of it in his reader's hands. The plot of this tragedy is ill-conducted, especially in the fifth act. . . . Our feelings revolt at seeing, as in Don Sebastian, an incestuous passion brought forward as the make-weight of a plot, to eke out a fifth act, and to dispose of those characters whose fortune the main story has not quite wound up."

For our own part, we regard this estimate as unfair

and unsatisfactory in its tone of exaggerated depreciation. We concede the rant, the occasional ribaldry, the ill-management and unfortunate *motif* of the fifth act; but, on the other hand, must insist that the interest of the situations is often very great, that the diction is usually vigorous and often poetical, and that Dryden in this play has sounded the depths of human passion more deeply than in any other of his dramatic works. Of the higher Shakespearian sympathy and insight there is, of course, nothing. Dryden, in his happiest moods, could only be Dryden; and Dryden at his happiest no more mates with Shakespeare than, in the domain of Music, Spohr ranks with Beethoven. But "Don Sebastian" is a stirring and impressive drama, in which the poet exhibits considerable power over some of the strongest emotions of the human heart.

On all matters of poetical criticism one would rather accept the judgment of Scott than that of Hallam, and Scott bestows on "Don Sebastian" no stinted praise. The characters, he says, are contrasted with singular ability and judgment. "Sebastian, high-spirited and fiery; the soul of royal and military honour; the soldier and the king; almost embodies the idea which the reader forms at the first mention of his name. Dorax, to whom he is so admirable a contrast, is one of those characters whom the strong hand of adversity has wrested from their natural bias; and perhaps no equally vivid picture can be found of a subject so awfully interesting. Born with a strong tendency to all that was honourable and virtuous, the very excess of his virtues became vice, when his own ill fate, and Sebastian's injustice, had driven him into exile. By comparing, as Dryden has requested, the

character of Dorax, in the fifth act, with that he maintains in the former part of the play, the difference may be traced betwixt his natural virtues, and the vices engrafted on them by headlong passion and embittering calamity. There is no inconsistence in the change which takes place after his scene with Sebastian. . . . It is the same picture in a new light; the same ocean in tempest and in calm; the same traveller, whom sunshine has induced to abandon his cloak, which the storm only forced him to wrap more closely around him. . . . The last stage of a virtuous heart, corroded into evil by wounded pride, has never been more forcibly displayed than in the character of Dorax. . . .

"Muley-Moluch is an admirable specimen of that very frequent theatrical character—a stage tyrant. He is fierce and boisterous enough to be sufficiently terrible and odious, and that without much rant, considering he is an infidel Soldam, who, from the ancient deportment of Mahomet and Termagaunt, as they appeared in the old Mysteries, might claim a prescriptive right to tear a passion to tatters. Besides, the Moorish emperor has fine glances of savage generosity, and that free, unconstrained, and almost noble openness, the only good quality, perhaps, which a consciousness of unbounded power may encourage in a mind so firm as not to be totally depraved by it. The character was admirably represented by Kynaston, who had, says Cibber, 'a fierce lion-like majesty in his port and utterance, that gave the spectator a kind of trembling admiration.' It is enough to say of Bonducar, that the cool, fawning, intriguing, and unprincipled statesman is fully developed in his whole conduct; and of Alvarez, that the little he has to

say and do is so said and done as not to disgrace his commonplace character of the possessor of the secret on which the plot depends; for it may be casually observed that the depository of such a clue to the catastrophe, though of the last importance to the plot, is seldom himself of any interest whatever. The haughty and high-spirited Almayda is designed by the author as the counterpart of Sebastian. She breaks out with the same violence, I had almost said fury, and frequently discovers a sort of kindred sentiment, intended to prepare the reader for the unfortunate discovery that she is the sister of the Portuguese monarch."

With all its merits, however, "Don Sebastian" conclusively proves that Dryden was a great playwright rather than a great dramatist. He was a man of genius, who, possessing some invention, some knowledge of the stage, and an ample command of splendid and lively diction, took to writing plays, not because he possessed the dramatic faculty, but because he wanted money.* He has not created a character, unless we allow that Dorax is one; and, after all, Dorax is more of a copy than an original. The name of Shakespeare immediately suggests a whole gallery of living, breathing figures—Lear, Hamlet, Mercutio, Hermione, Cordelia, Desdemona, Macbeth, and a hundred more; but Dryden's gallery is peopled with shadows—whose names we forget—which have no distinctness of feature to impress their recollection on our mind—which pass before us like the fictions of a dream, and are equally vague, unsubstantial, and

* A dramatic author then received all the third night's profits and what he could obtain from a bookseller for his copyright—altogether, from £100 to £150.

fugitive. They are part of the stock-in-trade of the theatre—as much as the scenery and the decorations.

Though not very well received at first, the play grew rapidly into popularity. It was dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, and acted and printed in 1690.

The original cast included—Don Sebastian, Williams; Muley-Moluch, Kynaston; Dorax, Betterton; Bonducar, Sandford; Mufti, Underhill; Muley-Zaydan, Powell, jun.; Don Antonio, Betterton; Don Alvarez, Bowman; Mustapha, Leigh; Almayda, Mrs. Barry; Morayma, Mrs. Montfort; Johayma, Mrs. Leigh.

We subjoin the famous scene between Dorax and the King, of which Scott writes—not without exaggeration—that "had it been the only one ever Dryden wrote, it would have been sufficient to ensure his immortality. There is not," he says, "no, perhaps, not even in Shakespeare,—an instance where the chord, which the poet designed should vibrate, is more happily struck; strains there are of a higher mood, but not more correctly true."

Dorax, having taken off his turban, and put on "a peruke, hat, and cravat," re-entered.

Dor.—Now, do you know me?
Sebast.—Thou shouldest be Alonzo.
Dor.—So you should be Sebastian:
But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,
I ceased to be Alonzo.
Sebast.—As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor.—Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream; or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they closed,

Your tyrant image forced them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought:
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame;
And, that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome.

Sebast.—I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face;—
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor.—'Tis the first justice thou has ever done me.
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And, Honour, be thou judge.

Sebast.—Honour befriend us both.—
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent, and haughty to superiors.
How often hast thou braved my peaceful court,
Filled it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproached even me, thy prince?

Dor.—And well I might, when you forget reward,
The pact of heaven in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.—
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant!—It irks me so to call my prince;
But just resentment and hard usage coined
The unwilling word; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Sebast.—How, tyrant?

Dor.—Tyrant.

Sebast.—Traitor!—that name thou canst not echo back;
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
And if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor.—If I'm a traitor, think,—and blush, thou tyrant,—
Whose injuries betrayed me into treason,
Effaced my loyalty, unhinged my faith,
And hurried me, from hopes of heaven, to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

Sebast.—Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike and then my loathing,—
Once more be warned, and know me for thy king.

Dor.—Too well I know thee, but for king no more.
This is not Lisbon; nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieged
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gulled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff of royal nonsense; when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carped and censured
For want of courtly style; related actions,
Though modestly reported, passed for boasts;
Secure of merit, if I asked reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatched from pimps and parasites. . . .
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Sebast.—I see to what thou tend'st: but, tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me?
If love produced not some, and pride the rest?

Dor.—Why, love does all that's noble here below;
But all the advantage of that love was thine.
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepared to ask my own
(For Violante's sons were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention* ere I spoke;
And asked me Violante for Henriquez.

Sebast.—I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor.—Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripped him first?

Sebast.—He had my promise ere I knew thy love.

Dor.—My services deserved thou shouldst revoke it.

Sebast.—Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service:
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace and safe from all affronts,—
Even to my face, as done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I loved!

Dor.—Even in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, propt by power,
Would seize my right and rob me of my love.—
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,

* Used, of course, in the old sense of "anticipation," "going before."

The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refused to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

Sebast.—He durst; nay more, desired, and begged with tears
To meet thy challenge fairly. 'Twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then,
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor.—On pain of infamy
He should have disobeyed.

Sebast.—The indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say,—The blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power. So was I forced
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence. . . .
But thou hast charged me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charged me? Speak!

Dor.—Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.

Sebast.—No; to disprove that lie I must not draw.
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence.
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor.—I'll cut that isthmus.
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for mine own revenge.
I saved thee out of honourable malice:
Now, draw; I should be loth to think thou dar'st not;
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Sebast.—Oh, patience, beware!

Dor.—Beware of patience, too;
That's a suspicious word. It had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurned me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security.
The only boon I begged was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjured now; that's all thy choice.

Sebast.—Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thanked. [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,

If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love:
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summoned thus.
Go, bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
And say, his master and his friend revenged him.

Dor.—His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

Sebast.—The question is beside our present purpose:
Thou seëst me ready; we delay too long.

Dor.—A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us: throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Sebast.—He's dead; make haste, and thou may'st yet o'ertake him.

Dor.—When I was hasty, thou delayed'st me longer.—
I pr'ythee, let me edge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserved,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next thine, I wished.

Sebast.—If it wouldst please thee, thou shouldst never know;
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth
Which, found, will torture thee.—He died in fight;
Fought next my person; as in consort fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heaved his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side received my wound.
Then, when he could no more, he fell at one;
But rolled his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor.—I never can forgive him such a death!

Sebast.—I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.—
Now, judge thyself, who best deserved my love?
I knew you both; and (durst I say) as heaven
Foreknew, among the shining angel host,
Who would stand firm, who fall.

Dor.—Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;
And so, had I been favoured, had I stood.

Sebast.—What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.
Confess, he justly was preferred to thee.

Dor.—Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.—
O worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquired by such a death?
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my King.
His glorious end was a patched work of fate,
Ill sorted with a soft, effeminate life
It suited better with my life than his

So to have died: Mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.
Sebast.—The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame to struggle to the field
And meet his glorious fate. Confess, proud spirit,
(For I will hear it from thy very mouth),
That better he deserved my love than thou?
Dor.—Oh, whither would you drive me? I must grant,—
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,—
Henriquez had your love with more desert.
For you he fought and died: I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Haunted your sacred life; which that I missed
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul: my soul's a regicide.
Sebast. [*More calmly*].—Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name.
Thou mean'st to kill a tyrant; not a king:
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?
Dor.—Can I speak?
Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo!—
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo;
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquered with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you named;
Till rage and pride debased me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.
Sebast.—Yet 'twere this day I owed my life to Dorax.
Dor.—I saved you but to kill you: there's my grief.
Sebast.—Nay, if thou canst be grieved, thou canst repent;
Thou canst not be a villain though thou wouldst:
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast erred;
And I too little, who provoked thy crime.
Dor.—Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half-drowned in tears before: spare my confusion;
For pity spare, and say not first you erred;
For yet I have not dared, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.—
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade; [*Falls at his feet.*
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.
Sebast.—Indeed, thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first;
But thou prevent'st me still in all that's noble. [*Taking him up.*
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news.
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compelled to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand;

Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears she pines for thee,
A widow, and a maid.
Dor.—Have I been cursing heaven, while heaven blest me?
I shall run mad with ecstacy of joy:
What! in one moment, to be reconciled
To heaven, and to my king, and to my love!—
But pity is my friend, and stops me short
For my unhappy rival:—Poor Henriquez!
Sebast.—Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?
Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.
Here, let me ever hold thee in my arms; [*Embracing him.*
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best and closest shall embrace.
Be what Henriquez was,—be my Alonzo.
Dor.—What, my Alonzo, said you? my Alonzo?
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak:
And, if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.
Sebast.—Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of heaven, to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure
It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy;
Be kind, ye Powers! and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love and friend be ever mine. [*Exeunt.*

In 1690, Dryden produced at the Theatre Royal his comedy of "Amphitryon," on a subject which Plautus was the first to touch, and after him, Molière. In dedicating it to Sir William Leveson-Gower, Dryden justly defines the extent of his obligations to his illustrious predecessors. "Were this comedy wholly mine," he says, "I should call it a trifle, and perhaps not think it worth your patronage; but when the names of Plautus and Molière are joined in it, that is, the two greatest names of ancient and modern comedy, I must not presume so far on their reputation, to think their best and most unquestioned productions can be termed little. I will not give you the trouble of acquainting you what I have added, or altered,

in either of them, so much, it may be, for the worse; but only that the difference of our stage from the Roman and the French did so require it. But I am afraid, for my own interest, the world will too easily discover that more then half of it is mine; and that the rest is rather a lame imitation of their excellencies than a just translation."

To the Roman poet both Molière and Dryden owe the amusing device of the two Sosias; the complications in which the malicious ingenuity of Mercury involves his unfortunate original; Alcmena's quarrel with her real husband, and her reconciliation with Jupiter, who personates him; the final encounter of the genuine and the sham Amphitryon; and the astonishment of the unhappy husband who finds himself anticipated by his rival in each proof of his identity. To Molière Dryden is greatly inferior in the blatant indecency of his dialogue. A subject, hazardous enough in itself, he has so treated as to make offensive by its shameful suggestiveness; and where Molière is witty, Dryden is simply coarse. On the other hand, he has improved the plot by the amusing intrigue between Mercury and Phædra; and in the scenes between Jupiter and Alcmena attains a higher poetical level than either of his great predecessors. Lastly, the animal spirits of Dryden are nowhere more conspicuous than in this comedy, which is instinct with vitality from beginning to end, and gives one the impression of having been written with a charming spontaneity. The dialogue is wonderfully "brisk and airy,"—though it cannot be described as humorous.

The songs in "Amphitryon" were set to music by Purcell,—"in whose person," says Dryden, "we have at length found one Englishman equal with the best abroad."

They are:—"Celia, that I once was blest;" "Fair Iris, I love, and hourly I die;" and the duet, "Fair Iris and her swain."

The original cast included:—Betterton as Jupiter; Lee, Mercury; Bowman, Phœbus; Williams, Amphitryon; Nokes, Sosia; Sandford, Gripus; Bright, Polidas; Bowen, Tranis; Mrs. Barry, Alcmena; Mrs. Montfort, Phædra; Mrs. Cory, Bromia; and Mrs. Butler, Night.

"The last piece of service" which Dryden "had the honour to do for his gracious master King Charles II.," was the "dramatic Opera" of "King Arthur; or, The British Worthy." The King did not live to see it produced upon the stage, "yet the Prologue to it, which was the Opera of 'Albion and Albanius,' was often practised before him at Whitehall, and encouraged by his approbation." Dryden, like Milton, had had his imagination touched by the old chivalrous romances of

> "Ather's son,
> Begirt with British and Armoric Knights."

and conceived the idea of treating it epically, as well as dramatically. The epic poem he never wrote; and the dramatic compositions which he has connected with King Arthur bear no reference to the Arthurian legends. We see nothing of Excalibur, nor of the Round Table Chivalry; Guenivere is absent, and Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain. The story, indeed, is rather that of a fairy tale than of a mediæval legend; and the supernatural machinery belongs to the Oriental rather than to the Celtic world. But the incidents are ingeniously contrived, and the development of the plot is arranged with much skill. A pathetic interest attaches to the character of Emmeline, with her blindness, and the simplicity with which she describes her

ideas of visible objects. The scene in which she recovers her sight is very tenderly treated. "The machinery is simple and well managed; the language and ministry of Grimbald, the fierce earthy demon, are painted with some touches which rise even to sublimity. The conception of Philidel, a fallen angel, retaining some of the hue of heaven, who is touched with repentance, and not without hope of being finally received, is an idea altogether original." The main incident in Dryden's play is borrowed, however, from the episode in Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata," of Rinaldo's adventures in the haunted grove on Mount Olivet.

"King Arthur" was acted in 1691, and received with great favour. Dryden mentions that it enjoyed the approval of Queen Mary, who had perused it in manuscript. The music was furnished by Purcell, and contains some of his happiest inspirations. Says Dr. Burney: "If ever it could, with truth, be said of a composer that he had *devancé son siècle*, Purcell is entitled to that praise, as there are movements in many of his works which a century has not injured, particularly the duet in 'King Arthur,' 'Two daughters of this aged stream,' and 'Fairest Isle, all isles excelling,' which contain not a single passage that the best composers of the present times, if it presented itself to their imagination, would reject." Another celebrated song is the "Come, if you dare," which Mr. Sims Reeves has made familiar to modern audiences.

The dances were composed by the celebrated Priest.

At the first representation the cast stood as follows:—King Arthur, Betterton; Oswald, Saxon King of Kent, Williams; Merlin, a famous necromancer, Kynaston; Conon, Duke of Cornwall, Hodgson; Osmond, a Saxon

magician, Sandford; Aurelius, friend to King Arthur, Alexander; Albamart, Captain of Arthur's Guards, Bowen; Guillamar, friend to Oswald, Harris; Emmeline, daughter of Conon, Mrs. Bracegirdle; Matilda, Mrs. Richardson; Philidel, an Airy Spirit, Mrs. Butler; Grimbald, an Earthy Spirit, Mrs. Bowman.

"Cleomenes, the Spartan Hero," a tragedy, was produced in 1692. Its story—that of a banished monarch, seeking, in the Court of an ally, assistance to relieve his country from a foreign yoke, and restore himself to his ancestral throne—was not one that King William III.'s censors could be expected to welcome, and the performance of the piece was at first prohibited. But through the exertions of Lord Rochester, Queen Mary's maternal uncle, the Court was convinced of its harmlessness, and "Cleomenes" was allowed to strut on the stage of the Theatre Royal. The play was successful, though the hero is not painted in sufficiently vivid colours, and it loses, therefore, what should ensure its continuity of interest. None of the characters are very strongly defined: the impression produced by that of Cassandra was probably due to the admirable acting of Mrs. Barry, whom Dryden, in his Preface, liberally compliments by saying, "that she had gained by her performance a reputation beyond any woman he had ever seen on the theatre."

Owing to illness, Dryden was not able to complete his tragedy, and the latter half of the fifth act was written by Southerne.

The original cast was as follows:—Cleomenes, Betterton; Cleonidas, Lee; Ptolemy, Alexander; Soribius, Sandford; Cleanthes, Mountford; Pantheus, Kynaston; Cænus,

Hudson; Cratesiclea, Mrs. Betterton; Cleora, Mrs. Bracegirdle; and Cassandra, Mrs. Barry.

"Cleomenes" contains one of Dryden's finest songs. As, happily, it is free from the impurity which so often disfigures his lyrics, we can transfer it to these pages:—

"No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart rather than leave her;
My ravished eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her:
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish:
Beware, O cruel fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of bliss, of pleasure, leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us:
Time and Death shall depart, and say, in flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying."

Dryden closed his long and industrious career as a dramatist in 1694, and, unfortunately, closed it with a failure—his tragi-comedy of "Love Triumphant." It was unsuccessful when represented,* and we cannot imagine that anyone will take pleasure in its perusal. The plot is singularly unpleasant, for it turns upon an incestuous passion, which Dryden treats with characteristic coarseness; while the underplot is not only extravagant, but indecent. By damning the play, the public showed that they had made some advance in moral feeling; whereas the play shows that Dryden had made

* A contemporary letter-writer notes: "The second play is Mr. Dryden's, called 'Love Triumphant; or, Nature will Prevail.' It is tragi-comedy; but, in my opinion, one of the worst he ever writ, if not the very worst: the comical part descends beneath the style and show of a Bartholomew Fair droll. It was damned by the universal cry of the town, *nemine contradicente* but the conceited part. He says in his Prologue that this is the last the town must expect from him; he had done himself a kindness had he taken his leave before."

none, but that he wallowed in filth as gratuitously in the reign of William III. as he had done in that of Charles II. The versification, we may add, is often careless, and in many places Dryden lapses into his favourite heroic couplets. An incident in the first scene of the second act, where Alphonso makes known to Victoria his guilty passion by reading from a book, reminds us of the pathetic scene between Paolo and Francesca da Rimini in Dante's great epic.

The original cast included: Veramond, Kynaston; Alphonso, Betterton; Garcia, Williams; Ramirez, Alexander; Sancho, Doggett; Carlos, Powell; Lopez, Underhill; Ximena, Mrs. Betterton; Victoria, Mrs. Barry; Celidea, Mrs. Bracegirdle; Dalinda, Mrs. Montfort; and Nurse, Mrs. Kent.

Dryden was also the author of a Prologue, Song, Secular Masque, and Epilogue, composed for Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Pilgrim," when it was revived for his benefit in the spring of 1700. Though written within a few weeks of his death, they exhibit all his old vigour and fertility. The epilogue refers to Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage" (1698), in which, with justifiable indignation, that learned divine had severely censured the profligate writing of living dramatists, from Dryden to D'Urfey. It is greatly to Dryden's credit that he at once saw and acknowledged the magnitude of his fault. In the Prologue, it is true, he makes a lame effort to excuse himself by shifting the responsibility on the shoulders of his patrons:—

"Perhaps the parson stretched a point too far,
When with our theatres he waged a war.
He tells you, that this very moral age
Received the first infection from the stage;

> But sure, a banished Court, with lewdness fraught,
> The seeds of open vice, returning, brought . . .
> The poets, who must live by Courts, or starve,
> Were proud so good a Government to serve;
> And mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
> Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain."

But in "the Preface" to his "Fables," he says, with more frankness, and in a worthier spirit: "I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of obscurity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, and I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one."*

A comedy called "The Mall; or, The Modish Lovers," acted in 1674, is sometimes attributed to Dryden's pen; as also another, "The Mistaken Husband," produced in 1675. But neither seems to us distinguished by any of the poet's characteristics.

We have presented this long summary of Dryden's dramatic work for two reasons: first, because Dryden was unquestionably, all things considered, the greatest

* It may be noted that Lord Lansdowne, in his prologue to "The Jew of Venice," differed from both Collier and Dryden, attributing the evil complained of neither to the dramatists exclusively, nor to the Court, but to the audiences which tolerated it. He says:—

> "Each in his turn, the prophet and the priest,
> Have viewed the stage, but like false prophets guessed.
> The man of zeal, in his religious rage,
> Would silence poets and reduce the stage;
> The poet, rashly to get clear, retorts
> On Kings the scandal, and bespatters Courts.
> Both err: for, without mincing, to be plain,
> The guilt's your own of every odious scene;
> The present time still gives the stage its mode:
> The vices that you practise, we explode."

playwright of the Restoration; and, second, because it so clearly illustrates the main elements of his intellectual power and the limitations of his genius. Nothing is more clear than that, with all his gifts, he did not possess the dramatic faculty. He could not *create;* his characters are puppets, moved to and fro with much ingenuity of device, but they did not convey to the spectator, they do not convey to the reader, any sense of reality, any touch of actual life and truth. It may be conceded, perhaps, that he furnished the first sketches of the stage coquette and the stage fop; and Mr. Saintsbury asserts that in the "Spanish Friar," he achieved something like an independent and an original creation. This is all that can be allowed, and it is not sufficient to justify the critic in ascribing to him the rank of a great dramatist. Putting Shakespeare aside as unapproachable, he is not only inferior in dramatic power to Ben Jonson and Fletcher, but even to Wycherley, and certainly to Congreve. Who remembers any of his characters? Who can recall, with two or three exceptions, any striking and original scenes, in which the passions or the humours are so vividly displayed that the memory instantaneously recalls them, like that between Manly and Fidelia in "The Plain-Dealer," or between Ben and Fondlewife in "Love for Love"? What touch of pathos or tender feeling do we treasure up, what prodigal overflow of joyous wit?

We have already commented with some severity on Dryden's uncleanness, which, in his comedies, amounts to a colossal offence against the primary laws of decency and good taste. In our English literature we doubt whether there is anything like it—it is so constant, so loudly exhibited, so diffused. It taints and corrupts the

active atmosphere of his comic drama; every character is infected by it—the wife, the husband, the young maiden, the lover, the priest, the cavalier, the king. So favourable a biographer and critic as Mr. Saintsbury is obliged to admit that it is unpardonable. "It does not come under any of the numerous categories of excuse which can be devised for other offenders in the same kind. It is deliberate, it is unnecessary, it is a positive defect in art. When the culprit, in his otherwise dignified and not unsuccessful *confiteor* to Collier, endeavours to shield himself by the example of the elder dramatists, the shield is seen at once, and what is more, we know that he must have seen it himself, to be a mere shield of paper. But in truth the heaviest punishment that Dryden could possibly have suffered, the punishment which Diderot has indicated as inevitably imminent on this particular offence, has come upon him. The fouler parts of his work have simply ceased to be read, and his most thorough defenders can only read them for the purpose of appreciation and defence at the price of being queasy and qualmish. He has exposed his legs to the arrows of any criticaster who chooses to aim at him, and the criticasters have not failed to jump at the chance of so noble a quarry."

Yet, while admitting all these defects, we should be disposed to refer to Dryden's dramatic work as presenting the most signal and convincing evidence of his remarkable powers. It was written "against the grain;" it was written with the writer's knowledge that he lacked the faculty which alone could give it an enduring vitality; yet how strong it is, how copious, how thoroughly well done, how manly! What a profusion of sonorous and highly-coloured verse—of rolling, vigorous couplets which

seem to have flowed without effort from his spontaneous pen—of terse and felicitous expressions of judicious reflections and wise thoughts—of ample, picturesque, rhetoric, which has a dignity and a robustness that are eminently Dryden's own! Then, in his lighter scenes, how continuous is the vivacity, how inexhaustible the bright and lively dialogue, which is not witty, and seldom humorous, and yet conveys an impression of wit and humour from the art with which it has been constructed, and the brisk easiness of its manner. Of what can be accomplished by a man of rare literary talent, who is endowed also with great force of purpose and untiring industry, literature affords no more striking example than the dramas of John Dryden. They are anything you like except masterpieces of the higher dramatic faculty; while so strong was his resolution and so varied were his endowments, that in "All for Love" and "Don Sebastian" he approaches even these, and had Shakespeare never lived, might probably have imposed upon us to an extent that we are now unwilling to confess.

Thomas, or, as his contemporaries always called him, Tom, D'Urfey, was born between 1635 and 1640. His family were originally French, and his parents emigrated to England about 1628. Tom was educated for the law; a profession which he soon forsook, "under a persuasion," says Hawkins, "which some poets and even players have been very ready to entertain as an excuse for idleness and an indisposition to sober reflection, namely, that law is a study so dull that no man of genius can submit to it." D'Urfey, we suspect, never thought himself a man of genius, but he was conscious of considerable parts, and began at once to write for the stage as offering almost the

only available road to distinction. A jovial companion, able to write a good song and to sing one, and a ready wit, he soon attracted the attention of Charles II. and his "merry men," and was admitted to their most private symposia. Many of his lyrics are neatly turned, and display an agreeable gaiety; but nearly all are disfigured by indecency to such an extent that it is astonishing how Purcell and Blow could be induced to set them to music, or any modest woman to sing them in public. Their sensual strains, however, were highly appreciated by Charles, with whom their author was a favourite. "I myself remember," says Addison, "King Charles II. leaning on D'Urfey's shoulder more than once, and humming over a song with him." He was also greatly favoured by Lord Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset), and spent many jovial hours at that gay nobleman's Kentish country-seat, which he describes with so much unction in his verses on the Glory of Knoll:—

> "Knoll most famous in Kent still appears,
> Were mansions surveyed for a thousand long years;
> In whose dome mighty monarchs might dwell,
> Where five hundred rooms are, as Boswell can tell."

There is a portrait of D'Urfey included in Vandergucht's picture, "A Conservation Piece," which is still preserved at Knowle.

D'Urfey's political songs—he was a strong Tory and a vehement "No-Popery" man—made some noise in their day. His tumid ode, "Joy to Great Cæsar," written in the latter years of Charles II., was (says Addison, ironically) such a blow to the Whigs that they did not recover from it all that reign. Revived by the partisans of James II., it was sung at every loyal gathering and shouted in the streets by ignorant mobs. Its author lived, however, to

see great Cæsar deposed, and to bear allegiance to the Whig Deliverer. His useless career was extended into the reign of George I., and he died in February, 1723, when he must have been about 83 years of age.

He was wont to say that he had written more odes than Horace and more comedies than Terence; but then *their* odes and comedies were meant for posterity, while *his* were forgotten almost before his death. His poetical pieces were collected in 1719-20, under the title of "Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy." "I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes," wrote Addison, with gentle sarcasm,* "and must censure the world of ingratitude while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend, Mr. D'Urfey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. It is my opinion," he adds, "that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses' milk, and might contribute towards the renewing and restoring of decayed lungs." But the dulness, even more than the indecency, of D'Urfey's verses has banished them from the library. Of his plays none are remembered, except by the literary student, though they include comedies (Heaven save the mark!), interludes, and operas. "The Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters," was first acted in 1676. "This comedy," says Steele, "was honoured with the presence of King Charles II. three of the first five nights [a fact which proves that King Charles II. was easily amused, and was

* In *The Guardian*, No. 29. D'Urfey's original title was "Laugh and Be Fat; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy."

not so good a judge of wit as he is generally thought to have been]. My friend has in this work shown himself a master, and made not only the characters of the play, but also the furniture of the house contribute to the main design. He has also made excellent use of a table with a carpet, and the key of a closet; with these two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the most natural perplexities that ever were represented on a stage. He also made good advantage of his knowledge of the stage itself; for, in the nick of being surprised, the lovers are let down and escape at a trap-door."

"The Injured Princess; or, The Fatal Wager," 1682, is a wretched travesty of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline." D'Urfey, who touched nothing which he did not spoil, adapted "A Commonwealth of Women," 1686, from Fletcher's "Sea Voyage," and "A Fool's Preferment; or, The Three Dukes of Dunstable," 1688, from the tragedy of "The Two Noble Kinsmen." He wrote a comic opera, "The Two Queens of Brentford; or, Bayes no Poetaster," as a sequel to "The Rehearsal," but it has none of the fine humour of the original. His best dramatic composition is "The Marriage-Hater Matched," 1693, in which Dogget, the actor—he of the Thames Watermen's "coat and badge"—first gained the favour of the theatre-going public.*

Writing of the Comic Drama of the Restoration, Macaulay, in a well-known essay, says, with only too much truth, that this part of our literature is a disgrace

* To his last play Pope wrote a prologue (published in the poet's works) in which he says:

"He scorned to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before."

to our language and our national character. "It is clever, indeed, and very entertaining; but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, 'earthly, sensual, devilish.' Its indecency, though perpetually such as is condemned not less by the rules of good taste, than by those of morality, is not, in our opinion, so disgraceful a fault as its singularly inhuman spirit. We have here Belial, not as when he inspired Ovid and Ariosto, 'graceful and humane,' but with the iron eye and cruel scorn of Mephistophiles. We find ourselves in a world, in which the ladies are like very profligate, impudent, and unfeeling men, and in which the men are too bad for any place but Pandemonium, or Norfolk Island. We are surrounded by foreheads of bronze, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell."

No one who has been compelled by literary exigencies to drag through the impurities of the Restoration Drama will think this censure too severe. It is not so much its indecency of which one has to complain as of the impurity which pervades it like a malarious atmosphere. There is indelicate writing even in Shakespeare, but it is to a great extent accidental; it does not enter into the web and woof of his plays; it never affects his teaching. Nowhere is vice justified in Shakespeare; nowhere is virtue degraded and made to look ridiculous. But the Restoration Drama, like so much of the modern French Drama, is the apotheosis of sensuality and lust. It represents every woman as at heart a harlot and every man a rake. It invests adultery with an air of grace and fashion. In these plays the husband is always a booby or a sot; the gallant an airy, agreeable, genial, and elegant gentleman. "The dramatist does his best to make the person who commits

the injury graceful, sensible, and spirited, and the person who suffers it a fool, or a tyrant, or both."

Why, then, should these plays be read? The answer usually given alleges two reasons; first, their wit, and second, their value as reflecting the social life of their age. We are not sure that either is satisfactory. It seems to us that the wit and humour of the Restoration Drama have been a good deal exaggerated; and we doubt whether it is worth the while of ordinary people to soil their garments and themselves by hunting for sham diamonds in the depths of a *cloaca*. As to the significance attributed to them from the historical point of view, is not this, too, exaggerated? We are told that "the garb, the manners, the topics of conversation, are those of the real town and of the passing day." But the "real town" must have been confined within the narrowest limits, must have been "the town" of the wits and the courtiers, the gallants and the fine ladies. No one believes that Etherege and Wycherley and Congreve painted the manners and morals of the great mass of English society; that all the wives of England were adultresses, and all the husbands cuckolds. The age that produced a Rochester and a Duchess of Cleveland produced also an Algernon Sidney and a Lady Rachel Russell. To go to the Restoration Drama for a picture of the real social life of England in the latter half of the seventeenth century would be as just as if a later generation turned to the comedies of Mr. Byron and the burlesques of Mr. Burnand for a picture of English social life in the Victorian era. What it *does* reproduce is the narrow and shameless world in which such men as Buckingham and Killigrew and Chaffinch played important parts. It was written for such men—

for the Roisterers as Henri Taine calls them—for such men, and for the women with whom such men toyed and trifled.

Taine's description of the conditions under which the Restoration Drama originated and flourished seems to us admirable. "I imagine," he says, "those foppish and half-intoxicated men, who saw in love nothing beyond desire, and in man nothing but sensuality; Rochester in the place of Mercutio. What part of his soul could comprehend poesy and fancy? The comedy of romance was altogether beyond his reach; he could only seize the actual world, and of this world but the palpable and gross externals. Give him an exact picture of ordinary life, commonplace and probable occurrences, literal imitations of what he himself was and did; lay the scene in London, in the current year; copy his coarse words, his brutal jokes, his conversation with the orange girls, his rendezvous in the Park, his attempts at French dissipation. Let him recognise himself, let him find again the people and the manners he had just left behind him in the tavern or the ante-chamber; let the theatre and the street reproduce one another. Comedy will give him the same entertainment as real life; he will wallow equally well there in vulgarity and lewdness; to be present there will demand neither imagination nor wit; eyes and memory are the only requisites. This exact imitation will amuse him and instruct him at the same time. Filthy words will make him laugh through sympathy; shameless imagery will divert him by appealing to his recollections. The author, too, will take care to amuse him by his plot, which generally has the deceiving of a father or a husband for its subject. The fine gentlemen agree with the author in

siding with the gallant; they follow his fortunes with interest, and fancy that they themselves have the same success with the fair. Add to this, women debauched, and willing to be debauched; and it is manifest how these provocations, these manners of prostitutes, that interchange of exchanges and surprises, that carnival of rendezvous and suppers, the impudence of the scenes only stopping short of physical demonstration, those songs with their double meaning, that coarse slang shouted loudly and replied to amidst the *tableaux vivants*, all that stage-imitation of orgie, must have stirred up the innermost feelings of the habitual practices of intrigue. And what is more, the theatre gave its sanction to their manners. By representing nothing but vice, it authorised their vices. Authors laid it down as a rule that all women were impudent hussies, and that all men were brutes. Debauchery in their hands became a matter of course, very rare a matter of good taste; they profess it: Rochester and Charles II. could quit the theatre highly edified; more convinced than they were before that virtue was only a pretence, the pretence of clever rascals who wanted to sell themselves dear."

The cleverest of the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration was Sir George Etherege, whose first comedy, "The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub," was produced in 1664, at the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It met with a most successful reception, and at once introduced its author into Charles II.'s circle of intimate friends. Etherege dedicated it to the accomplished Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, with a graceful compliment: "I could not have wished myself more fortunate than I have been, in the success of this poem: the

writing of it was a means to make me known to your lordship; the acting of it has lost me no reputation; and the printing of it has now given me an opportunity to show you how much I honour you." The ease and liveliness of the dialogue attracted such large audiences to Lincoln's Inn Fields, that in a single month the management realized a profit of £1,000. The heroes are Colonel Bruce and Lord Beaufort; the heroines, Graciana and Aurelia. The object of the author seems to have been "the forcible exhibition of the roarers, scorners, gamblers, and cheats who then infested the town, and made the taverns ring day and night with their riots. Mixed up with these rampant scenes is a pure love story, treated more gravely and earnestly than usual." This, however, is the weakest portion of the play.

Four years elapsed before Etherege again appealed to the suffrages of the town. His second comedy, "She Would If She Could," 1668, was "barbarously treated" on the first night, and in our humble opinion deserved the rough treatment it received. Pepys could find "nothing in the world good in it;" and says that "few people were pleased with it." He characterises the plot and *dénouement* as "mighty insipid," and the piece as a whole (somewhat contradictory) as "dull, roguish, and witty." By degrees, however, it became popular. Shadwell afterwards pronounced it the best comedy written since the Restoration; and Dennis, the critic, eulogised its truth of character and the grace and freedom of its dialogue. Steele, with much pungency and truth, remarks: "I know but one who has professedly written a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species: and that is the polite Sir George Etherege. No author, except him,

has put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose from the beginning to the end of the comedy."

In 1676 appeared his third, last, and best comedy, "The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter," in which Dorimont stands for the Earl of Rochester, Bellair for Etherege himself,* and Sir Fopling for Beau Hewitt, a well-known fine gentleman of the period. There is no doubt as to the ease and cleverness of the dialogue, but the whole play is an offence against morality; and it is a curious trait of the times that so libertine a production should have been dedicated to Mary of Modena, then Duchess of York. "It is a perfect contradiction," writes Steele, "to good manners, good sense, and common honesty; and there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence. I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy."

Etherege, who came of a good Oxfordshire family, was born about 1636. After being educated at Cambridge, he travelled abroad; then studied law for awhile at one of the Inns of Court, and, at the age of 28, made his *debût* as a dramatic author. Having thus gained admission to the society of the wits and rakes of the Restoration, he expended his time and estate in wild revels in the taverns and the stews, and at the gaming table; and in the next twelve years wrote only two more comedies. Bankrupt in health and means, he paid his addresses to a wealthy

* Spence records the opinion of Etherege's contemporary, Dean Lockier, that the dramatist intended Dorimont for himself. "Sir George Etherege," he said, "was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he was exactly his own Sir Fopling Flutter, and yet he designed Dorimont, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture."

widow, who, it is said, refused to marry him unless he "could make her a lady." He purchased, therefore, "the honour" of knighthood, and to "Sir George" she was induced to give her hand. It may be assumed that he soon dissipated her fortune, since we find him compelled to take refuge from his creditors on the Continent, where, through the Duke of York's influence, he obtained the post of Minister at Ratisbon, and was doomed—

> "To make grave legs in formal fetters,
> Converse with fops and write dull letters;
> To go to bed 'twixt eight and nine,
> And sleep away my precious time;
> In such an idle, sneaking place
> Where Vice and Folly hide their face."

At Ratisbon Etherege died about 1694—breaking his neck by a fall downstairs, when, intoxicated with wine, he was showing out the guests who had shared his drinking bout.

Etherege left a daughter by Mrs. Barry, on whom he settled a fortune of £6,000. He is said to have been a very handsome man, "fair, slender, and genteel"—a man of "much courtesy and delicate address."

Another of the dramatic knights of the Restoration was the Tory cavalier, Sir Francis Fane, who wrote a tragic drama, called "Sacrifice," a masque, and a comedy, entitled "Love in the Dark"—from which Mrs. Centlivre has taken the character of Indigo, and transplanted it, with improvements, into the comedy of "The Busy-body" as its hero, Marplot.

"A freezing mediocrity" is the characteristic which Sir Walter Scott attributes to the plays of Sir Robert Howard, the brother-in-law of Dryden, and his collaborateur in "The Indian Queen." Howard, born in 1626, was a

younger son of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire; and, with the rest of his family, espoused the cause of Charles I. throughout the Civil War. For his loyalty he suffered a long imprisonment in Windsor Castle. After the Restoration he was knighted,* was made an auditor of the Exchequer, with a salary of £3,000, and became member for Stockbridge. In the year of the King's return he published a volume of Poems, containing Panegyricks to the King and to General Monk, translations of the fourth book of the Æneid, and of the Achilleis of Statius, a comedy called "The Blind Lady," and a number of indifferent Songs and Sonnets. Prefixed to it were some very eulogistic verses by Dryden, now included in his Epistles, of which we may give a specimen:—

"As there is music uninformed by art
In those wild notes which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less;
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
Which shames composure, and its art excels."

He refers to Howard's translations:—

"Elisa's griefs are so expressed by you,
They are too eloquent to have been true.
Had she so spoke, Æneas had obeyed
What Dido, rather than what Jove had said.
If funeral rites can give a ghost repose,
Your muse so justly has discharged those,
Elisa's shade may now its wandering cease . . .
But if Æneas be obliged, no less
Your kindness great Achilles doth confess:
Who, dressed by Statius in too bold a look,
Did ill become those virgin robes he took."

Dryden, who, it must be owned, when he paid compliments, paid them right royally, concludes with a prediction:—

"But to write worthy things of worthy men—"

(the worthy men being Monk and Charles II).

"Is the peculiar talent of your pen:
Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
Will venture in your right to prophesy.
This work, by merit first of fame secure,
Is likewise happy in its geniture;
For, since 'tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
It shares at once his fortune and its own."

It is supposed that Dryden made the acquaintance of Howard through Herringman, the publisher. At all events, after the publication of this poetical eulogium, the knight warmly befriended the poet, and introduced him to the Earl of Berkshire, at Charlton, in Berkshire, where the two worked together on the tragedy of "The Indian Queen,"* and Dryden secured the heart and hand of Howard's sister Elizabeth. The marriage took place on the 1st of December, 1663, and in the following month, January, 1664, was produced the tragedy, which, with another tragedy, "The Vestal Queen," and two comedies, "The Surprisal," and "The Committee," Howard published in 1665 under the title of "Four New Plays."

In the preface to this volume Howard states his argument in favour of the use of blank verse in the drama, in opposition to Dryden's plea for rhymed couplets. "Another way of the ancients," he says, "which the French follow, and our stage has now lately practised, is to write in rhyme; and this is the dispute betwixt many ingenious persons, whether verse in rhyme or verse without the

* Howard saved Rochester's life in the skirmish at Cropredy Bridge.

* Evelyn records that, on January 5th, 1664, he saw "The Indian Queen" acted; a "tragedy well written, so beautiful with rich scenes as the like had never been seen here, or haply (except rarely) elsewhere in a mercenary theatre."

sound, which may be called blank verse (though a hard expression), is to be preferred?" He esteemed both proper, "one for a play, the other for a poem or copy of verses: a blank verse being as much too low for one as rhyme is unnatural for the other: a poem being a premeditated form of thought upon designed occasions, ought not to be impoverished of any harmony in words or sound; the other is presented as the effect of accidents not thought of." Our later dramatists have all been of Howard's opinion; but Dryden stuck to his colours, and in his "Essay of Dramatic Poesie," in 1669, a kind of "imaginary conversation" in which Howard figures as Crites, Buckhurst as Eugenius, Sedley as Lisideius, and the poet himself as Neander, he stoutly contended for dramas in rhyme. Nothing daunted, Howard returned to the charge in his preface to his tragedy, "The Great Favourite; or, The Duke of Lerma," and had the satisfaction of firing the last shot.

This tragedy is remarkable for the force of its satire, which, without much effort at disguise, is directed against Charles II. and his seraglio. Its resonant periods are caricatured by Fielding in his burlesque of "Tom Thumb."

To his play of "The Vestal Virgins; or, The Roman Ladies," Howard wrote two endings, one tragical, the other "comical," and left the public to choose between them. His best dramatic effort is his comedy of "The Committee; or, The Faithful Irishman," in which the humorous aspects of Puritanism are amusingly portrayed.* It is the original of the farce of "Honest Thieves," which still keeps the stage.

* Pepys speaks of it (June 12th, 1663) as "a merry but indifferent play, only Lacy's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination."

His bad verses and his personal pretensions exposed Howard to immortal ridicule. Under the name of Bilboa he was the original hero of "The Rehearsal," though afterwards deposed from the unlucky pre-eminence in favour of Dryden; and in Shadwell's play of "The Sullen Lovers" he is satirised as Sir Positive At-All.

A stout Whig, Sir Robert was no bigot, nor was he a servile courtier; while, in Parliament, he had, as Macaulay admits, "the weight which a staunch party man of ample fortune, of illustrious name, of ready utterance, and of resolute spirit will always have." He took an active part in the debates on the Corporation Bill in 1690, and successfully opposed the decision of the Peers to confirm the illegal sentence passed upon Titus Oates—not that he loved the man, but that he loved the law. He died at the age of 72, in 1698.

"The solid nonsense that abides all tests." Such, in Dorset's opinion, was the poetry of Sir Robert's brother, Edward Howard, the author of several bad plays, and the worse poem of "Bonduca, The British Princess" (1669),—whom Pope has niched in the Dunciad —

> "And highborn Howard, more majestic sire,
> With Fool of Quality completes the quire."

All the wits girded at him—Waller, Rochester, Buckingham. He wrote six or seven dramas, which neither his contemporaries nor posterity have been able to appreciate. In his tragedy of "The Usurper" he attempted satire on a grand scale, and Damocles is supposed to represent Oliver Cromwell, Cleomenes General Monk, and Hugo de Petra Cromwell's chaplain, Hugh Peters. From one of his comedies Mrs. Inchbald borrowed some of the incidents in her "Every One Has His Fault."

The third and last of the Berkshire Howards was James Howard, whose "mighty pretty, witty, pleasant, and mirthful comedy" (as Pepys styles it), "The English Monsieur," is ridiculed in Buckingham's "Rehearsal." The hero is represented as smitten with Gallomania, and railing at everything English, whether cookery, clothing, or dancing. He challenges a man for praising an English divine, and, being victorious, boasts—"I ran him through his mistaken palate, which made me think the hand of justice guided my sword." He loves a French lady, who rejects him, but as it was "a denial with a French tone of voice" he finds it positively agreeable. As she takes final leave of him, he turns to a friend, and exclaims: "Do you see, sir, how she leaves us; she walks away with a French step!" Of course, he prefers the airy gait of the French ladies to the clumsy shuffling of the English: "I have seen such *bonne amie* in their footsteps, that the King of France's *mâitre de danse* could not have found fault with any one tread amongst them all. In these walks I find the toes of English ladies ready to tread upon one another."

According to some authorities, Thomas Killigrew, wit, dramatist, and courtier, was born at his father's seat, Hanworth Park, near Hounslow; but in a copy of Diodati's Bible, sold in Dean Wellesley's library, in 1866, among several entries on the reverse of the title page, in his own handwriting, is one which distinctly states that he was "born at Lothbury, London," on February the 7th, 1611. He was the son of Sir Robert Killigrew, Chamberlain to Queen Henrietta Maria, and younger brother of Dr. William Killigrew, the friend and servant of Charles I. and II., and author of some dramatic pieces. Thomas

was early introduced to Court life, being made a page of honour to Charles I. while in his teens. He married a maid of honour, accompanied Charles II. into exile, and, as groom of the bedchamber, won the young monarch's favour by his wit, and retained it by his subservient profligacy. In opposition to the remonstrances of his sager counsellors, Charles appointed him Resident at Venice, his chief duty being to obtain loans from the English merchants there; but his shameful vices occasioned such a scandal that the Venetian Government compelled Charles to recall him. He wrote six plays while at Venice; a feat to which Sir John Denham alludes in some satiric verses:—

"Our Resident Tom
From Venice is come,
And has left all the statesmen behind him;
Talks at the same pitch,
Is as wise, is as rich;
And just where you left him, you find him.
But who says he's not
A man of much plot
May repent of this false accusation;
Having plotted and penned
Six plays to attend
On the force of his negotiation."

When Killigrew published, in 1664, a collection of nine of his plays, he noted, however, that they had been written in as many different cities—London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Turin, Florence, Venice, Naples, and Basle—which, if true, spoils the point, such as it is, of Sir John Denham's epigram.

While Killigrew played the part of pander and jester to Charles, he seems also to have acted as a spy upon him, and to have been in receipt of Judas-money from the Commonwealth Government. Downing, Cromwell's

ambassador at the Hague, writing to Secretary Thurloe, in 1658, respecting a clandestine visit of Charles to the Dutch Court, says:—"As for Charles Stuart having been in Holland, surely you had my memorial thereof: at the very time, I had an account from one Killigrew, of his bedchamber, of every place where he was, and the time, with his stay and company, of which also I gave you an account in mine of the last post: he vowed that it was a journey of pleasure, and that none of the States-General, nor any person of note, of Amsterdam, came to him."

After the Restoration Killigrew obtained from the King (in 1663) a patent empowering him to open a theatre in London, and established himself in Drury Lane at the head of the so-called "King's Company."* He opened it in August with Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Humorous Lieutenant," and the principal actors were Hart, Mohun, Kynaston, Lacy, Bird, Baxter, Hancock, and the Shatterals; the principal actresses, Mrs. Corry, Hughes, Knipp, the Marshalls, and Uphill. Later additions were Goodman, Haines, Harris, Shirley; Nell Gwynn and Mrs. Boutell. The members of this company were sworn at the Lord Chamberlain's office to serve the King. Ten of the gentlemen were enrolled on the establishment of the Royal Household, and provided with liveries of scarlet cloth and silver lace. In the Lord Chamberlain's warrants they were designated "Gentlemen of the Great Chamber."

As Groom of the Bedchamber to the King and Master

* He seems to have had an early *penchant* for the drama. Pepys relates: "Thos. Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull (the theatre), and when the man cried to the boys, 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays."

of the Revels, Killigrew filled no unimportant position at a Court where the great object of everybody, monarch and courtiers, nymphs and gallants, was to devise the best and brightest means *pour passer le temps*. He was of a sprightly and witty humour, says Hamilton, and had the art of telling a story in the most entertaining manner, by the graceful and natural turn he could give it. Charles delighted in his repartees, even when they wounded him to the quick. According to the poet Cowley, who professed to have been present, Killigrew, on one occasion, publicly told the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state, but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he: "There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his life about the court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it."*

Entering the Royal apartment, one day, booted and spurred, and with riding-whip in hand, he sharply replied to the King's question, whither he was going in such a violent hurry: "To Hell, sir! to fetch up Oliver Cromwell, to look after the affairs of England, for his successor never will."

Another time, when the Council had assembled, and the King, as usual, had not made his appearance, the Duke of Lauderdale hastened to remonstrate with him, but in vain. Returning from the presence-chamber, he met Killigrew, who, on being acquainted with his brother's

* Pepys' Diary, December 9th, 1666.

errand, offered a wager of £100 that Charles should attend the Council in half an hour. Feeling sure of winning the money, Lauderdale accepted it. Killigrew repaired at once to the King's apartment, and informed him of the whole circumstances. "I know," he proceeded, "that your Majesty hates Lauderdale: now, if you only go this once to the Council, I know his covetous disposition so well that, rather than pay the £100, he will hang himself, and never plague you again." Charles, with a burst of laughter, exclaimed, "Well, Killigrew, I *positively* will go." He kept his word, and Killigrew won his wager.

Oldys asserts that he was appointed King's jester; and Pepys records that he was told, by a Mr. Brisbane, that he had "a fee out of the Wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of King's Fool or Jester, and may revile or jeer anybody, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place." But the story is improbable.

Killigrew was not without his good impulses and refined tastes. He gave with a lavish hand to the poor, and he was a passionate lover of good music. He showed both tact and enterprise as a theatrical manager. In Pepys there is a note of conversation between the Diarist and the Manager which is full of curious interest. Its date is the 12th of February, 1667: "Thos. Killigrew tells me," he says, "how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late Fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever came upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a year more. That the Stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now, wax candles, and many of them: then,

not above 3lbs. of tallow: now all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden; then, two or three fiddlers, now, nine or ten of the best: then, nothing but rushes upon the ground, and everything else mean, now, all otherwise: then the Queen seldom, and the King never, would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me) hence to Rome, to hear good music; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time, and in this, to introduce good music, but he never could do it, there never having been any music here better than ballads. And (he) says 'Hermit poore' and 'Chivy Chese' [Chevy Chase *] was all the music we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered in Italians from several courts in Christendom, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give £200 a year apiece to; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous Gundilows, he having got the King to put them away, and lay out their money this way. And indeed I do commend him for it; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have sometimes of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorfields on purpose for it. And he tells me plainly that the city audience was as good as the court; but now they are most gone."

* This was sung to three different airs, of which the most popular was "The hunt is up."

One regrets that so good a lover of music should have been implicated with Lord Falmouth, the Earl of Anson, and other so-called "men of honour," in the shameful attempt to blacken the character of Anne Hyde, Lord Clarendon's daughter, just before the Duke of York's public declaration of their marriage. Killigrew, in his zeal, went further than any in aspersing her chastity, and in writing himself down a villain; and not the least remarkable part of the transaction is the fact that the Duke seems to have taken no umbrage at the slander cast upon his wife.

Killigrew died at Whitehall, in his 72nd year, on the 19th of March, 1682. Of his dull and dreary "Comedies and Tragedies" the only one which is now remembered, "The Parson's Wedding," owes its incidents in great measure to Shakerly Marmion's comedy of "The Antiquary." It was originally represented wholly by women.

By his first wife, Cecilia, daughter of Sir Henry Croft, of Suffolk, and one of Henrietta Maria's maids of honour, he became the father of Henry Killigrew, one of the most reckless libertines of Charles's libertine court. He was usually styled "the younger," to distinguish him from his uncle, Dr. Henry Killigrew, Almoner to the Duke of York, and Master of the Savoy. His name is preserved in our theatrical annals by his once popular play, "The Conspiracy," which both Ben Jonson and Lord Falkland thought worthy of favourable notice. It was revised by the author, and as "Pallantire and Eudora," republished in 1653. He died about forty years later.

John Lacy, the actor, whom Tom D'Urfey celebrates as "the standard of true comedy," was born near Doncaster about 1620. He was trained to be a dancing-master, but ob-

taining a lieutenant's commission, entered the army, only to quit it, after very brief military service, for the stage. His handsome person and rich racy humour made him a great favourite with the public, while with Charles II. he was in such esteem that the king caused Wright to paint for him that triple portrait which at Hampton Court attracts the curious visitor's gaze. He was the original Teague in Howard's play of "The Committee," and Bayes in Buckingham's "Rehearsal," while he excelled as Falstaff, and never failed in any character that he undertook. A man with a dangerous satiric gift, he loved those parts in which he could hurl sarcasms at the ill-doings of the courtiers; and in Howard's "Silent Woman," in which he played Captain Otter, used his tongue so freely that the King, greatly offended, shut him up in the Porter's Lodge. In a few days he was released, and Howard, going behind the scenes to congratulate him, was so roundly abused by the actor, who told him he was "more a fool than a poet," that Howard struck him in the face with his glove. Lacy, bursting with rage, brought his cane down upon the head of the unlucky dramatist, who thereupon hastened to the King and made complaint. Charles ordered the theatre to be closed, a punishment which was harder upon Lacy's fellow-actors than upon Lacy himself.

Lacy appears in this chapter as a dramatic author: he produced four plays—"The Dumb Lady," 1672; "Old Troop," 1672; "Sir Hercules Buffoon" (posthumous), 1681; and "Sawny the Scot" (also posthumous), in 1691.

Leonard wrote and adapted several plays, of which it is necessary to notice only one, "The Counterfeite," because Colley Cibber borrowed from it for his comedy "She Would and She Would Not."

Second only to Otway among the dramatists of the age was Nathaniel Lee, who, with much bombastic extravagance and rant of passion, contrives at times to touch the tenderest chords of the feelings, and elicit a strain of genuine pathos and noble love. The following passage is a specimen of his better style:—

"I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steered another way.
Free as the forest birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls:
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which Autumn yields;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn."

There is enough merit in Lee's dramatic productions, notwithstanding their fustian and occasional incoherence, to justify the kindly criticism in Rochester's "Trial of the Poets":—

"Nat Lee stepped in next, in hopes of a prize,
Apollo rememb'ring he had cut once in thrice.
By the rubies in's face he could not deny
But he had as much wit as wine would supply;
Confessed that indeed he had a musical note,
But sometimes strained so hard that it rattled in the throat:
Yet own'd he had sense, and t' encourage him for't
He made him his Ovid in Augustus's court."

Nathaniel Lee was the son of Dr. Richard Lee, of Hatfield, in Herts, and was born about 1657. He was educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, in 1668, he took his degree of B.A. Four years later he came up to London, relying, it is said, upon the Duke of Buckingham's promises, and failed as an actor, owing to nervousness. It is on record that he played Duncan in "Macbeth." He next took to writing

for the stage, and from 1675 to 1684 produced a play annually. Over-work, excitement, and intemperance brought on an attack of insanity, and he was confined in Bethlehem Hospital until 1688. He resumed his labours as a dramatist, though subject to fits of partial derangement; fell into extreme poverty, and was saved from starvation only by a weekly pittance of ten shillings allowed to him by one of the theatres. He died in 1691, falling down, one winter night, in the snow, when drunk, and perishing of the cold before discovered.

That he could answer a fool according to his folly we learn from a well-known anecdote. A fine gentleman who saw him during his confinement in Bedlam, observed: "It is an easy thing to write like a madman." "No," answered Lee, "it is not an easy thing to write like a madman; but it is very easy to write like a fool."

Mrs. Siddons was a great admirer of the dramatic power of "poor Nat Lee." She read his best tragedy, "Theodosius; or, The Force of Love," with such pathos that her hearers could not repress their tears. His great defect, his extravagance of imagery and diction, is hinted at in Dryden's complimentary lines on his "Rival Queens; or, the Death of Alexander the Great"—in which Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Boutell had their famous quarrel—when he encourages him to despise those critics who condemn

"The too much vigour of his youthful excuse."

And that he was not unaware of his weakness is evident from his dedication of "Theodosius," where he says: "It has often been observed against me that I abound in ungoverned fancy; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: age, despondency, and dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping

the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the full of a quarry." Addison censures Lee for a mock sublimity, but as he includes Shakespeare in the censure, it loses much of its effect,—"in those authors," says the condescending critic, "the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style." His plays were very popular with the audiences of his time, and the turgidity of their language and sentiment was forgotten in the interest of their situations. They possess, as Campbell remarks, a much more frequent capability for stage effect than a mere reader would be apt to infer from the superabundance of the poet's extravagance.

His best plays are "Nero," 1675; "The Rival Queens," 1677; "Theodosius; or, The Force of Love," 1680; "Mithridates;" "The Princess of Cleeves," 1689; "The Massacre of Paris," 1690; and "Lucius Junius Brutus." He assisted Dryden in the composition of "Œdipus," 1679, and "The Duke of Guise," 1683.

Maidwell, a schoolmaster, produced the comedy of "The Loving Enemies," which he made "designedly dull," he says, "lest by satirising folly the author might bring upon his skull the bludgeon of fools."

Matthew Medbourne, the actor, in 1670, put upon the stage a close translation of Molière's inimitable "Tartuffe," * which was acted with much success, and thus led the way for Cibber's "Nonjuror," 1717, and Bickerstaffe's "Hypocrite," 1768. He was a Roman Catholic, and his religious zeal afforded Titus Oates an excuse for implicating him in the "Popish Plot."

* A translation in verse, by John Oxenford, was brought out at the Haymarket in 1851.

Among the playwrights of the period must not be forgotten the eccentric Huguenot refugee, Pierre Antoine Motteux, whom the revocation of the edict of Nantes drove to England in 1660. He established himself in London, and by his industry and talent, throve so vigorously that he became the owner of a large East India warehouse in Leadenhall Street, while through his knowledge of foreign languages he was employed as a clerk in the foreign department of the Post Office. According to Sir Water Scott, he added to these vocations the trade of a bookseller, and also found leisure to play the part of a fast man about town, to edit "The Gentleman's Journal," to wander into feeble poetical efforts, and to compose some seventeen comedies, farces, and musical interludes which had their little day. One of these, called "Novelty," was novel at least in construction, since in each of its five acts it presented an independent plot. In the same mood of eccentricity he projected an opera, "The Loves of Europe," which was to exhibit the different methods of love-making pursued by the various European nations. To his one tragedy, "Beauty in Distress," * Dryden makes a complimentary reference in his "Twelfth Epistle" (1698):—

> "The public voice
> Has equalled thy performance with thy choice.
> Time, action, place, are so preserved by thee,
> That e'en Cornëille might with envy see
> The alliance of his Tripled Unity.
> Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
> But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
> At least but two can that good crime commit,
> Thou in design, and Wycherly in wit."

This modified praise might pass, but the poet soon

* It was played by Betterton's company in the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

permits his friendly good-nature to blunt his critical perceptions. He continues in a strain of absurd exaggeration:—

> "Let thy own Gauls condemn thee, if they dare. . . .
> Their tongue enfeebled, is refined too much;
> And, like pure gold, it bends at every touch:
> Our sturdy Teuton yet will art obey,
> More fit for manly thought, and strengthened with allay.
> But whence art thou inspired, and thou alone,
> To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
> It moves our wonder, that a foreign guest
> Should overmatch the most and match the best.
> In under-praising thy deserts, I wrong;
> Here find the first deficience of our tongue:
> Words, once my stock, are wanting, to commend
> So great a poet, and so good a friend."

The best work done by Motteux was his translations of Rabelais and of "Don Quixote," of both of which good use has been made by later adaptors.

He died under discreditable circumstances, in 1718.

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle—best remembered, perhaps, by the romantic biography in which his Duchess has celebrated his virtues and achievements and her own affection and vanity—was born in 1592. At an early age he attracted the attention of James VI. by his accomplishments and undoubted talents, and in 1620 was made Baron Ogle and Viscount Mansfield. Charles I. raised him to the higher dignity of Earl of Newcastle, and placed in his charge the Prince of Wales. At the outbreak of the Civil War the Earl showed his gratitude to the royal house to which he owed his advancement by pouring £10,000 into the King's treasury, and raising, at his own charge, a troop of 200 men, known, from their uniform, as his "Whitecoats." In 1642 Charles appointed him to the command of all the royalist

forces in the northern and midland counties, and the Earl justified the appointment by a vigorous exhibition of military capacity. He swept the Parliamentary army out of Yorkshire, and crossed the Humber, after inflicting a severe defeat upon Fairfax at Atherton Moor, near Bradford (June 30th, 1643). He recovered the towns of Gainsborough, Lincoln, and Beverley, but failed in an attack upon Hull. Raised to the rank of Marquis for those achievements, he marched northward to oppose the advance of the Scots, but was ultimately compelled to throw himself into York, where he withstood a three months' siege, until relieved by the arrival of Prince Rupert. As is well known, he counselled the Prince not to attack the Roundheads, but to retire southward. The Prince, however, insisted on fighting, and was crushed by Cromwell and Fairfax at Marsten Moor on the 2nd of July, 1644. Concluding that no battle would be fought that day—for it was evening when the two armies came into conflict—the Marquis had retired to his couch, and was reposing peacefully, when "a great noise and thunder of shooting gave him notice of the armies being engaged. Whereupon he immediately put on his arms, and was no sooner got on horseback but he beheld a dismal sight; the King's right wing being irretrievably broken" by the charge of Cromwell's Ironsides. With due speed he hastened to see "in what posture his own regiment of Whitecoats was." On the way he met his old troop of gentlemen volunteers. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have done me the honour to choose me your Captain, and now is the fittest time that I may do you service; wherefore, if you'll follow me, I shall lead you on the best I can, and show you the way to your own honour."

But he could not stem the tide of battle which had turned against the Royalists, though in the final charge it was his regiment which offered the stoutest resistance. Again and again the Roundheads rushed upon their "planted pikes;" they stood firm as a rock until some regiments of dragoons took them in flank, and their own guns being turned upon them by Cromwell's artillerymen, a gap was opened in their stern array. Only thirty were made prisoners; the rest refused quarter, each man falling in his place.

Newcastle was one of the last to quit the lost field. Late at night, he escaped towards York, with his brother and one or two servants; and close to the city fell in with General King and Prince Rupert, the latter of whom had saved himself with much difficulty. Rupert asked how the business went? "All is lost and gone upon our side," said the Marquis. "I am sure my men fought well," rejoined the Prince, "and know no reason of our rout but this, because the devil did help his servants!" "What will you do?" said General King. "I will rally my men." "And what will Lord Newcastle do?" Disgusted at the turn of affairs, and at the obstinacy which had led to so fatal a defeat, the Marquis answered that he would go into Holland. Accordingly, he crossed the seas, and remained abroad until the Restoration. His great estates having been confiscated by the Parliament, he and his wife (to whom he had been married at Paris in 1645) were reduced to extreme poverty, and at one time forced to pawn their clothes and jewels to keep the wolf from the door. At the Restoration he recovered his estates, was made a Duke in 1664, and lived in that sustained magnificence which the Cavendishes have always affected.

He died in 1676—three years after his "high-souled Duchess" and a stately monument in Westminster Abbey preserves the memory of a noble couple, whose loyalty and pure affection and high culture are refreshing to contemplate among the vices and meannesses of the Caroline period.

The Duke wrote, in 1657, a treatise on Horsemanship, "Le Méthode et Invention Nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux," of which an English translation was published in 1667. He gains a place in our record, however, through his comedies, "The Country Captain," "Variety," "The Humorous Lovers," and "The Triumphant Widow; or, The Medley of Humours." Pepys speaks contemptuously of "The Humorous Lovers"—he ascribes it to the Duchess, whom he seems to have strongly disliked—as "a silly play; the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage." But in all these comedies there are sketches of characters and amusing incidents which would make the fortune of a modern dramatist. The Duke was ignorant of stage-craft, but he had seen much of men and manners, and had evidently a fine faculty of observation.

A famous character of the chivalrous Duke has been written by Lord Clarendon. We have already referred to the life written by the Duchess (1667)—a book which held a high place among Charles Lamb's favourites. Horace Walpole says of it:—"It is equally amusing to hear her sometimes compare her lord to Julius Cæsar, and oftener to acquaint you with such anecdotes as in what sort of a coach he went to Amsterdam. The touches on her own character are inimitable. She says that it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endue her with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from her birth."

She wrote numerous plays, poems, and miscellaneous compositions.

At Trotton, near Midhurst, where his father, the Rev. Humphrey Otway (afterwards rector of Woolbeding), was curate, Thomas Otway, one of the greatest of English dramatists of the second class, was born on the 3rd of March, 1651. He was educated at Winchester School, and at Christ Church, Oxford; but left the University without taking a degree, made his way to London, and tried his fortune on the stage in the same year as Nat Lee (1672). Through lack of confidence, he failed in his first part, the King in Mrs. Behn's "Jealous Bridegroom," and then tried his hand at dramatic writing. His first tragedy "Alcibiades," was produced in 1675; and in the same year appeared his "Don Carlos," which ran for thirty nights, and filled for awhile the author's empty pockets. The plot was derived (as is that of Schiller's tragedy) from the Abbé de St. Réal's "Dom Carlos, Nouvelle Historique," published in 1672. From Racine's "Bérénice" he adapted, with considerable modifications, his tragedy of "Titus and Berenice," and, about the same time, published a clever version of Molière's comedy, "The Cheats of Scapin." This was in 1667; and, in the same year Lord Plymouth procured for him a cornetcy in a regiment of dragoons, which he accompanied to Flanders. He was soon cashiered for his irregularities, and, returning to London, resumed the precarious profession of a dramatic author. His comedy of "Friendship in Fashion," wholly unworthy of his genius, was followed by his tragedy of "Caius Marius," in which he amalgamated a good deal of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet,"

adapting it to the "polite taste" of the French school. Juliet becomes Lavinia; Mercutio, Salpitius; and Romeo, Marius Junior. It is strange enough that the perpetrator of this wretched literary fraud should have produced, in the same year, the really beautiful tragedy of "The Orphan," which is full of tender and pathetic writing, though unfortunately its plot, and sometimes its language, unfits it for presentation before a modern audience.* Monimia, however, is a character in which a great actress can always command the feelings of her audience. There is an admirable touch of pathos in her dying words: "How my head swims! 'Tis very dark; good-night."

Otway reaches the high-water mark of his genius in his celebrated tragedy of "Venice Preserved"† (1682), the suggestion of which came from St. Réal's "Historie de la Conjuration que les Espagnols formerent in 1618, contre la République de Venise," published in 1674. It contains three characters, Belvidera, Jaffier, and St. Pierre, which are distinct creations. The plot, one of deep and harrowing interest, is skilfully developed, and the final catastrophe admirably worked out; the versification is fluent, forcible, and sometimes coloured with true poetry; while the stronger passions of the heart are portrayed by a powerful hand. Belvidera is a beautiful type of self-sacrificing womanhood; "she has given herself wholly, and is lost as in an abyss of adoration for him whom she has chosen—can but love, obey, weep, suffer—and who dies like a flower plucked from the stalk, when her arms

* Johnson speaks of it as, in his time, "one of the few plays that keep possession of the stage. It is a domestic tragedy, drawn from middle life. Its whole power is upon the affections."

† Closely imitated by La Fosse in his "Manlius."

are torn from the neck around which she has locked them." Is there not exquisite tenderness in the following passage? :—

"*Belvidera.*—My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will cease its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!
Jaffier.—As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh, where complain?
Bel.—Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first,
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.
Jaff.—Can there in women be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love!
Bel.—If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich.
Oh, lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught!
Jaff.—O Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can those limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad —
As suddenly we shall be—to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,

For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?
Bel.—Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And as thou sighing liest, and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.
Jaff.—Hear this, you heavens, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that:
Since I must wander further on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to roam and trust my fate no more."

It is certain that writing like this, so smooth and tender, the English stage was not to know again for nearly two centuries.

A life withered by alternations of excess and want Otway closed tragically, at the early age of 34, on the 14th of April, 1685. To escape a debtor's prison he had taken refuge in the Bull, a public-house on Tower Hill, where, in the stress of his hunger, he was fain (it is said) to solicit a shilling from a gentleman, who gave him a guinea; and buying bread, he choked himself, in his eagerness, with the first mouthful. According to another

account, he died of fever, caused by fatigue, and by his drinking water when over-heated. Whatever the manner of his death, it is certain that he died destitute and friendless.

Otway, as we have said, is seen at his best in "The Orphan" and "Venice Preserved."* It was in these two plays only that he did justice to his indubitable dramatic power. In his other efforts he showed himself a man of his time; the picture is blurred by coarseness of colouring; the Satyr's hoof peeps out beneath the Muse's robe. "Like the rest, he writes obscene comedies, 'The Soldier's Fortune,' 'The Atheist,' 'Friendship in Fashion.' He depicts coarse and vicious cavaliers, rogues on principle, as harsh and corrupt as those of Wycherley,—Beaugard, who vaunts and practices the maxims of Hobbs; the father, an old, corrupt rascal, who brags of his morality, and whom his son coldly sends to the dogs with a bag of crowns; Sir Jolly Jumble, a kind of base Falstaff, a pander by profession, whom the courtesans call 'papa, daddy,' who, if he sits but at the table with one, he'll be making nasty figures in the napkins:" Sir Davy Dunce, a disgusting animal, "who has such a breath, one kiss of him were enough to cure the fits of the mother; 'tis worse than assafœtida. Clean linen, he says, is unwholesome . . . . he is continually eating of garlic, and chewing tobacco; Polydore, who, enamoured of his father's ward, tries to force her in the first scene, envies the brutes, and makes up his mind to imitate them on the next occasion."† A great English writer made it his boast and consolation

* We must note that Antonio in "Venice Preserved," is intended for the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, whose latter years were spent in the coarsest sensuality.

† Taine, "Hist. Eng. Literature," iii., 41, 42.

that he had not written a line which, on his death-bed, he would wish to blot. Alas, poor Otway! There are pages upon pages on which, when dying, he must have longed to pour a flood of concealing ink! *

Samuel Pordage was the son of a Berkshire clergyman, who lost his living in 1654 on suspicion of conversing with evil spirits. He bred his son up to the law, and the young lawyer published, in 1660, a volume of poems, and an annotated translation of Seneca's "Troades." He was also the author of two dull tragedies, "Herod and Mariamne," 1673, and "The Siege of Babylon," 1678; and of a reply to Dryden's "Absolom and Achitophel," which he entitled "Azaria and Hushai." In this he represents Monmouth as Azaria, Cromwell as Zabad, Charles as Amazia, Shaftesbury as Hushai, and Dryden as Shimei:—

> "Sweet was the muse that did his wit inspire,
> Had he not let his hackney muse to hire."

* Hallam says of Otway's two famous plays that they will generally be reckoned the best tragedies of this period [the Restoration]. "They have both a deep pathos, springing from the intense and unmerited distress of women; both, especially the latter, have a dramatic eloquence, rapid and flowing, with less of turgid extravagance than we find in Otway's contemporaries, and sometimes with very graceful poetry. The story of the Orphan is domestic, and borrowed, as I believe, from some French novel, though I do not at present remember where I have read it; it was once popular on the stage, and gave scope for good acting, but is unpleasing to the delicacy of our own age. Venice Preserved is [was] more frequently represented than any tragedy after those of Shakespeare; the plot is highly dramatic in conception and conduct; even what seems, when we read it, a defect, the shifting of our wishes, or perhaps rather of our ill-wishes, between two parties, the senate and the conspirators, who are redeemed by no virtue, does not, as is shown by experience, interfere with the spectator's interest. Pierre indeed is one of those villains for whom it is easy to excite the sympathy of the half-principled and the inconsiderate. But the great attraction is in the character of Belvidere; and when that part is represented by such as we remember to have seen, no tragedy is honoured by such a tribute, not of tears alone, but of more agony than many would seek to endure. The versification of Otway, like that of most in this period, runs almost to an excess into the line of eleven syllables, sometimes also into the sdrucciolo form, or twelve syllables with a dactylic close."—"History of Literature of Europe," iv., 285, 286.

Pordage, as land-steward to the Earl of Pembroke, found his true vocation.

To an obscure dramatist, named Nevil Payne, we owe three plays which, in their time, enjoyed a moderate degree of popularity:—"Fatal Jealousy," in which Nokes gained his *sobriquet* of "Nurse Nokes;" "The Morning Ramble," produced in 1673; and "The Siege of Constantinople," a tragedy, which was made the vehicle of a severe attack upon Lord Shaftesbury.

Major Thomas Porter, one of the roystering men about town, showed some dramatic talent in his play, "The Villain,"—in which Sandford, as famous in his day for playing villains as the redoubtable O. S. Smith in the palmy time of Adelphi melodrama, earned great applause, —and in his lively comedy of "The Carnival." He figured in a tragedy of real life, thus described by Pepys: —July 29, 1667. He and his great friend, Sir Henry Bellassis, were talking together . . . "and Sir H. Bellassis talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, 'What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?' Sir H. Bellassis, hearing it, said, 'No!' says he: 'I would have you know I never quarrel, but I strike: and take that as a rule of mine!' 'How?' says Tom Porter, 'strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!' with that Sir H. Bellassis did give him a box of the ears; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered." . . . Dryden's boy was then employed to find out in what direction Bellassis went, and the infuriate Major overtook him in Covent Garden. . . "Tom Porter, being informed that Sir H. Bellassis' coach was coming, went down out of the coffee-

house where he staid for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellassis come out. 'Why,' says H. Bellassis, 'you will not hurt me coming out, will you?' 'No,' says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew." Tom Porter soon passed his sword through the body of the knight, who, feeling that the wound was mortal, called the Major to him, kissed him, and with chivalrous resolution, kept his feet—that he might effect his escape unmolested. As soon as he saw that his friend was safe, he fell back in a swoon from loss of blood. Ten days afterwards he died. The Major recovered from *his* wounds, and the date of his death is uncertain.

Thomas Rawlins, the "engraver of the Mint," published in 1648, a volume of poems, entitled "Calanthe," and was the author of "Tom Essence," a comedy, 1677, and of a tragedy, "The Rebellion," which its loyal sentiments made temporarily popular. He was not a professional author, and was fond of declaring that "he had no desire to be known by a *threadbare* coat, having a calling that would maintain it *worthy*."

Edward Revet was the author of the comedy of "The Town Shifts."

Thomas Rymer's name is held in good repute as that of the learned editor of the "Fœdera, Conventiones, et Cujuscunque Generis Acta Publica inter Reges Angliæ et alios Principes," a work of inestimable value to the historian. He was born in Yorkshire in 1638; educated at the Northallerton Grammar School, and at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; and became a member of Gray's Inn, 1686. That a man might be a lawyer and an antiquary, and yet not a successful dramatist, he proved by his tragedy of "Edgar; or, The English Monarch,"

published (because no manager would act it) in 1678. It is written in rhyme, and "after the manner of the ancients," and Rymer fondly hoped that it would depose Shakespeare from his pride of place! He ventilated his erroneous views of the dramatic art in his critique on "The Tragedies of the Last Age,"* 1678, which, according to him, were defective in every particular. His taste and discrimination as a critic may be inferred from his assertion that "in the neighing of a horse or the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning; there is as lively expression, and, may I say, more humanity than many times in the tragical frights of Shakespeare!" Still more completely to write himself down an ass, he adds:—"I have thought our poetry of the last age as rude as our architecture; one cause thereof might be, that Aristotle's treatise of poetry has been so little studied amongst us." He speaks of Milton's "Paradise Lost" as that "which some are pleased to call a poem!" Poor Rymer! It was well for him when he was appointed historiographer to King William in 1692, and his talents were directed into a fitting channel. With laudable industry and fine scholarship he carried out Montague and Lord Somers' scheme of a collection of public documents relating to the foreign affairs of England. Rymer died on the 14th of December, 1714.

"The first boy-poet of our age," as Dryden calls young Saunders in his epilogue to the boy-poet's "Tamerlane the Great," never fulfilled his early promise. He produced this tragedy, and was heard of no more—like

* "The Tragedies of the last age considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common Sense of All Ages." The plays criticised are Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rollo," "King and No King," and "Maid's Tragedy."

the poet in Bailey's "Festus," who, after writing his one great poem, "fell into himself," and was thenceforward silent.

The character of Doeg in Dryden's great satire of "Absalom and Achitophel" is intended, as everybody knows, for Elkanah Settle, a poet of some note in his day, though now remembered only as pilloried by Dryden:—

"Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out or in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And, in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagotted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature:
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think—
All his occasions are to eat and drink. . . .
Railing in other men may be a crime
But ought to pass for more instinct in time;
Instinct he follows, and no further knows,
For to write verse with him is to transpose. . . .
Let him rail on, let his invective muse
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
Indict him of a capital offence.
In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
These are the only serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is, we know,
But to be master of a puppet show;
On that one stage his works may yet appear,
And a month's harvest keep him all the year."

Elkanah Settle was born at Dunstable in 1648, and in his eighteenth year entered at Trinity College, Oxford, which he left, however, without taking a degree. Fired with ambitious hopes he went to London, and like many other clever young men, turned to his pen as the weapon with which prosperity and fame were to be achieved. In

politics he took up Whig principles, and some political pamphlets made his name known. In 1671, he produced his first play, "Cambyses," which Rochester patronised for the purpose of provoking Dryden; and the brilliant noble also lent his powerful support to Settle's tragedy of "The Empress of Morocco," written, *à la Française*, in rhymed couplets.* His success inflamed his vanity, and in the dedication to his play he had the audacity to gird at Dryden's habit of introducing his dramas to the public with critical reviews and summaries. "My Lord," he said, "whilst I trouble you with this kind of discourse, I beg you would not think I design to give rules to the Press as some of our like have done to the Stage." John Crowne, with assistance from Dryden and Shadwell, compiled a severe *exposé* of Settle's tragedy, to which Settle briskly rejoined, much to the amusement of the public. That he had wounded Dryden to the quick is evident from the poet's savage attack upon him:— "He's an animal of most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation. His being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought which we can never fashion into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn, his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers harsh and ill-sounding. The little talent he has is fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought; but, with the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, it is commonly still-born; so that for want of learning and elocution he will never be able to express anything justly or naturally." Nothing daunted, Settle continued to put his plays upon the stage, and,

* It was so much admired, that the ladies and gentlemen of the Court learned it by heart, to play before the King at Whitehall.

as he was not wanting in invention, most of them obtained a temporary popularity. "Ibraham, the Illustrious Bassa" he founded on Magdeleine de Scudéri's two-volume romance, with the same title; "Pastor Fido," on Guarini's pastoral drama. He also wrote "Love and Revenge," "The Conquest of China by the Tartars," "Fatal Love," and "The Female Prelate, being a History of the Life and Death of Pope Joan." He compiled fifteen plays in all.

If deficient in genius, Settle did not lack courage, and to Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," in which, as we have seen, he was gibbetted as Doeg, he replied, on behalf of the Whigs, with "Absalom Senior; or Absalom and Achitophel Transposed" (1681).

In his latter days he was overtaken by misfortune, owing, perhaps, to his want of principle; for, on the accession of James II., he who as a Whig had superintended the fireworks at the burning of the Pope's effigy, produced a panegyrical poem on the Coronation of James II. (1685). The Revolution of 1688 left the turncoat without friends, and he was thankful to accept a small pension as the city poet for a "Triumph of London," written every Lord Mayor's Day. As he advanced in years his poverty increased; he wrote low "drolls" for the shows at Bartholomew Fair, and even acted the part of a dragon, enclosed in a green leather case of his own invention, to which Young alludes —

> "Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
> For bread in Smithfield dragons hissed at last;
> Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
> And found his manners suited to his shape."

He died in the Charterhouse on the 12th of February,

1724. Five years later Pope, in *The Dunciad* levelled a final insult at the unfortunate poetaster:

> "Now, Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
> But lived in Settle's numbers one day more."

He had previously attacked him as "the author of a poem entitled 'Successio.'" "Codeus writes on," he says, "and will for ever write." He adds:

> "The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
> As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.
> What though no bees around your cradle flew,
> Nor on your lips distilled their golden dew;
> Yet have we oft discovered in their stead
> A swarm of drones that buzzed about your head."

We are hardly justified in including Shirley among the Restoration dramatists; in tone and sentiment he belonged to the great Elizabethan school, of which he was the last, and not altogether an unworthy member. But he lived on into Charles's reign, and his plays were sometimes produced for the edification of Charles's Court, which, while listening to their healthy and vigorous poetry, must have felt in the presence of a fresh new atmosphere. James Shirley was born in London about 1594, nine years before the death of "great Elizabeth." He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and St. John's College, Oxford, where Laud (its president) refused to ordain him, because he was disfigured by a mole on the left cheek. He then removed to St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, took orders, and held a cure near St. Albans until he went over to the Roman Communion. After brief experience of a schoolmaster's life in the Grammar School at St. Albans, he repaired to London, and began to write for the stage. His culture and dramatic skill, and his Catholic profession, secured him the patronage of Henrietta Maria, and he throve vigorously until the outbreak of the Civil War.

His fertility was amusing; drama after drama proceeded from his prolific, but by no means feeble pen:—"Love Tricks," 1625; "The Wedding," 1629; "The Grateful Servant," 1630; "The School of Compliment," 1631; "The Changes," 1632; "A Contention for Honour and Riches," 1633; "The Witty Fair One," "The Bird in a Cage," "The Triumph of Peace," "The Night Walkers" (adapted from Fletcher), all in 1633. In 1635 appeared "The Traitor," which, on October 10th, 1661, Mr. Pepys saw "most admirably acted," and thought "a most excellent play;" and in 1637, "The Lady of Pleasure," "The Young Admiral," "The Example," "Hyde Park," and "The Gamester." When the Master of the Revels licensed "The Young Admiral," he entered in his register his formal approval of its freedom from obscenity and profaneness, trusting that the exceptional commendation would encourage the poet "to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry." Evelyn in his Diary refers to this play as having been acted before the King in October, 1662. "The Gamester," a comedy of genuine merit, was founded on one of Malespini's "Ducento Novelle;" and its success has led to its revival on three separate occasions — as "The Wife's Relief; or, The Husband's Cure," adapted by Charles Johnson, in 1711; as "The Gamester," in 1758, by Garrick; and as "The Wife's Stratagem," in 1827, by John Poole. The comedy of "Hyde Park" is characterised by Alexander Dyce as "a finished specimen, replete with airy, sparkling wit." Pepys notes (on July 11th, 1668) that "he went to see an old play of Shirley's called *Hyde Park*, where horses are brought upon the stage; but it is a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall."

In 1637 Shirley went to Dublin, and supplied plays for the new theatre, opened by Ogilby, whom he afterwards assisted in translating Homer and Virgil. Returning to London in 1638, at the opening of the Civil War, he exchanged his pen for his sword, and fought under the chivalrous Earl of Newcastle, whom he helped, according to Anthony Wood, in the composition of his dramas. The success of the Commonwealth party closed the theatres, and Shirley was obliged to resume his old profession as a schoolmaster, in which he continued after the Restoration. Driven from his house in Whitefriars by the Great Fire, he and his wife were so overwhelmed by anxiety and alarm that they both died on the same day in October, 1666.

Besides the plays already mentioned he wrote "The Royal Master," 1638; "The Duke's Mistress," 1638; "The Maid's Revenge," 1639; "The Tragedy of Chabot, Admiral of France," 1639; "The Ball," in which he collaborated with George Chapman, 1639; "The Arcadia," 1640,—a pastoral, in which, with much poetical feeling, he has embodied the chief incidents of Sir Philip Sidney's famous romance; "The Humorous Courtier," 1640; and, in the same year, "St. Patrick for Ireland," "Love's Cruelty," "The Constant Maid," and "The Coronation." "The Triumph of Beauty" appeared in 1646, and "The Brothers" in 1652, together with "The Sisters," "The Doubtful Heir," "The Imposture," and "The Cardinal." Four plays belong to 1653,—"The Court Secret," "Cupid and Death," "The General," and "Love's Victory." "The Politician," and "The Gentleman of Venice," 1605; "The Contention of Ajax and Achilles," 1659, and in the same year, "Honoria and Mammon." Of his earliest

work, "Echo; or, The Unfortunate Lovers," 1618, no trace remains; and it is supposed to be identical with "Narcissus; or, The Self-Lover," which he published in 1646. The influence of Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" is conspicuous in it. Shirley was also the author of three Latin Grammars, "An Essay Towards an Universal and Rational Grammar," and of a volume of notes and miscellaneous poems.

No author, except Shakespeare, has written so many five-act pieces. His fertility of invention was most admirable, and there is as much vigour as fluency in his versification, which has sometimes a ring of Fletcher's graceful style, and sometimes of Massinger's freedom and variety. He was the last of the Elizabethans; not equal to the greatest among them, yet not altogether unworthy to wear their singing robes and keep them company. He sat at the same table, though lower down than those whom he acknowledged to be his masters. Mr. Hallam is of opinion that he has no originality, which is true in the sense that his plays do not bear the impress of a strong and distinct individualism; that he has no force in conceiving or delineating character, though his "Bostock" in "The Ball," and "Aretina" in "The Lady of Pleasure," are types well-designed and well-executed; that he has little of pathos, and less, perhaps, of wit. Hallam owns, however, that "his mind was poetical; his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language; he is never timid or affected, and seldom obscure; the incidents succeed rapidly, the personages are numerous, and there is a general animation in the scenes, which causes us to read him with some pleasure." While admitting his want of profound interest, and his incapa-

bility to grapple with the stronger passions, Campbell is charmed with his polished and refined language, the airy touches of his expression, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the happiness of his imagery. Of the felicitous grace with which he writes, here is a specimen:—

"Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweighed
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appeared
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gained a victory o'er grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven."

"Shirley," says Charles Lamb, "claims a place among the worthies of this period, not so much for any transcendant genius in himself as that he was the last of a great race, all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common." He inherited, as it were, their traditions, and was so ardent in his loyalty that no ambition ever crossed him to strike out an independent path. He was content to do as they had done; to echo their music, and paint with the same colours. He was, however, no incompetent or servile imitator. He studied, but he did not copy. His own gifts were considerable, and entitle him to our respect. Few men have ever exhibited a richer fancy, and this fancy is generally pure and elevated. His scenes abound in similes of the most agreeable and picturesque kind; and even when his characters are not very boldly drawn, or his incidents worked up with much passion, he invariably pleases by his melodious eloquence and by the subdued pathos of his strain. He constantly reminds us of Fletcher, who

was evidently his favourite model, and in two or three of the lyrics scattered through his plays we observe all Fletcher's exquisite grace and tender melancholy. The elder poet would have had no cause to be ashamed of the following "Lullaby," which occurs in Shirley's masque of "The Triumph of Beauty" (1646):—

"Cease, warring thoughts, and let this brain
No more discord entertain,
But be smooth and calm again.
Ye crystal rivers that are nigh,
As your streams are passing by
Teach your murmurs harmony.
Ye winds that wait upon the Spring
And perfumes to flowers do bring,
Let your amorous whispers here
Breathe soft music to his ear.
Ye warbling nightingales repair
From every wood to charm this air,
And with the wonders of your breast
Each striving to excel the rest,
When it is time to wake him, close your parts,
And drop down from the tree with broken hearts."

In the well-known Dirge from "The Contention of Ajax and Ulyses" (1659), which, it is said, was a favourite with Charles II., we hear that sad note originating in a deep sense of the mutability of human things that echoes through all the Elizabethan poetry. Though these fine stanzas have appeared in all our Anthologies, the reader will not fail to welcome their transcription in our pages:—

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill—
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, poor creatures, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The last stanza seems to us perfect in expression; there are no redundant epithets; and the compound "victor-victim" is introduced with happy effect.

Of the fluent elegance and natural force of his dramatic style, we give a brief specimen from "The Grateful Servant." Cleona is told by her page, Dulcino, of his interview with her lover Foscari:—

"*Cleona.*—The day breaks glorious to my darkened thoughts.
He lives, he lives yet! Cease—ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me.—Prithee, speak, sweet youth,
How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart
I'll build a flaming altar, to offer
A thankful sacrifice for his return
To life and me. Speak, and increase my comforts.
Is he in perfect health?
Dul.—Not perfect, madam,
Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.
Cle.—Oh, get thee wings, and fly, then;
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which, with his memory richer than all spices,
Disperses odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad
With thinking of his absence— [*He is going.*
Yet stay,
Thou goest away too soon. Where is he? Speak.

Dul.—He gave me no commission for that, lady;
He will soon save that question by his presence.
Cle.—Time has no feathers; he walks now on crutches.
Relate his gestures when he gave thee this.
What other words? Did mirth smile on his brow?
I would not for the wealth of this great world
He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee?
Dul.—He said what a warm lover, whom desire
Makes eloquent, could speak; he said you were
Both star and pilot.
Cle.—The sun's loved flower that shuts his yellow curtain
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising: with my parting lord
I closed all my delight; till his approach
It shall not spread itself."

Thomas Shadwell, who came of a good old Staffordshire family, was born at Stanton Hall, Norfolk, in 1640. Educated at Caius College, Cambridge, he entered the Middle Temple for the study of the law; made the usual continental tour; and returning home, embraced the profession of letters. As the stage then offered the readiest way to distinction, Shadwell, in 1669, produced the tragic comedy of "The Royal Shepherdess," which was sufficiently successful to encourage him to persevere. Taking Ben Jonson as his model, he next wrote "The Sullen Lovers" and "The Humorists," and in 1671 adapted Molière's "L'Avare," under the name of "The Miser." Then came the tragedy of "Psyche" in 1675, and that of "The Libertine" in 1676. In the same year was acted one of his best comedies, "Epsom Wells," a comedy of manners, lively, bustling, and humorous, which in itself is a sufficient answer to Dryden's bitter sneer that "Shadwell never deviates into sense." Shadwell was a Whig, and political rancour has done its best to depreciate his ability and mutilate his fame; but as a dramatist he rose head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries, and it is

only in his "Love for Love" and "Don Sebastian" that Dryden has over passed him. He shared with some other writers the strange notion that Shakespeare was deficient in stage-craft, and, in 1678, improved after his fashion the great poet's "Timon of Athens." In his dedication he says that "Shakespeare never made more masterly strokes than in this, yet I can truly say *I have made it into a play.*"

Shadwell, in 1682, published his "Lancashire Witches," which secured an immediate popularity, and in Teague O'Divelly, the Irish priest, and Smerk, a Church of England chaplain, contains two strongly marked and original characters. Yet it is by no means one of his best efforts, and its success must greatly have been due to political feeling. Its attacks on the Roman Catholics and on the intolerance of the Anglicans are so severe that much of the dialogue was omitted on the stage, by order of the Master of the Revels, but it is restored in the published play. "Bury Fair," 1689, and "The Scriveners," 1690, belong to the same category as "Epsom Wells," and reflect the manners of the period with a good deal of satiric force. Of his comedy, "The Virtuoso," 1676, Langbaine writes* "that nobody will deny this play its meed of applause. At least, I know that the University of Oxford, who may be allowed competent judges of comedy, especially if such characters as Sir Nicholas Gimcrack and Sir Formal Trifle, applauded it. And as no one undertook to discover the frailties of such pretenders to this kind of knowledge before Mr. Shadwell, so none since Mr. Jonson's time ever drew so many different characters of humour, and with

* Gerard Langbaine (1656-1692), in his "Account of the English Dramatick Poets," (1691), from which we have often borrowed.

such success." Elsewhere Langbaine says:—"I own I like his (Shadwell's) comedies better than Dryden's, as having more variety of characters, and those drawn from life. . . . That Mr. Shadwell has preferred Ben Jonson for his model I am very certain of, and those who will read the preface to 'The Humourists' may be sufficiently satisfied what a value he has for that great man." His indebtedness to Ben Jonson appears somewhat prominently in his "Squire of Alsatia." *

Rochester couples Shadwell with Wycherley, which is unfair to the author of "The Plain Dealer":—

> "None serve to touch upon true comedy
> But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley."

And he esteemed his conversational powers so highly, that he said of him—"If he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet." The tragic dramatist has a much better chance of being remembered by posterity than the comic, for the former deals with the passions, which are immortal; the latter with the humours, which are fugitive. For this reason Shadwell, now-a-days, is a mere name; but his ill-fortune is also owing to his presumptuous folly in attempting to reply to Dryden's poem of "The Medal—a Satire against Shaftesbury" (1682). Shadwell's composition was entitled "The Medal of John Bayes—a Satire against Folly and Knavery," and was one long invective against the great poet, who is styled "coward," "slave," "half-wit," "half-fool," and reviled with a coarseness which renders quotation impossible. Unlucky Shadwell! he drew down upon him-

* This comedy was partly written under the roof of the genial and generous Dorset, at Copped Hall, near Epping.

self the blasting lightning of Dryden's wrath in his "Mac Flecknoe," published in October, 1682, and fell to the ground, crushed and prostrate, a thing for gods and men to laugh at, or regard with contemptuous pity.

Richard Flecknoe, an Irish Roman Catholic Priest, who wrote much nonsense, and died in 1778; who—

> "In pun and verse was owned without dispute
> Through all the realms of nonsense absolute;—"

is represented as in his last days appointing Shadwell to be his successor on the throne of Dulness, because he alone of all his sons stood "confirmed in full stupidity." From all quarters, through streets littered with paper, the nations assemble to gaze upon the young hero, who stands near his father's throne, his brow enveloped in thick fogs, and "a vacant smile of satisfied imbecility" upon his countenance:—

> "The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
> High on the throne of his own labour seared.
> At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
> Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State;
> His brows thick fogs instead of glories grace,
> And lambent dulness played around his face.
> As Hannibal did to the altars come,
> Sworn by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
> So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
> That he till death true dulness would maintain,
> And in his father's right and realm's defence,
> Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
> The King himself the sacred unction made,
> As King by office, and as priest by trade.
> In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
> He placed a mighty mug of potent ale."

The impetuous satirist continues to shower down blow upon blow. He attacks Shadwell's method of composition:—

> "This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
> New humours to invent for each new play."

He cannot refrain from a coarse personal allusion:—

> "Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
> Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense,
> A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ."

Flecknoe continues to bless and advise his successor until, after the manner of Sir Formal Trifle, in Shadwell's comedy of "The Virtuoso," he disappears through a trap door —

> "He said: but his last words were scarcely heard:
> For Burn and Longril"—

two characters in "The Virtuoso"—

> "had a trap prepared,
> And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
> Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
> Borne upward by a subterranean wind.
> The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
> With double portion of his father's art."

Refusing to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to William and Mary, Dryden, in 1689, lost his offices of poet-laureate and historiographer, which, at the instance of Lord Dorset, were bestowed upon Shadwell. That his old enemy should be thus preferred was gall and wormwood to the author of "Mac Flecknoe," who would not have regretted his loss if the laurel had fallen to Congreve; but on the Whig side Shadwell was the man of letters most worthy of it. He wore it only three years. His death occurred on the 19th of November, 1692. The story goes that it was accelerated by an overdose of opium, to the use of which drug he had been addicted, though always taking the precaution (says Dr. Bendy) to say his prayers before he swallowed his dose.

The name of Thomas Southern is somewhat faintly preserved—every year the remembrance growing dimmer—

by his tragedies of "Oronooko," founded on Mrs. Aphra Behn's novel, and of "Isabella; or, The Fatal Marriage" (originally entitled "The Innocent Adultery"), in which our most famous actresses from Mrs. Porter and Peg Woffington down to Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neil, have loved to exhibit their powers.

Thomas Southern was born in Dublin in 1660, the year of the Restoration, and educated there at Trinity College. At the age of eighteen he crossed the Channel, made his way to London, and entered himself at the Middle Temple. He soon abandoned the study of the law, and took up the popular craft of dramatic writing. He must have already become a member of the literary society of London, when, in 1682, he produced his first play, "The Loyal Brother; or, The Persian Prince," for Dryden consented to write a prologue and epilogue to it. On this occasion Dryden raised the price of his prologue, because the players, he said, had had his goods too cheap. Southern borrowed his plot from a now forgotten novel, "Tachmus, Prince of Persia;" and his play grew into popularity, because it was understood to be a compliment to James, Duke of York. In 1684, appeared his comedy, "The Disappointment; or, The Mother in Fashion," founded on the novel in "Don Quixote" of "The Curious Impertinent." In the following year, on James II.'s accession to the throne, he entered the army, and was soon promoted to the command of a company in Lord Ferrer's regiment, in which he served during Monmouth's rebellion. With military service he was quickly satisfied, and hanging up his sword he resumed his well-loved pen. Unlike the majority of the wits and dramatists of the day, he lived a prudent and decorous life, made money, and saved it. When Dryden once asked

him how much he had obtained for his last new play, he admitted, to the poet's great astonishment, that he had received £700. He succeeded in extracting from a publisher £150 for the mere right of printing one of his dramas. Before his time a dramatic author had claimed only one night's profits as his perquisites. Southern insisted on a second and a third night; and he did not disdain to go round to his patrons and sell tickets for the nights in which he had this personal interest.

"He was a perfect gentleman; he did not lounge away his days or nights in coffee-houses or taverns, but after labour cultivated friendship in home circles, where virtue and moderate mirth sat at the hearth. In his bag-wig, his black velvet dress, his sword, powder, brilliant buckles, and self-possession, Southerne charmed his company, wherever he visited, even at fourscore. He kept the even tenor of his way, owing no man anything; never allowing his nights to be the marrers of his mornings; and at six-and-eighty carrying a bright eye, a steady hand, a clear head, and a warm heart, wherewith to calmly meet, and make surrender of all to the Inevitable Angel."

In May, 1692, Southern produced Dryden's tragedy of "Cleomenes; or, The Spartan Hero," which, at the poet's request, he had finished for him, adding the second half of the fifth act. His tragedy of "The Fatal Marriage," in which he is seen at his best, appeared in 1694, and his "Oronooko" in 1696. In his comedies very little of his unquestionable talent is conspicuous. His "Sir Anthony Love" was successful; but the only good thing in it is Sir Anthony's speech to Count Verola:—"Of the King's creation you may be; but he who makes a count never made a man"—a thought which has often been repeated,

or rather has occurred independently to different minds. As to Burns:—

"A king may make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith he cannot fa' that."

Southern wrote ten plays in all. To those we have named may be added "The Wife's Excuse," 1692, "The Spartan Dance," and "The Rambling Lady," and "Money's the Mistress." With the last, which was unsuccessful, he closed his long and respectable career. He died May 26th, 1746, having thus lived through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, George I., and into that of George II. He was born in the year which witnessed the restoration of the Stuart dynasty to the throne, and he died in that which beheld its collapse on the fatal field of Culloden.*

Sir Robert Stapleton may be dismissed in a few lines. He was the third son of a Yorkshire gentleman; was born in the early part of the 17th century, and educated at Douai in the English Benedictine Monastery. Returning to England, and mixing with some men of wit and fashion, he abandoned the creed of his fathers; and obtained the post of gentleman usher to Prince Charles—a post he retained after Charles ascended the throne. In 1642 his royal master knighted him; when the king retired into Oxford, after the Battle of Edgehill, the University rewarded his loyal services by making him a D.C.L. At the Restoration, this scholarly cavalier and gentleman received a small court office, and began to write for the stage. His comedy of "The Slighted Maid," 1663, was felt to be dull by the theatre-going Pepys; and Dryden says of it, that

* The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th of April, 1746.

"there is nothing in the first act that might not be said or done in the second; nor anything in the middle which might not as well have been at the beginning or the end." "The Step-Mother," was given to the world in 1664; "The Royal Choice," about 1667; and "Hero and Leander," in 1669. The last was a dramatic version of the "Loves of Hero and Leander," which he had already translated from the Greek of Musæus. He also translated Juvenal, and Strada's History of the Belgic War. He died on the 11th of July, 1669.

The name of Nahum Tate is preserved in connection with that monument of portentous dulness, the authorized metrical version of the Psalms, which, in conjunction with Nicholas Brady, he executed in 1695-1698. He was the son of Dr. Faithful Tate, was born at Dublin in 1652, and educated there at Trinity College. He came to London, and at the age of 25 published a volume of "Poems." Turning, like most of the clever young men of the day, to the stage as the best means of securing public recognition, he in rapid succession produced his tragedies of "Brutus of Alba," "The Loyal General," and "Richard II.; or, The Sicilian Usurper." With infinite audacity he applied his mangling hand to Shakespeare's "King Lear," undertaking "to rectify what was wanting;" and carrying out his undertaking by converting it into a kind of comedy, which ends with the happiness of Lear and Cordelia! He also altered "Coriolanus," and applied it to current politics, under the title of "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth; or, The Fall of Coriolanus." As a member of the Tory party, and a hanger-on of Dryden, he was allowed to furnish the great satirist's "Absalom and Achitophel" with a second part,

published in 1682, to which Dryden contributed the characters of Settle as Doeg and Shadwell as Og, and some other touches, amounting in all to 200 lines (lines 310-509).

Plying an industrious, if not a brilliant, pen, Tate published, in 1686, his "Memorials for the Learned," and in 1691 his "Characters of Virtue and Vice." In the following year, on the death of Shadwell, he was made poet-laureate, though those were sadly withered laurels which crowned his unblushing brow; and to show how unworthy he was of the office, he accomplished, in 1696, with the assistance of Dr. Nicholas Brady, his "New Version of the Psalms." His endowments did not suffice to secure him from the consequences of his intemperance and improvidence, and he died poor and in debt, on the 12th of August, 1715. Besides the works already named he wrote "Miscellanea Sacra," 1698; "Panacea, a Poem on Tea;" a play called "The Innocent Epicure," and a volume of "Elegies," 1699. The loyal birthday odes which he wrote as poet-laureate are such wretched trash as fully to justify Pope's bitterly contemptuous reference:—

> "The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
> Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
> Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
> And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight times a year:
> He who, still wanting, though he lived on theft,
> Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
> And he who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
> Means not, but blunders round about a meaning,
> And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
> It is not poetry, but pun run mad;
> All these my modest satire bade translate,
> And owned that nine such poets made a Tate."

One of the most successful comedies of the Restoration period was "The Adventures of Five Hours," skilfully adapted, at the suggestion of Charles II., from the Spanish

of Calderon, by Sir Samuel Tuke. It was produced in 1663, and gave great satisfaction to the public. Pepys praises it with extravagant warmth (January 8th:—"There being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' at the Duke's house, being, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke, I did long to see it; and so we went; and though early, were forced to sit, almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower formes, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent contrivance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall, and all possible, not only to be done in the time, but in most other respects very admittable, and without one word of ribaldry; and the house, by its frequent plaudits, did show their sufficient approbation").

Mr. Pepys was so well pleased that he went to see it again on the 17th, though then "it did not seem so good as at first," owing, he candidly says, to "my being out of order." But, he adds, it is indeed "a very fine play." *

Evelyn was present at the first performance. "I went," he says, "to see my kinsman, Sir George Tuke's, comedy acted at the Duke's Theatre, which took so universally, that it was acted for some weeks every day, and it was believed it would be worth to the comedians £400 or £500. The plot was incomparable; but the language stiff and formal." Evelyn's criticism is, as usual, judicious. The play, as Langbaine says, is excellent "for economy and contrivance;" "one of the pleasantest stories," says Echard, "that have appeared on our stage;" but the

* On another occasion he pronounces "Othello" "a mean thing" when compared with Sir Samuel Tuke's comedy.

dialogue is seldom easy or witty. The following couplet, however, is still remembered :

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

We come now to the chief of the comic dramatists of the Restoration, William Wycherley, who was twenty years old when King Charles "came to his own again." Pope endows him with the wit of Plautus, the art of Terence, and Menandu's fire; but if he excelled them in humour and inventiveness, he went far beyond them in obscenity. His plays are utterly and absolutely corrupt, not in language only, but in idea ; and he seems to have been incapable of conceiving a virtuous character, or of giving expression to a pure thought. His men are rakes, whose exuberant animal spirits cannot lead us to condone their incessant offences against decency; his women are courtesans, whose prurient charms are made all the more conspicuous by the flashing gems with which they are adorned. If they truly represent the society in which Wycherley lived, their and his proper home must have been a brothel. He makes Lady Fidget say, in "The Country Wife," "Our virtue is like the statesman's religion, the quaker's word, the gamester's oath, and the great man's honour; but to cheat those that trust us;—" so that Wycherley must have been unfortunate in the women he knew. Some praise is at times bestowed on his manliness; but a gentleman may be manly without being profligate ; and it is no sign of manliness, let us be sure, to defame our mothers and wives and sisters. Courtesans and procuresses ; these are the women who blurt out his oaths and his inuendoes. If one of them have a turn for honesty, he gives her "the manners

and the boldness of a hussar in petticoats." Dryden speaks of

"The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley."

We may concede the wit and the strength and the satire ; but we must deny the manliness of a writer who had no perception of the higher truths of human life, and no reverence for the modesty of womanhood.

"Wycherley's plays," says Macaulay, "are said to have been the produce of long and patient labour. The epithet of 'slow' was early given to him by Rochester, and was frequently repeated. In truth, his mind, unless we are greatly mistaken, was naturally a very meagre soil, and was forced only by great labour and outlay to bear fruit, which, after all, was not of the highest flavour. He has scarcely more claim to originality than Terence. It is not too much to say that there is hardly anything of the least value in his plays of which the hint is not to be found elsewhere. . . . The only thing original about Wycherley, the only thing which he could furnish from his own mind in inexhaustible abundance, was profligacy. It is curious to observe how everything that he touched, however pure and noble, took in an instant the colour of his own mind. Compare Molière's *Ecole des Femmes* with the Country Wife. Agnes is a simple and amiable girl, whose heart is indeed full of love, but of love sanctioned by honour, morality, and religion. Her natural talents are great. They have been hidden, and, as it might appear, destroyed by an education elaborately bad. But they are called forth into full energy by a virtuous passion. Her lover, while he adores her beauty, is too honest a man to abuse the confiding tenderness of a creature so charming and inexperienced. Wycherley

takes this plot into his hands ; and forthwith this sweet and graceful courtship becomes a licentious intrigue of the lowest and least sentimental kind, between an impudent London rake and the idiot wife of a country squire. We will not go into details. In truth, Wycherley's indecency is protected against the critics as a skunk is protected against the hunters. It is safe, because it is too filthy to handle, and too noisome even to approach."

A similar transformation takes place in "The Plain Dealer." Molière's Alceste is a man of much nobleness and purity, who has been soured into misanthropy by the evidences on every side of treachery, hypocrisy, and malevolence. Wycherley borrows him, and, in the words of Leigh Hunt, converts him into "a ferocious sensualist, who believed himself as great a rascal as he thought everybody else." The surliness of Molière's hero is exaggerated until it becomes a caricature. "But the most nauseous libertinism and the most dastardly fraud are substituted for the purity and integrity of the original. And, to make the whole complete, Wycherley does not seem to have been aware that he was not drawing the portrait of an eminently honest man. So depraved was his moral taste that, while he firmly believed that he was producing a picture of virtue too exalted for the commerce of this world, he was really delineating the greatest rascal that is to be found, even in his own writings."

William Wycherley was born in 1640, at Clive, near Shrewsbury, where his father, a gentleman of ancient lineage, had an estate valued at some £600 a year. The Civil War having established a republican form of govern-

ment and a Presbyterian heirarchy, the elder Wycherley would not send his son and heir to schools where these were advocated, but chose that he should be educated in France. For some time he resided on the banks of the Charente, and enjoyed the society of the Duke and Duchess of Montausier—the latter better known as Julia d'Angennes de Rambouillet — and in the cultured and elegant circle that gathered round them learned a good deal, both of fashionable manners and morals. It was natural enough in the circumstances that the gay young fellow, who at no time cared anything about religion, should relapse from Protestantism, which he, of course, associated with Puritanism, into Roman Catholicism. And it was equally natural, perhaps, that when at the Restoration he returned to England, and found that Protestantism at Court could put on a gay and smiling face, he should return to his father's religion. He became a member of Queen's College, Oxford, and to Bishop Barlow belongs the credit, such as it was, of converting this "good-for-nothing Papist" into a "good-for-nothing Protestant."

He left the University without taking a degree, and entered at the Middle Temple ; but for the dry study of the law he had no taste, and he spent his time in the theatres and other fashionable places of amusement. Having a turn for writing, he betook himself to dramatic composition, though at first without gaining access to the stage. He afterwards said that he wrote his first play, "Love in a Wood," at nineteen ; "The Plain Dealer" at twenty-five ; and "The Country Wife" at one or two-and-thirty ; but these early dates were undoubtedly suggested by his vanity. It was in 1672 that his "Love

in a Wood; or, St. James's Park," was produced, and the internal evidence shows that it could not have been written long before. Its success, aided by his handsome face and figure, won for the young author the favour of the Duchess of Cleveland, and she made him acquainted with his "good fortune" in a characteristic fashion. When driving in the Ring, she caught sight of him in a crowd of belles and fine gentlemen, and putting her head out of the coach window, shouted, "Sir, you are a rascal, you are a villain," and added a coarse epithet reflecting on the fair fame of the mother who bore him. On the following day Wycherley called upon her, and humbly begged to know how he had been so unfortunate as to offend her. Thus began an intimacy which placed Wycherley within the most private circle of the Court. "The partiality with which the great lady regarded him was indeed the talk of the whole town; and sixty years later old men who remembered those days told Voltaire that she often stole from the Court to her lover's chambers in the Temple, disguised like a country girl, with a straw hat on her head, pattens on her feet, and a basket in her hand."

The Duchess introduced her new favourite to Charles, who was charmed with his address and conversation, and distinguished him by special attentions. On one occasion, when he was confined by a fever to his lodgings in Bow Street, the King good-naturedly called upon him, sat by his bed, and finding him depressed and really ill, advised him to pay a visit to the South of France, and gave him £500 to defray the expenses of the journey. Buckingham, then Master of the Horse, and one of the Duchess's paramours, had at first displayed some marks of jealousy; but

he, too, was won over by Wycherley's manners, admitted him into his friendship, and gave him a place in the royal household and a commission in his own regiment. It is said that the dramatist in after years solicited his patronage for the great author of "Hudibras," who had fallen upon evil days, and was sinking into obscure poverty. The Duke consented to see him, and an appointment was made; but two pretty women happening to pass by, the poet was forgotten, and soon afterwards died in want.

When the second Dutch War broke out, Wycherley, like other young men of fashion, buckled on the sword. As a volunteer he served under Prince Rupert, in 1673, in the naval campaign against De Ruyter, and, on his return home, celebrated it in some indifferent verses. It was in this year that he brought out his second play, "The Gentleman Dancing-Master," but it failed to hit the taste of the town. Neither at the West End, nor in Salisbury Court, could an audience be got to receive it with approval. This failure, however, was more than compensated by the brilliant success, in 1673, of his "Country Wife"—partly founded upon Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes" and "L'Ecole des Maris." "Though one of the most profligate and heartless of human compositions, it is," says Macaulay, "the elaborate production of a mind, not indeed rich, original, or imaginative, but ingenious, observant, quick to seize hints, and patient of the toil of polishing." It is a play which one cannot read without afterwards becoming conscious of a nasty flavour in one's mouth.

Not less immoral, and not less witty, was "The Plain Dealer," which appeared in 1677, the hero of which, Manly, is represented as "of an honest, surly, nice humour, supposed first, in the time of the Dutch war, to have

procured the command of a ship out of honour, not interest, and choosing a sea life only to avoid the world." We must suppose, therefore, that this cynical and selfish sensualist is the dramatist's ideal of a true man. Hazlett's remark that this play is "a most severe and piognant moral satire," in which "the truth of feeling and the force of interest prevail over every objection," we are unable to accept or appreciate. It seems to us rather the kind of criticism upon Yahoos that might have been written by one of themselves. Yet, through the efforts of Lord Dorset and the critics, the play rose into such favour that its author was commonly known as "The Plain-Dealer," or as "Manly Wycherley," and the theatre was always full when it was set down for representation. One of the few quotable passages we subjoin, because it affords a favourable specimen of Wycherley's "manly" morality as well of his terse and epigrammatic language:—

"*Manly.*—Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorous, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your servile fear.

Plausible.—Nay, i'faith, i'faith, you are too passionate; and I must beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the acts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

Manly.—Let 'em. But I'll have no leading strings; I can walk alone. I hate a harness; and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another may do the like to me.

Plaus.—What, will you be singular then? like nobody? follow, love, and esteem nobody.

Manly.—Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody; court and kiss everybody; though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

Plaus.—Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend—

Manly.—With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths ove his shoulders, while you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common women and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

Plaus.—Such as I! Heavens defend me! upon my honour—

Manly.—Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

Plaus.—Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

Manly.—What, you were afraid?

Plaus.—No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing; I speak well of all mankind.

Manly.—I thought so, but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I that can do a rude thing rather than an unjust thing.

Plaus.—Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve; I ne'er, mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own. I will not disparage any man to disparage myself; for to speak ill of people behind their backs is not like a man of honour and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person: but if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

Manly.—Very well, but I that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people—which is very seldom indeed—it should be sure to be behind their backs; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, over-looking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back was turned; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me; cowards, whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud afore their mistresses; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent. [*Manly thrusts out Lord Plausible.*

Freeman.—You are a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

Manly.—A lord! what, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! But counterfeit honour will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend any way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it."

"The Plain-Dealer" marks the climax of Wycherley's career. 'Tis the summit of the ascent; thenceforward the decline is rapid and complete. The king, desiring to place his natural son, the young Duke of Richmond, under a man of accomplished manners, selected Wycherley, though, to be sure, a worse tutor for a youth, if manners

mean morals, could hardly have been chosen. Elated with his good fortune, the wit betook himself for a little entertainment to Tunbridge Wells, where, one day, while turning over books in a bookseller's shop on the Pantiles, he heard a rich and gay young widow, the Countess of Drogheda, inquiring for "The Plain-Dealer." "Madam," said a friend, who attended him, "since you are for the Plain-Dealer, there he is for you," and pushed Wycherley forward. The acquaintance thus casually begun soon ripened into an intimacy, and the intimacy ended in a marriage. It proved an unhappy one: the Countess, knowing her handsome husband's* taste for gallantries, watched him as closely as ever, in his own comedy, Mr. Pinchwife watched his rustic spouse. He was, indeed, allowed to meet his friends in the Cock Tavern, opposite to his house; "but on such occasions the windows were always open, in order that her ladyship, who was posted on the other side of the street, might be satisfied that no woman was of the party."

The marriage had deprived him of Court favour, while failing to add to his domestic comfort. The Countess, it is true, died early, and left him her fortune; but this disposition of it was contested by her kith and kin, and a series of law suits beggared the unfortunate widower, and he was thrown into the Fleet, and there he lingered, forgotten by his brilliant intimates, for seven years; when a fortunate chance took James II. to the theatre one night when "The Plain-Dealer" was acted. He was pleased with the play, and remembered the author, whom a pension of £200 a year rescued from the ignominy of a prison. It was probably out of gratitude for the royal

* Pope says he had "the true nobleman look."

munificence that Wycherley about this time returned to the communion of the Church of Rome.

Shortly after these events Mr. Wycherley the elder died, and the dramatist, a man of fifty, succeeded to the family estates. Even then, his position did not improve; he could not shake off the black care which rode behind him so closely as he went on his downward way. His property was entailed, and his extravagance added continually to his embarrassments. He was on ill terms with his heir-at-law, who, therefore, refused to join in any scheme for relieving Wycherley at the cost of his inheritance. Macaulay describes him as leading, during a long course of years, "that most wretched life, the life of a vicious old boy about town." Expensive tastes with little money, and licentious appetites with declining vigour, were the just penance for his early irregularities. A severe illness had produced a singular effect on his intellect. His memory played him pranks stranger than almost any that are to be found in the history of that strange faculty. It seemed to be at once preternaturally strong and preternaturally weak. If a book were read to him before he went to bed, he would wake the next morning with his mind full of the thoughts and expressions which he had heard over night; and he would write them down, without in the least suspecting that they were not his own. In his verses the same ideas, and even the same words, came with tedious but unconscious iteration.

We come now to the female dramatists of the Restoration, among whom Mrs. Aphra Behn is unhappily conspicuous. One cannot tell her story without pain, because it is all that it should not have been, that Nature never meant it to be. She might have been an honour to her

sex by her genius; her immodesty made her its disgrace. Women who now blush with shame at her discredited name might have repeated it with pride. She is not forgotten, simply because she serves us as so glaring an example of high talents prostituted to disgraceful uses. Against her many offences we can urge but one set-off; that she was the first to plead, and she pleaded it with the eloquence of earnestness, the cause of the slave.

"A gentlewoman by birth, of a good family in the city of Canterbury,"* Aphra Johnson was born at Wye in that city, in 1640. She was accustomed, by a pleasant fiction, to describe herself as the daughter of a Lieutenant-General Johnson, who, through the influence of his kinsman, Lord Willoughby, was appointed Governor of Surinam and the thirty-six West Indian islands. It seems true enough that in her childhood she accompanied her family to Surinam, though not to occupy so distinguished a position. Her previous talent had already astonished the domestic circle—she wrote "the prettiest, soft, engaging verses in the world;" and boy-lovers had fluttered around her, fascinated by her "uncommon charms of body, as well as of mind." Her father died on the passage; but his widow and children remained for some years in Surinam, of the scenery of which Aphra afterwards wrote with much picturesque fervour: "This country," she says, "affords all things, both for beauty and use; 'tis these eternal springs, always the very months of April, May, and June; the shades are

* Such was Mrs. Behn's own account of her lineage; but the Countess of Winchelsea says that she was the daughter of a barber, and Mr. Edmund Gosse has unearthed from the parochial register of Wye the fact that "Ayfara, the daughter, and Peter, the son of John and Amy Johnson," were baptized at Wye on July 10th, 1640. (See *Athenæum*, No. 2,967, Sept. 6th, 1884.)

perpetual, the trees bearing at once all degrees of leaves and fruits, from blooming buds to ripe autumn; groves of oranges, lemons, citrons, figs, nutmegs, and noble aromatics continually bearing their fragrancies; the trees appearing all like nosegays adorned with flowers of different kinds; some are all white, some purple, some scarlet, some blue, some yellow—bearing at the same time ripe fruit, and blooming young, or producing every day new. The very wood of all these trees has an intrinsic value above common timber; for they are often cut of different colours, glorious to behold, and bear a considerable price to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich balm and gums, so that we make our candles of such an aromatic substance as does not only give a sufficient light, but, as they burn, they cast their perfume all about."

Not less glowing is her description of her Surinam home, which was called St. John's Hill:—

"It stood on a vast rock of white marble, at the foot of which the river ran, a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little waves, still dashing and washing the foot of this rock, made the softest murmurs and purlings in the world, and vast quantities of different flowers, eternally blooming, and every day and hour new, fenced behind them with lofty trees of a thousand rare forms and colours, that the prospect was the most ravishing that sands can create. On the edge of this white rock, towards the river, was a walk or grove of orange and lemon trees, about half the length of the Mall here, whose flowery and fruit-bearing branches met at the top, and hindered the sun, whose rays are very fierce there, from entering a beam into the grove; and the cool air that came from the river made it not only fit

to entertain people in at all the hottest hours of the day, but refreshed the sweet blossoms, and made it always sweet and charming. And sure the whole globe of the world cannot show so delightful a place as this grove was; not all the gardens of boasted Italy can produce a shade so entire as this, which Nature had joined with art to render so exceeding fine; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast trees—as big as English oaks—could take footing on so solid a rock, and in so little earth as covered that rock. But all things by Nature there are rare, delightful, and wonderful."

We suspect that Aphra gives free rein to her imagination when she goes on to describe the sports in which she at this time indulged; such as searching for young tigers in their lairs, and daring the fury of their enraged dams. She was attended in her dangerous expeditions by a young black slave—named Cæsar by his master—who in his own land had been honoured as Prince Oronooko, and his melancholy story made a great impression upon her. Returning to England soon after the Restoration, her wit and beauty obtained her an introduction to Charles II., and she related to him the tragic narrative. With all his selfishness Charles had gleams of generous feeling, and he was so affected by it that he desired her to make it public. Such was the origin of "Oronooko," her first and her best novel.

About this time she became acquainted with and married a Mr. Behn, a Dutch merchant in London, but was soon left a widow. The King, who recognized her personal charms and mental gifts, then sent her to Antwerp to employ them in the craft of a political spy. This she did in the most effectual manner, establishing

such an influence over an Antwerp merchant, named Van der Albert,* who was deep in the counsels of the Dutch Government, that she was able to communicate to Charles II.'s cabinet De Ruyter's intention to carry his fleet up the Thames. Unfortunately, the English ministers refused to credit the intelligence, and took no steps to arrest the disaster that left so deep a stain on our naval renown. Van der Albert died when about to marry this fascinating Englishwoman; and she returned to England to devote her life to pleasure and literature. She managed to find time for both pursuits, though they are not generally regarded as compatible; and because she did so, failed to do justice to the powers she unquestionably possessed. Her writings all bear the mark of haste: but what is worse, they suffer also from the moral deterioration inevitable from the gay license of her mode of living. Her plays are coarser than those of Wycherley, without Wycherley's wit; her poems are lewder than those of Sedley, without Sedley's art. Her career as a dramatist she began in

* In one of her letters she gives an amusing, but probably fictitious, account of Van der Albert, and another of her Dutch suitors:—"Your friend and humble servant," she writes, "has set two of them in a blaze; two of very different ages (I was going to say degrees, sir, but I remember there are no degrees in Holland). Van der Albert is about thirty-two, of a hale constitution, something more sprightly than the rest of his countrymen; and though infinitely fond of his interest and an irreconcilable enemy to Monarchy, has by the force of love been obliged to let me into some secrets that might have done our King, and, if not our court, our country, no small service. But I shall say no more of this service till I see you, for particular reasons which you shall then likewise know.

"My other is about twice his age, nay, and bulk too, though Albert be not the most Barbary shape you have seen: you must know him by the name of Von Bruin. He had not visited me often before I began to be sensible of the influence of my eyes on this old piece of worm-eaten touchwood, but he had not the confidence (and that's much) to tell me he loved me; and modesty, you know, is no common fault of his countrymen, though I rather impute it to a love of himself, that he would not run the hazard of being turned into ridicule in so disproportionate a declaration. He often insinuated that he knew a man of wealth and substance, though stricken, indeed, in years, and on that account not so agreeable as a younger man, that was passionately in love with me, and desired to know whether my heart was so far engaged that his friend should not entertain any hopes."

1671, and wrote in all eighteen plays, namely:—"The Forced Marriage," 1671; "The Amorous Prince," 1671; "The Dutch Lover," 1673; "Adelazar," 1677; "The Town Fop," 1677; "The Rover; or, The Banished Cavalier," her best and most popular comedy, 1677; "The Debauchee," 1677; "Sir Patient Fancy," 1678; "The Feigned Courtezans," dedicated to Nell Gwynn, 1679; "The Rover," a second part, 1681; "The City Heiress," 1682; "The Roundheads," 1682; "The Young King," 1683; "The Lucky Chance," 1687; "The Emperor of the Moon," 1687; "The Widow Ranter," 1690; "The Younger Brother," 1696. Their general coarseness is indicated by Pope's well-known allusion —

"The stage how loosely does Astræa tread"—

Astræa being the name by which she loved to call herself, and to have her friends call her. It might be pleaded that she wrote to suit the taste of the time; but this is only partly true, for she continued to wallow in filth long after her audiences had grown tired of so much garbage; and if it be said that she reflected the manners of the age, our reply must be that she reflected the manners only of a certain class of men and women, who had much better have been left in oblivion. Her liveliness is undeniable; not one of her plays can be characterised as dull, but then very few of them are original. Mrs. Behn was a bold and consummate pilferer; she stole from Wilkins and Marlowe, from Shirley and Killigrew, from the French and Italian comedies; but she made excellent use of what she stole, and many scenes occur in her plays which could not fail on the stage to excite amusement.

The guilt of prurient suggestion and indelicate expression attends her in her poems, of which she published a volume in 1684; and in the following year a Miscellany, including several by Rochester and other writers. She also wrote some entertaining model love-letters, and translated the "Maxims" of Rochefoucauld, and the "Plurality of Worlds" of Fontenelle. Eight short novels proceeded from her pen, of which we have already named the best, "Oronooko." All this literary effort was comprised within 1671 and 1689, the year in which she died, at the comparatively early age of 47. Thus, in point of industry and versatility, as well as in point of intellectual capacity, she ranks among the first of English female writers; and it is deeply to be regretted that she gave so little conscientious care to her work, that she condescended to a coarseness and a freedom which prevent the pure-minded of her own sex from making acquaintance with it. True it is that in her time their faults were not seen so clearly as they are at present. An old lady of family assured Sir Walter Scott that, in her younger days, "Mrs. Behn's novels were as currently upon the toilette, as the works of Miss Edgeworth at present; and described with some humour her own surprise when the book falling into her hands after a long interval of years, and when its contents were quite forgotten, she found it impossible to endure at the age of fourscore what at fifteen she, like all the fashionable world of the time, had perused without an idea of impropriety." But this applies only to her novels, which, unpleasant as they sometimes are, rise above her plays in unquestionable superiority.

"Oronooko; or, the Royal Slave," merits consideration as the first English novel with a purpose, and the first

public indictment against slavery. In both respects it is a book of some value and of high interest. Written in a clear and forcible style, it is informed by a noble generosity of sentiment, while its fresh and picturesque descriptions indicate a real living sympathy with nature. It is the book of a strong mind—of a mind which, better trained, and schooled by study and observation, might have produced something much worthier of its strength.

"The King of Coromantion," begins the romancist, "was of himself a man of a hundred and odd years old, and had no son, though he had many beautiful black slaves; for most certainly there are beauties that can claim of that colour. In his younger years he had many gallant men, too—his sons, thirteen of whom died in battle, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his successor, one grandchild, son of one of those dead victors, who, as soon as he could bear a bow in his hand and a quiver at his back, was sent into the field to be trained up by one of the oldest generals to war, where, from his natural inclination to arms and the occasions given him, with the good conduct of the old general, he became, at the age of seventeen, one of the most expert captains and bravest soldiers that ever saw the field of Mars." At the end of the war the Prince visited the Court, from which he had been absent eleven years; "and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learned so much humanity, or, to give his accomplishments a juster name, where 'twas he got that real greatness of soul, those refined notions of true honour, that absolute generosity, and that softness that was capable of the highest passions of love and gallantry, whose objects were almost continually fighting men, or those mangled or dead, who heard no

sounds but those of war and groans. Some part of it we may attribute to the care of a Frenchman of wit and learning, who, finding it turn to a very good account to be a sort of royal tutor to this young black, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him morals, language and science, and was for it extremely beloved and valued by him. Another reason was, he loved, when he came from war, to see all the English gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their language, but that of the Spaniards also, with whom he traded afterwards for slaves."

"I have often seen and conversed with this great man, and bear witness to many of his mighty actions, and do assure my reader the most illustrious Courts could not have produced a braver man, both for greatness of courage and mind; a judgment more solid, or wit more quick, and a conversation more quick and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much; he had heard of the late civil wars in England, and the deplorable death of our great monarch, and would discourse of it with all the sense and abhorrence of the injustice imaginable. He had an extremely good and graceful mien, and all the civility of a well-bred, great man. He had nothing of barbarity in his nature, but in all points addressed himself as if his education had been in some European Court."

A glowing portrait is drawn of the young Oronooko's physical graces:—

"He was pretty tall, but of a shape the most exact that can be fancied—the most famous statuary could not form the figure of a man more admirably turned from head to foot. His face were not of that brown, rusty black which most of that nation are, but of a perfect ebony, or polished

jet. His eyes were the most awful that could be seen and very piercing; the white of them being like snow, as were his teeth. His nose was rising and Roman, instead of African and flat; his mouth, the finest-shaped that could be seen—free from those great turned lips which are so natural to the rest of the negroes. The whole proportion and air of his face was so noble and exactly formed, that, bating his colour, there would be nothing in nature more beautiful, agreeable, and handsome. There was no one grace wanting that bears the standard of true beauty. His hair came down to his shoulders, by the aid of art, which was by pulling it out with a quill, and keeping it combed, of which he took particular care."

As the body, so the mind:—

"Nor did the perfections of his mind come short of those of his person, for his discourse was admirable upon almost any subject, and whoever had heard him speak would have been convinced of their errors, that all fine wit is confined to the white man, especially to those of Christendom, and would have confessed that Oronooko was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a soul, as politics maxims, and was as sensible of power as any prince civilized in the most refined schools of humanity, or the most illustrious courts."

With Imoinda, the beautiful daughter of a general who has died in saving Oronooko's life in battle, this perfect young prince falls in love; but his grandfather, who is also in love with Imoinda, on discovering that she prefers her youthful suitor, sells her into slavery. Soon afterwards Oronooko himself is kidnapped, with a hundred young blacks, by an English trader. In his rage and despair he resolves to starve himself; but is induced to

take his food by the captain's solemn promise to set him and his companions at liberty as soon as they reach the land. They arrive at Surinam, and, of course, the captain breaks his word. He is sold in the public mart, and purchased by a Cornish gentleman named Trefry, who names him Cæsar, treats him with much humanity, and takes him to see a beautiful black girl, who proves to be no other than Imoinda, under the new name of Clemone. With Mr. Trefry's sanction the two slaves are married, and for a while live in much happiness and contentment. By degrees, the despair of recovering his liberty begets in Oronooko a sullen and gloomy mood, which, as he has great influence over the minds of the other slaves, wakens apprehensions of danger, and Mrs. Behn is requested to intervene. It was known, she says, that he and Clemone were scarce absent an hour in a day from her lodgings; that she showed them all the kindness in her power. She rivetted his attention with stories of the heroes of antiquity, while she taught his wife all the pretty works she was mistress of, and endeavoured to communicate to her some knowledge of Christianity. Her arguments and remonstrances wrung from him a pledge that he would make no immediate effort to escape, though it was given with an air of impatience and reluctance that convinced her he would not tarry much longer in bondage. "He had a spirit all rough and fierce, and that could not be tamed by lazy rest; and though all endeavours were used to exercise himself in such actions and sports as this world afforded, as running, wrestling, pitching the bar, hunting and fishing, chasing and killing tigers of a monstrous size, which this Continent affords in abundance, and wonderful snakes, such as

Alexander is reported to have encountered at the river of Amazons, and which Cæsar took great delight to overcome —yet these were not actions great enough for his large soul, which was still panting after more renowned actions."

His patience gave way at last; with his wife and numerous slaves, he fled to the woods; was overtaken by six hundred whites, headed by a wretch named Byam; and, after a desperate struggle, in which Imoinda fought gallantly by his side, was deserted by his companions, and forced to surrender. He was whipped immediately, in the savagest manner, but endured his sufferings in heroic silence. Indian pepper was rubbed into his wounds, and his legs and arms were loaded with fetters. Mrs. Behn found him in this miserable condition; ordered him to be put at once into a healing bath, so as to cleanse his wounds of the irritating pepper, and directed the chirurgeon to anoint him with a healing balm. In a short time he partially recovered. Thenceforward, however, he was a changed man; he lived only for one object, and that was to avenge the indignity which had been put upon him. It was the shame, not the pain of the lash, which had penetrated like an iron to his soul. His first care was to deliver his wife and her unborn babe from the cruelty of the white men, and in effecting this, he displayed the cold, stern fortitude of the old Roman hero.

"Being able to walk, and, as he believed, fit for the execution of his great design, he begged Trefry to trust him into the air, believing a walk would do him good, which was granted him; and taking Imoinda with him, as he used to do in his more happy and calmer days, he led her up into a wood, where (after a thousand sighs and long

gazing silently on her face, while tears gushed in spite of him from his eyes), he told her his design: first, of killing her, and then his enemies, and next himself, and the impossibility of escaping, and therefore he told her the necessity of dying. He found the heroic wife faster pleading for death than he was to propose it, when she found his fixed resolution, and, on her knees, besought him not to leave her a prey to his enemies. He grieved to death, yet, pleased at her noble resolution, took her up, and, embracing her with all the passion and languishment of a dying lover, drew his knife to kill this treasure of his soul, this pleasure of his eyes; while tears trickled down his cheeks, hers were smiling with joy she should die by so noble a hand, and be sent into her own country (for that is their notion of the next world) by him she so tenderly loved in this."

The fatal stroke is no sooner delivered than the unhappy Oronooko repents it; and his great grief absorbs his longing for revenge. He throws himself down by the side of the dead body of the wife he had so tenderly loved, and lies there, growing weaker every day until he is discovered, and falls again into the cruel hands of his enemies.

"The English, taking advantage by his weakness, cried out, 'Let us take him alive by all means.' He heard 'em, and, as if he had revived from a fainting or a dream, he cried out, 'No, gentlemen, you are deceived; you will find no more Cæsars to be whipped; no more find a faith in me; feeble as you think me, I have strength yet left to secure me from a second indignity.'

"They swear all anew, and he only shook his head, and beheld them with scorn. Then they cried out, 'Who will

venture on this single man? Will nobody?' They all stood silent, while Cæsar replied —

"'Fatal will be the attempt of the first adventurer, let him assure himself' (and, at that word, held up his knife in a menacing posture): 'look ye, ye faithless crew,' said he, ''tis not my life I seek, nor am I afraid of dying' (and at that word, cut a piece of flesh from his own throat and threw it at 'em); 'yet still I would live, if I could, till I had perfected my revenge; but, oh, it cannot be! I feel life gliding from my eyes and heart; and if I make not haste, I shall fall a victim to the shameful whip.'"

He inflicted on himself a fearful and a mortal wound, but was captured, carried back, and received such attention as recovered him sufficiently to suffer a slow and cruel death. He endured the tortures which his persecutors heaped upon him, without flinching, and an heroic life ended fitly with an heroic death.

Such is the touching story of Oronooko, which Southern afterwards cast into a dramatic form. How much of it was fact, how much sprang from Mrs. Behn's lively imagination, it is impossible to say; but what is certain is that she has told it in a very effective and striking fashion, with genuine earnestness and generosity of spirit, and, in telling it, has risen out of that atmosphere of worldliness and sensual pleasure which did her genius such cruel wrong.

Her poetical compositions, among other grave faults, have that of artificiality. One of the best is the following:—

"The grove was gloomy all around,
Murmuring the stream did pass,
Where fond Astræa laid her down
Upon a bed of grass;

I slept and saw a piteous sight,
Cupid a-weeping lay,
Till both his little stars of light
Had wept themselves away.
Methought I asked him why he cried;
My pity led me on,—
All sighing the sad boy replied,
'Alas! I am undone!
As I beneath yon myrtles lay,
Down by Diana's springs,
Amyntas stole my bow away,
And pinioned both my wings.'

'Alas!' I cried, ''twas then thy darts
Wherewith he wounded me?
Thou mighty deity of hearts,
He stole his power from thee?
Revenge thee, if a god thou be,
Upon the amorous swain,
I'll set thy wings at liberty,
And thou shalt fly again;
And for this service on my part,
All I demand of thee,
Is, wound Amyntas' cruel heart
And make him die for me.'
His silken fetters I untied,
And those gay wings displayed,
Which gently fanned, he mounting cried,
'Farewell, fond easy maid!'
At this I blushed, and angry grew
I should a god believe,
And waking found my dream too true,
For I was still a slave."

We are hardly justified in including Mrs. Katherine Phillips, "the matchless Orinda," as her contemporaries were pleased to call her, among the female Dramatists on the strength of her translations of "Le Pompée" and "Les Horaces" of Corneille. But she is a woman who has claims not to be overlooked—was she not Jeremy Taylor's friend, to whom our English Chrysostom dedicated his "Treatise on Friendship"?—and, therefore, we find a corner for her in these pages. She was born in 1633, and

died in 1664, four years after "the glorious Restoration." A brief but beautiful life, brightened by purity, culture, domestic peace, and all the womanly graces. Marrying a gentleman whom she devotedly loved, she retired from the Court of which she was well fitted to have been an ornament, to live with him and her children among the "sylvan solitudes" of Wales. The talents which delighted and astonished her contemporaries she exhibited at a very early age. Aubrey tells us that she was very apt to learn, and made verses when she was at school; that she devoted herself while still in her girlhood to religious duties, and would read and pray by herself an hour together. She read the Bible through before she was four years old; could repeat many chapters and passages of Scripture; and was a frequent hearer of sermons, which she would bring away entire in her memory, and would take down verbatim when she was ten years old. Who will wonder that of such a prodigy Nicholas Rowe should write —

"Orinda came,
To ages yet to come an ever-glorious name"?

Alas, to this present age, *nomen et præterea nihil*—or rather, the shadow of a name. None but the student now troubles himself about the accomplished lady whom Dryden and Cowley, Roscommon and Orrery combined to praise.

We add, however, a few biographical details.

The daughter of John Fowler, a London merchant, she was educated at a Hackney boarding-school, where her skill in poetry distinguished her above her companions. Afterwards she became "a perfect mistress" of the French tongue, and was taught the Italian by her

ingenious friend, Sir Charles Cotterel. Bred up in the tenets of Presbyterianism, she abandoned them as soon as she could examine and judge for herself. She married, when little more than sixteen, James Phillips, of the Priory of Cardigan, Esquire, by whom she had a son and daughter. She proved in all respects an admirable wife,—particularly by the assistance she afforded him in his affairs, which, "being greatly incumbered," she, by her powerful influence with Sir Charles Cotterel, and other great friends, and by her good sense and excellent management, reduced to order. To amuse her leisure she composed many poetical pieces, which, being scattered abroad among her friends and acquaintances, were collected together by an unknown hand, and published in 1663,—an ungenerous treatment which so affected her as to induce a severe attack of illness. "Her remarkable humility, good-nature, and agreeable conversation greatly endeared her to all her acquaintance; and her polite and elegant writings procured her the friendship and correspondence of many learned and eminent men. On her going to Ireland with the Viscountess Dungannon to transact her husband's affairs there, her great merit soon recommended her to the regard of those illustrious peers, Ormond, Orrery, Roscommon, and many other persons of distinction, who showed her singular marks of esteem; and at the pressing instances of those noblemen, particularly Lord Roscommon, she translated from the French of Corneille, into English, the tragedy of Pompey, which was acted on the Irish stage several times with great applause in 1663 and '64. It was likewise afterwards acted very successfully at the Duke of York's theatre in 1678. She also translated from the French of Corneille the tragedy

of Horace. Sir John Denham added a fifth act to the play, which was represented at Court by persons of quality."

While in Ireland she renewed a former intimacy with Bishop Jeremy Taylor, who had already honoured her by composing and publishing "A Discourse of the Nature, Offices, and Measures of Friendship, with Rules of Conducting it. In a Letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katherine Phillips."

Mrs. Phillips, while on a visit to her friends in London, was seized with small-pox, and died of it at her lodgings in Fleet Street.* She was buried in the church of St. Bennet Sherehog.

In 1667, a friend edited and published, in folio, "Poems by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Katherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda. To which are added M. Corneille's Pompey and Horace, Tragedies, with several other Translations from the French; and her Picture before them, engraved by Faithorne." A second edition appeared in 1678, in the preface to which it was stated that Orinda wrote her familiar letters with good facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; and that "if they were collected with those excellent discourses she wrote on several subjects, they would make a volume much larger than that of her Poems." In 1705 a small volume of her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel was published, under the title of "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus." The editor is good enough to describe them as "the effect of a

* Mrs. Anne Killigrew fell a victim to the same disease. In his Elegy to her memory Dryden says:—

"But thus Orinda died:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate."

happy intimacy between herself and the late *famous Poliarchus,*" the platonic *nom de plume* by which Sir Charles elected to be addressed; and to praise them as "an admirable pattern for the pleasing correspondence of a virtuous friendship!" He adds, with amusing complacency, that "they will sufficiently instruct us how an intercourse of writing, between two persons of different sexes, ought to be managed with delight and innocence." There is no doubt about their innocence; but their frigid affectations and formal commonplaces lead us to wonder how it was that "the matchless Orinda" obtained so high a reputation among wits and critics who certainly were fully competent to judge. We suppose there was a charm in her conversation which she failed to communicate to her correspondence, and that in criticising the latter her partial judges were biased by their recollections of the former.

The complimentary verses prefixed to her collected Poems show, however, that the writers were at least as much influenced by their respect for her morals as by their admiration of her talents. They dwell quite as warmly on her "hate of vice and scorn of vanities" as on her taste and skill as a maker of smooth rhymes. And it is this which is really the salt and savour of her poems. They reflect "the tender goodness of her mind," but nowhere is the reader conscious of a breath of true poetical inspiration. Their subjects are just those which would recommend themselves to an amiable and accomplished woman—poems to her friends ("Lucasia," Lady Dungannon, and "Rosania," Mistress Regina Collier); affectionate stanzas to her husband; occasional verses suggested by the marriages and deaths of her relatives and

intimates; and some feeble praises of the Welsh language and country life. Perhaps the most wonderful thing is a kindly epitaph on her mother-in-law—the only mother-in-law, perhaps, who ever received a public tribute! As a specimen of the general quality of Orinda's compositions we take the last lines of her memorial to her eldest son, who died in his 13th year:—

"Alas! we were secure of our content;
But find too late that it was only lent
To be a mirror, wherein we may see
How frail we are, how spotless we should be.
But if to thy blest soul my grief appears,
Forgive and pity these injurious tears;
Impute them to Affection's sad excess,
Which will not yield to Nature's tenderness.
Since 'twas through dearest ties and highest trust
Continued from thy cradle to thy dust;
And so rewarded and confirmed by thine,
That (wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine."

THE DUCHESSES.

CLEVELAND.
PORTSMOUTH.
RICHMOND.
MAZARIN.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DUCHESSES.

Cleveland—Portsmouth—Richmond—Mazarin.

An acute French critic comments upon the strong contrast presented by the libertinism of England under the Restoration to the libertinism of France; the former being as hard, forced, and brutal, as the latter was graceful, gay, and natural. The contrast unquestionably existed, and was due, I think, to a fact not discreditable to our country—that libertinism as a trade was uncongenial to the English character; and that, therefore, the courtier and the gallant who embarked in it rushed to an extreme because they were playing a part to which their associations had not accustomed them. Such, no doubt, was the case with the women of fashion and society. It had never been the custom of English gentlewomen to abandon themselves to the public profession of immorality; and when, under the evil influence of a licentious Court, they disregarded their old sweet traditions of purity and simplicity, the very reaction drove them into an attitude of revolt against all virtue. Louis XIV. had his mistresses like Charles II., but over his illicit connections

was thrown a certain air of dignity, and even of romance, so that modest maidens read the story of La Vallière almost without a blush. But the mistresses of Charles II. behaved like street harlots; were as lewd in their manners, as coarse in their language; and covered their royal "lover" with ridicule by the open indecorum of their infidelities. The Court of Louis XIV. was, *au fond*, as dissolute, perhaps, as that of the Merry Monarch, but its external aspect was one of order, seemliness, and courtesy; while that of the latter, with its orgies, its assignations, and its brawls, was an outrage upon public decency. From week to week Whitehall or Hampton Court resounded with the din of these heartless saturnalia. The courtiers bandied repartees and *doubles entendres* with their king, and mocked him to his face; the maids of honour toyed with their admirers in his presence, and laughed at him behind his back. The grossest scandals were of daily occurrence; the daughters of noble families outvied one another in the race of dishonour; no woman with any pretension to charm of face or grace of figure escaped—and few resented—the degrading attentions of the "men of fashion," who scoffed at female purity as a delusion, and applied all their powers to the unrestrained indulgence of the senses. Duelling and raking were the avowed accomplishments of a fine gentleman. As the historian says—"grave divines winked at the follies of 'honest fellows' who fought, gambled, swore, drank, and ended a day of debauchery by a night in the gutter. Life among men of fashion vibrated between frivolity and excess. One of the comedies of the time tells the courtier that 'he must dress well, dance well, fence well, have a talent for love-letters, an agreeable voice, be amorous and

discreet—but not too constant.' To graces such as these the rakes of the Restoration added a shamelessness and a brutality which passes belief."

This brutal and shameless sin which cankered English society within the limits of Court influence was, in a great measure, due to the evil example of the man whom tradition so absurdly designates "the Merry Monarch." He was a man of courage and of fine parts, of perfect manners, and easy temper; had some knowledge of art and poetry; told a story happily; and could hold his own amongst the brilliant wits of his Court. But a remorseless ennui consumed him, springing, perhaps, from a constitutional gloom of temperament; and he took refuge from it in the coarser forms of pleasure. During his exile he had seen much of the "seamy side of life," and had learned to disbelieve in the truth of man and the purity of woman. Sensual enjoyment became his exclusive object; but even into this he carried the burden of his invincible weariness, and he cared nothing for the women whom he made his mistresses—very little for the children of whom they proclaimed him the father. They deceived him openly, but he made no sign of anger or annoyance. Nor, we believe, did he feel any; he could not rouse himself sufficiently from his cynical indifferentism to entertain even these lesser emotions. It was but a part of the farcical comedy of which fate had made him the central figure. What did it matter? It would all end some day, and, meanwhile, he took such amusement as he could get, and recognized that he was cheated by the women on whom he lavished his royal gifts, and ridiculed by the courtiers whom he treated with so much good-natured familiarity. "No thought of re-

morse or shame," says Mr. Green, "seems ever to have crossed his mind." Why should it? Here was a man to whom life was nothing more than a dreary farce, which he and others were compelled to play out: how could remorse or shame penetrate the armour of this apathetic negligence? He cared nothing for the past; and as for the future, he did not think, he said, that God would make a man miserable only for taking a little pleasure out of the way. Perhaps, at last, he became conscious of some small anxiety on the subject; if so, he got rid of it in his usual easy fashion by embracing Romanism, and throwing all responsibility on the shoulders of his confessor.

"Mistress followed mistress," says the historian, "and the guilt of a troop of profligate women was blazoned to the world by the gift of titles and estates." These profligate women enjoy a kind of spurious immortality as "the Beauties of the Court of Charles II." Posterity has dealt with their memory much more kindly than they deserved, and I am not at all sure but that their names are better known to multitudes than those of the men of letters, and the philosophers, and the statesmen who, during their shameless reign, helped to make English literature, English science, and English history. I suspect that for a hundred who have heard of Nell Gwynn you will not find one who has heard, let us say, of Cudworth or Henry More. We are a moral people; yet audacious vice has a certain kind of attraction for us, like that of a deep pool for a man who cannot swim. He looks on, fascinated; though he has no intention of plunging into it. The curious popular interest still exhibited in the Beauties of the Court of Charles II. may be due to some such cause

as this; or it may be owing to the influence of their personal charms as preserved for us on glowing canvas by the brush of Sir Peter Lely. Everybody knows the apartment at Hampton Court—it is called "King William III.'s Bedroom"—the walls of which are adorned with the portraits of these voluptuous nymphs. When the Palace is open to the public you will always find an admiring crowd grouped before Sir Peter Lely's masterpieces, contemplating the liberal charms which once beguiled a king.

The origin of these portraits is thus explained by the biographer of the Count de Grammont:—

"There was in London," he says, "a celebrated portrait-painter, called Lely, who had greatly improved himself by studying the famous Vandyke's pictures, which were dispersed all over England in abundance. Lely imitated Vandyke's manner, and approached the nearest to him of all the moderns. The Duchess of York being desirous of having the portraits of the handsomest persons at Court, Lely painted them, and employed all his skill in the performance; nor could he ever exert himself upon more beautiful subjects."*

As Byron tells us, their disordered drapery hints we may admire them freely; but one cannot help a passing

* We subjoin Horace Walpole's criticism:—"If Vandyck's portraits are often tame and spiritless, at least they are natural; his laboured draperies flow with ease, and not a fold but is placed with propriety. Lely supplied the want of taste with *clinquant*: his nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. Add, that Vandyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's a sort of fantastic night-gowns, fastened with a single pin. The latter was, in truth, the ladies' painter; and whether the age was improved in beauty or flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Vandyck. They please us much more as they evidently meaned to please. He caught the reigning character, and

'. . . on the animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.'"

Anecdotes of Painters.

feeling of wonderment that even a king's mistress should consent to be exhibited to the public gaze with so excessive an *abandon*. Yet such a feeling may hardly be just, in a day when photography crowds the shop-windows with portraits of professional beauties and popular actresses in a costume—or want of costume—that would have shocked even Nell Gwynn.

These "Beauties of the Court of Charles II." occupy in the social history of the Restoration period a place of so much importance that it is not competent for us to ignore them wholly. They belong to the period as much as its dramatists, its courtiers, its poets, or its wits. Some of them, at least, are represented to this day among the proud aristocracy of England. The ducal house of Grafton traces its origin to Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland; that of St. Albans, to Mistress Eleanor Gwynn; that of Richmond to Louise de Querouaille; and that of Buccleuch to Lucy Walters. Sir Bernard Burke would tell us how many other noble families are more or less directly connected with these royal courtesans. *Place aux Dames!* is, therefore, an obligation which we cannot refuse to acknowledge; but we shall pass as briefly and lightly as possible over the story of their careers, which has in it so little to interest the historian, and so much to grieve the moralist—confining ourselves in the present chapter to the four of highest rank, the notorious Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth, Richmond, and Mazarin.

Her imperious temper and brilliant, bold beauty brings into the front rank the notorious Barbara Palmer, successively Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland.

She was the daughter and heiress of William Villiers, Viscount Grandison, who died at Oxford, in 1643, of

wounds received in Edgehill fight. In 1658, when she was just eighteen years old, she was married to Roger Palmer, then a student in the temple, and heir to a small estate. In the following year the young couple joined the Court of King Charles II. at Breda, where the charms and gallantries of the new beauty soon attracted attention. In 1661 she gave birth to a daughter, afterwards Lady Sussex, whose father was generally considered to be the Earl of Chesterfield. But she was already the avowed mistress of Charles II., and had begun to acquire over him an ascendancy which, in spite of continual intrigues against her, she maintained for nearly ten years. On the king's marriage to Catherine of Braganza, he endeavoured to force her upon his reluctant consort as a lady of the bedchamber, that he might continue to enjoy her company at Court; and to qualify her for this promotion, he created her husband, in 1662, Earl of Castlemaine in the Irish peerage. The king's connection with the imperious beauty was a matter of so much publicity as to be well known at the Portuguese Court; and before Catherine left Lisbon her mother urged upon her never to allow the Countess's name to be mentioned in her presence. Judge of her indignation, therefore, when she found her included among the ladies of the bedchamber! She struck the hated woman from the list; and as she threatened to return to her family rather than undergo so gross an outrage, Charles for a time was compelled to submit. Some months later, when he thought a suitable opportunity had arrived for repeating the attempt, he led the Countess into the queen's audience-chamber at Hampton Court, and presented his mistress to his wife. At first the Queen appears not to have recognized the name,

and she received her, therefore, with politeness; but when the truth flashed upon her, and she perceived the full enormity of the insult, she burst into tears, the blood flowed from her nose, and she fell to the ground in a swoon. Her ladies conveyed her to another room, and the company broke up "in admired disorder."

So absolute, however, was the influence which the Countess exercised, that Charles persisted in this struggle against his wife's natural feelings. Moreover, he was sensitive to the jibes and jeers of his courtiers, and would rather appear before the world as "no gentleman" than as a henpecked husband. His own remonstrances and persuasions proving ineffectual to overcome his wife's resistance, he sought the intervention of his Lord Chancellor, Clarendon. To him he related all that had taken place, and requested him to negotiate with the Queen for her consent to the proposed arrangement, by which her husband's mistress was to be included among her personal attendants and close companions. Clarendon, for many reasons, shrank from the unwelcome task. Not one of the least powerful was the strong antipathy which had always existed between the Countess and himself; but he also felt the shame and disgrace of being employed on so dishonourable a mission, nor was he insensible to the cruelty of laying upon the Queen a command "which flesh and blood could not comply with." Charles listened with patience, but repeated his request; and the grave Chancellor conquered his scruples rather than risk official disgrace. He paid three visits to the Queen in carrying out this dirty business; but failed, as the King had failed, to shake her resolution. At one time she would be prostrated with the bitterness of her grief; at another,

her wounded pride kindled into a blaze of wrath; but, sorrowful or indignant, she rejected all the Lord Chancellor's appeals, promises, and expostulations. Charles' temper gave way, and he addressed his unlucky go-between in this most unkingly strain:—

"HAMPTON COURT.

"For the Chancellor.

"I forgot when you were here last to desire you to give Broderick good council not to meddle any more with what concerns my Lady Castlemaine, and to let him have a care how he is the author of any scandalous reports; for if I find him guilty of any such thing, I will make him repent it to the last moment of his life.

"And now I am entered on this matter, I think it very necessary to give you a little good council, lest you may think that by making a further stir in the business you may divert me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do, and I wish I may be unhappy in this world, and in the world to come, if I fail in the least degree of what I resolved, which is of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bed-chamber, and whosoever I find endeavouring to hinder this resolution of mine, except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you: if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again I solemnly swear before Almighty God; wherefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure *my*

honour is so much concerned in; and whomsoever I find to be my Lady Castlemaine's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may shew this letter to my Lord Lieutenant, and if you have both a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in this matter.

"CHARLES R."

Out of that topsy-turvy world in which Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis Carroll delight, could anyone expect to find so strange and wayward a group of characters as is here presented for our bitter, scornful laughter? A King, his Lord Chancellor, and his Lord Lieutenant, all engaged in the ignoble enterprise of forcing upon that King's young and blameless wife—but recently married—the intimacy of his mistress! Can it ever have occurred to the sovereign and his grave statesmen what ignominious figures they would make in the eyes of posterity? I know of nothing in Charles's life—unspeakably mean and criminally foul as it was—so mean, so foul as this effort, unfortunately at last successful, to involve his wife in the smirch and stain of his own infamy—to make her publicly recognize, and to all appearance sanction, the adulterous connexion which had brought dishonour to her bed and sown with thorns her path. He succeeded, for the struggle was too unequal to be of long continuance: Catherine, friendless, and persecuted by him who should naturally have been her protector, suddenly submitted, and astonished the world by the completeness of her submission. She treated her rival with open familiarity; they conversed together, and smiled upon each other, in public, like old and attached friends; and it would really seem that even-

tually something like a friendly understanding was established between the mistress and the wife.

Let us, with the help of Mr. Pepys, now take a passing glance at the mistress's husband. "That which pleased me best," says the diarist, "was my Lady Castlemaine standing over against us upon a piece of Whitehall. But methought it was strange to see her lord and her upon the same place, walking up and down without taking notice of one another: only, at first entry, he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it." This child the Earl, who was a Roman Catholic, desired to have baptized in his own communion; but Lady Castlemaine declared that the King was his father, and the infant was baptized, therefore, according to Church of England rites, the King, the Earl of Oxford, and the Countess of Suffolk acting as sponsors. In great dudgeon, the Earl withdrew to the Continent, while Lady Castlemaine, gathering up her jewels, removed to her brother's house at Richmond, and was soon afterwards installed in gorgeous apartments at Whitehall.

At the time of the Popish Plot, Lord Castlemaine was charged by the infamous Titus Oates with having conspired, in revenge for the injury done him by the King, against Charles's life; but the evidence was not convincing, the jury were lenient, and he luckily obtained an acquittal. On the accession of James II. he was appointed Ambassador to the Court of Rome, with instructions "to reconcile the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland to the Holy See, from which, for more

than an age, they had fallen off by heresy." For such a mission it was impossible to have chosen a more unfit person. He was well versed, to be sure, in theological polemics; but for the post thrust upon him he had neither the requisite address nor capacity, and his name was indissolubly associated with dishonourable circumstances. He was known, as Macaulay puts it, all over Europe as the husband of the most shameless of women, and he was known in no other way. It was impossible to speak to him, or of him, without remembering the price he had paid for his title. This circumstance would not have been of so much importance if he had been accredited to some profligate Court; but the impropriety was obvious of sending him upon an embassy, which was of a spiritual rather than a secular character, to a pontiff of primitive austerity. It was not until after some months of delay that the Pope admitted him to a public audience, and then he received him with such icy reserve, and so unmistakably indicated his dislike, that there was nothing for him but to return home like a whipped spaniel. He spent the closing years of his life in Wales, and died in 1705.

In 1670, after her separation from Charles II., and probably as part of the terms on which it was effected, the Countess was created Baroness of Nonsuch, in Surrey, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland, during her natural life, with remainder to Charles and George Fitzroy, her eldest and her third sons, and to their heirs male.

Of the relations which had subsisted between Charles and his mistress during the period of her ascendancy we find some curious glimpses in the gossippy chronicle of

our friend Pepys. They serve to confirm us in the belief that the Court of Charles II. was, as we have already hinted, a kind of topsy-turvy world in which everything was reversed, the laws of etiquette as well as the principles of morality.

He writes on May 21st, 1662: "My wife and I to my lord [Sandwich] 's lodging; where she and I stayed walking in Whitehall Garden. And in the Privy Gardens saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped every day and night the last week; and that the night the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrival, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street; which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she . . . was said to be the heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of doors, since the King's going."

"*January*, 1663.—Mrs. Sarah tells us how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine, and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone privately, and that so as the very sentries take notice of it and speak of it."

"*April 8th*, 1663.—After dinner to the Hyde Park; at the Park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn."

"*April 25th*, 1663.—I did hear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he having

not supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath been with him since St. George's Feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her own house to a chamber in Whitehall, next to the King's own."

"*July 22nd*, 1663.—In discourse of the ladies at court, Captain Ferrers tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now as great again as ever she was; and that her going away was only a fit of her own upon some slighting words of the King, so that she called for her coach at a quarter of an hour's warning, and went to Richmond; and the King, next morning, under pretence of going a-hunting, went to see her and make friends, and never was a-hunting at all. After which she came back to Court, and commands the King as much as ever, and hath and doth what she will. No longer ago than last night, there was a private entertainment made for the King and Queen at the Duke of Buckingham's, and she was not invited; but being at my Lady Suffolk's, her aunt's (where my Lady Jemima and Lord Sandwich dined) yesterday, she was heard to say—'Well, much good may it do them, and for all that I will be as merry as they;' and so she went home and caused a great supper to be prepared. And after the King had been with the Queen at Wallingford House, he came to my Lady Castlemaine's, and was there all night, and my Lord Sandwich with him. He tells me he believes that, as soon as the King can get a husband for Mrs. Stewart, however, my Lady Castlemaine's nose will be out of joint; for that she comes to be in great esteem, and is more handsome than she."

"*June 10th*, 1666.—The Queen, in ordinary talk before

the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence (though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning), but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in, and overhearing, did whisper in her ear aside, and told her she was a bold, impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pall Mall, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them; and so she came, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her."

"*July 29th*, 1667.—I was surprised at seeing Lady Castlemaine at Whitehall, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all,—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. So she is come to-day, when one would think his mind would be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament with so much discontent and so many wants upon him, and *but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery*.

"*August 7th*, 1667.—Though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at Whitehall, but at Sir D. Harvey's, whither the King goes to her; and he (Sir D. Harvey) says she will make him (the King) ask

her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so."

"*January* 16*th*, 1669.—Povy tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now in a higher command over the King than ever—not as a mistress, for she scorns him, but as a tyrant to command him."

The amours of this shameless beauty supplied the lampooners of the day with abundant material, but their coarsest shafts seem to have had no effect upon her imperturbability. Among the gallants she favoured was Harry Jermyn, who makes so contemptible a figure in De Grammont's Memoirs; Charles Hart and Goodman, the actors; Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer; and Wycherley, the dramatist. Handsome Jack Churchill (afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough) was also the object of a temporary attachment. "A man, who from an ensign in the Guards," says Count Hamilton, "was raised to such a fortune, must certainly possess an uncommon share of prudence, not to be intoxicated with his happiness. Churchill boasted of it in all places; and the Duchess, who recommended to him circumspection neither in his behaviour nor his conversation, did not seem to be concerned in the least at his indiscretion. Thus this intrigue had become a general topic in all companies, when the Court arrived in London, and occasioned an immense number of speculations and reasonings." It was disclosed to the King by the Duke of Buckingham, between whom and the Duchess an ill-feeling had always prevailed. He conducted Charles to the chamber of his mistress, when she was entertaining her gallant, but, the alarm being given, Churchill escaped by leaping from the window. The Duchess rewarded his prompt courage with a gift of

£5,000; of which, with characteristic thrift, he disposed by purchasing an annuity of £500, secured on the estates of the Earl of Halifax.

The vehemence of her temper bored the King at last, and in 1668 she found it necessary to retire from Whitehall. Two years later she repaired to France, and there she principally resided during the remainder of her ill-spent life. At Paris she did not mend her ways nor her morals; and scandal connected her name with those of Montagu, the English amdassador, first Duke of Montagu, and the Chevalier de Chatillon. Her *liaison* with the latter was so openly conducted as to provoke a remonstrance from Charles II., to which she replied in a strain of defiant shamelessness:—"I promise you," she wrote, "that for my conduct it shall be such as that you nor nobody shall have occasion to blame me. And I hope you will be just to what you said to me, which was at my house when you told me you had letters of mine. You said—'Madam, all that I ask of you for your own sake is, live so for the future as to make the least noise you can, and I care not who you love!'" Love! was ever that noble passion more miserably degraded?

That Nemesis which always waits upon our ill-doings overtook the Duchess in her later years. She was sixty-five when some singular infatuation led her to marry*—a few months after her husband's death—Robert Fielding, better known in the scandalous chronicles of the time as "Handsome Fielding," or "Beau Fielding," a man of infamous character and desperate fortunes, who so cruelly ill-treated her that she was compelled, within a few months, to seek the protection of the law. Fortunately

* November 25th, 1705.

for the Duchess, it was discovered that he had a wife still living; and his conviction for bigamy delivered the Duchess from her thraldrom. She died about two years afterwards, of dropsy (October 9th, 1709), and was buried in Chiswick Church. No monument marks her last resting-place.

Bishop Burnet says of her:—"She was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which, in so critical a time, required great application." The propriety of one of the Bishop's epithets may well be doubted. Had she not possessed some amount of talent, readiness, resource, and courage, she could hardly have maintained her ascendancy in Charles's Court for nine or ten years, and have foiled the numerous intrigues directed against her. She was a bold, bad woman, unquestionably; she had not even the grace to be faithful to her royal lover—a grace which has inclined posterity to condone in some degree the frailty of an Agnes Sorel, a Gabrielle D'Estrées, and a Louise de la Vallière. She was almost as indiscriminate in her attachments as the *hetairæ* of the streets; but that she was a woman of considerable capacity must, we think, be admitted. Her personal attractions not even her enemies disputed; her beauty was on that large and liberal scale which dazzles and commands—which surprises from the spectator his involuntary admiration. She seems to have been capable of acts of generosity; and it may be set to

her credit that she does not appear to have exerted her influence over the King for any political object. The chief use she made of it was to accumulate lands and moneys, which she afterwards dissipated at the gaming table. She is said to have lost £27,000 at a single sitting.

The negative merit with which we have been compelled to credit the Duchess of Cleveland cannot be put to the good account of Louise de la Queronaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. This black-eyed, baby-faced beauty made her appearance at Charles's Court, avowedly as an emissary of Louis XIV., and with the special object of attaching the King to the French interests.

"One of the devices," says Macaulay, "to which Louis resorted for the purpose of obtaining an ascendency in the English counsels deserves special notice. Charles, though incapable of love in the highest sense of the word, was the slave of any woman whose person excited his desires, and whose airs and prattle amused his leisure. Indeed, a husband would be justly derided who should bear from a wife of exalted rank and spotless virtue half the insolence which the King of England bore from concubines who, while they owed everything to his bounty, caressed his courtiers almost before his face. He had patiently endured the termagant passions of Barbara Palmer and the pert vivacity of Eleanor Gwynn. Louis thought that the most useful envoy who could be sent to London would be a handsome, licentious, and crafty Frenchwoman. Such a woman was Louise, a lady of the house of Querouaille, whom our rude ancestors called Madam Carwell."

Early in 1670, she came over to England in the train of

the Duchess of Orleans, and her fresh young charms—she was not more than four-and-twenty—her pleasant piquant talk, and her fascinating manners at once established over Charles a dominion which lasted until his death. Like most Frenchwomen she had a natural talent for intrigue, which she applied successfully to English politics, fully justifying the confidence which Louis XIV. had reposed in her. It was this meddling in affairs of State which excited the popular indignation, and it swelled the more strongly against the intrusive courtesan because she was also a foreigner and a Roman Catholic. Of all Charles II.'s mistresses, she was the most bitterly hated. The savagery of the lampoons directed against her is such that we dare not transcribe them in these pages. Some of them assail her on a point which a vain woman would feel acutely. Of the few which are quotable, one appeared in 1682, and was supposed to be written under her portrait:—

"Who can on this picture look,
And not straight be wonder-struck,
That such a sneaking dowdy thing,
Should make a beggar of a king?
These happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears.
Ruin the great, and raise the small,
Yet will by turns betray them all.
Lowly born and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation is the head:
For half Whitehall make her their court,
Though th' other half make her their sport.
Monmouth's tamer, Jeffrey's advance,
Foe to England, spy to France;
False and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you see, and old."

In August, 1673, Louise was created Baroness of Petersfield, Countess of Farnham, and Duchess of Portsmouth. At the same time *le grand Monarque* acknowledged the

value of her services by conferring on her the Duchy of Aubigny. In 1675 her son by the king was made Duke of Richmond and Lennox. Her wealth was enormous; no place of emolument or trust about the Court could be disposed of until a bribe had been placed in her rapacious hands; Charles lavished liberal gifts upon her, and she received from the French Court a handsome "retaining fee." The evidences of her good fortune rapidly accumulated about her, and her apartments at Whitehall were crowded with costly objects. In Evelyn's Diary we find a graphic description of her boudoir, which, in its sumptuousness, was fitted for any Eastern Sultana:—"Following his Majesty through the gallery, I went," he says, "with the few who attended him into the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing-room within her bedchamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment, now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures, while her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's wives' in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain's, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life, rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, brasiers, etc., all of massive silver, and out of number;

besides some of his Majesty's best paintings"—which had been removed from the Queen's rooms to adorn the lodgings of the mistress.

There can be little doubt but that Charles's conversion to Romanism was in a large measure due to the influence of the Duchess; and it was through her prompt and earnest action that he received on his death-bed the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of Rome. In an interview with Barillon, the French Ambassador, she revealed to him the secret of the King's religious profession. "I have," she said to him, "a thing of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The King is really and truly a Catholic; but he will die without being reconciled to the Church. His bedchamber is full of Protestant clergymen. I cannot utter it without giving scandal. The Duke is thinking only of himself. Speak to him. Remind him that there is a soul at stake. He is master now. He can clear the room. Go this instant, or it will be too late." Barillon acted upon her advice; Father Huddleston was smuggled into the chamber of death, and administered the Eucharist to the dying King.

On his death-bed Charles commended the Duchess to his brother's protection, and when his natural children were brought to receive his blessing, it was observed that he bestowed it with special earnestness on his son by the Duchess. His affection for her, the Duchess seems to have reciprocated with some degree of sincerity; and her grief at his death was not wholly selfish. She retired to France with the spoils she had gathered; but her love of the gaming-table soon reduced her to beggary, and but for a pension from the French Government she must

have starved. She preserved until late in life the remarkable personal charms which had won the favour of a king. In her old age she was distinguished by her rigorous discharge of her religious duties, and the completeness of her repentance for the follies and failings of her early career. To speak the truth, she was certainly the most discreet of Charles II.'s mistresses, and excites the least repugnance.

It is said that in 1715 she paid a visit to England, and was presented to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales. She survived Charles II. for nearly fifty years, dying at the age of eighty-eight, at Aubigny, in France, in November, 1734.

One of the most conspicuous figures in the *chronique scandaleuse* of the time—not, it must be admitted, through any special degree of frailty on her own part—was the beautiful Frances Theresa Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond.

A daughter of Walter Stewart, son of Walter, second Lord Blantyre, she was born about 1647, and educated in France, whence she came over to England in 1662, with her mother, as one of the ladies of the Dowager Queen, Henrietta Maria. Pepys was informed by Evelyn that Louis XIV. would fain have detained her in France, "saying that he loved her, not as a mistress, but as one that would marry as well as any lady in France." Her mother, however, desired for her a different kind of preferment, and with her natural charms enhanced by the graces derivable from a French training, she burst upon the astonished Court a vision of splendid and unequalled beauty. She was almost immediately appointed maid-of-honour to Queen Catherine. The King fell at once a

victim to her loveliness, and seems to have felt for this fair young creature a stronger and deeper passion than any other woman ever inspired in him. Lady Castlemaine did not fail to notice this attachment; but favoured instead of seeking to combat it,—either because she did not think it necessary to be jealous of a girl of sixteen, or that she was too confident in her influence over the King. She not only showed no uneasiness at the royal infatuation, but affected to make Miss Stewart her friend and companion, invited her to all her entertainments, and often kept her to sleep. As it was Charles's daily habit to visit the Countess before she rose, he usually found Miss Stewart in bed with her. These opportunities inflamed his passion, which soon became the common talk of the Court. "The King," says Pepys, writing in 1663, "is now become besotted with Miss Stewart, getting her into corners, and will be with her half an hour together, kissing her, to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself, and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do." A girl of sixteen might well be flattered and beguiled by the passionate devotion of a king; but it says much for her prudence and resolution that though she yielded to his caresses beyond the limits of decorum, she at least preserved her honour.

Of her beauty there can be no doubt. Not only the picture by Lely, but the cast made by Roettiere, the engraver of the mint, as well as the testimony of her contemporaries, establishes this fact. Hamilton, who did not like her, and always writes of her in a spiteful strain, is compelled, Balaam-like, to praise where, evidently, he would have been glad to have depreciated:—"It was

hardly possible," he says, "for a woman to have less wit or more beauty; all her features were fine and regular, but her shape was not good." Yet he admits that "she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women. She was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother-tongue; she was well-bred, and possessed in perfection that *air of dress* which is so much admired, and is very rarely attained, unless acquired when young in France." She rode as one to the manner born. Pepys saw her, on one occasion, returning with the Court from a ride: "I followed them," he says, "into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauty and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Miss Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life."

It is a mere truism to say that the rarest personal graces are not always accompanied by extraordinary intellectual gifts; but, if Anthony Hamilton may be credited, "la belle Stewart" was little better than a beautiful simpleton. We must remember, however, that Hamilton, as we have already hinted, writes about her with a spitefulness which suggests that he had received a rebuff at her hands, and, therefore, is hardly a credible witness. Further, that she was barely twenty when she was married, and that from a lively maiden in her "teens" one does not, as a rule, expect either much wisdom of utterance or demureness of

behaviour. According to Hamilton, she laughed at everything—the world had treated her so kindly that she had no cause for sighs or tears!—and her liking for frivolous amusements, though sincere, was allowable only in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. To blind-man's buff she was exceedingly partial. She would divert herself by building castles of cards—"as playful children use"—while the deepest play was going on in her apartments—where she sat surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards; or by young castle-builders, who endeavoured to imitate her skill. After all, she turned her cards to greater advantage than did the gamblers, who lost by them reputation and fortune!

Hamilton admits that she had a passion for music, and had some taste for singing; and the Duke of Buckingham profited by these inclinations to recommend himself to the young Beauty's notice. He had a fine voice, and as she delighted in his songs, he became her particular favourite. His entertaining stories, his *bon-mots*, his clever mimicry, all served so agreeably *pour passer le temps*, that whenever he kept away from the royal apartments, she sent all over the town in search of him. At last he presumed on this partiality to make love to her, but soon discovered how little impression he had made on her heart, and met with a distinct and severe repulse. George Hamilton was equally unsuccessful. So was Francis Digby, son of the Earl of Bristol, who, it is said, was so depressed by his failure, that he flung away the life which he no longer valued in the great sea-fight with the Dutch in 1672.

Meanwhile, the King's passion for her daily increased. It was rumoured that he at one time contemplated a divorce from his Queen with the view of raising the

beautiful Stewart to the throne; and when Catherine of Braganza fell dangerously ill in October, 1663, the courtiers, by their additional respect, showed what was the universal expectation. The Queen recovered, and Frances Stewart lost her chance of a queen consort's crown. The King's attentions, however, did not relax; and at length were urged with a dishonourable persistency which she found it more and more difficult to evade or resist. She listened, therefore, with some degree of pleasure to the impassioned pleading of Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond, who could claim a distant relationship to the King, and whose high rank made him no unsuitable pretender to the highest alliance. Charles was greatly vexed by this new aspect of affairs; and endeavoured to divert the Duke from his purpose by intimating that the marriage could not be permitted unless he settled on the bride a suitable dowry, and he named a sum which he knew the Duke could not command. Meanwhile, he privately offered to the lady to make her a Duchess, with an adequate income; and to dismiss the Duchess of Cleveland and all his other mistresses. Whether through prudence, or some worthier motive, the Beauty refused to accept the wages of shame; and the Duke having formally offered his hand, she accepted it, and prepared to brave the King's anger by a clandestine marriage.

It was under these circumstances that the Duchess of Cleveland intervened in the little drama, with the hope of inflicting a blow on her handsome and fortunate rival. Charles, one evening, having been somewhat summarily dismissed from la belle Stewart's apartments, the Duchess took advantage of his angry and jealous mood to suggest that his dismissal had been intended only to prepare for

the reception of the Duke of Richmond; and persuaded him to ascertain for himself whether her suggestion was not well-founded. What happened is described by Count Hamilton, and the scene is one which in a comedy of intrigue would infinitely amuse the audience. We see the Duchess leading Charles by the hand, and dragging him somewhat reluctantly towards her rival's chambers. It is near midnight; and through the dim-lighted gallery the King creeps with hesitating steps, not unconscious that he is on an unkingly errand. At the fair Stewart's bedchamber, the Duchess leaves him. His lady-love's attendants respectfully oppose his entrance, whispering that their mistress had been ill since his Majesty left her, but that, having retired to bed, she is now, most happily, in a very fine sleep. "That I must see!" exclaims the King, and he pushes back the maid who stands in his way. That Mistress Stewart is in bed is, to be sure, quite true; but alas! far from being asleep, she is very wide awake, and listening to the Duke of Richmond, who, seated at the bedside, is probably discussing the details of their intended elopement. *Tableau!* The King's swarthy cheeks glow with the heat of passion, and the veins on his forehead swell almost to bursting, as, a prey to jealousy and rage, he pours out his anger upon the Duke in terms such as Kings seldom use to their powerful nobles. The Thames flows close beneath Mistress Stewart's bedroom-window, and there is a look in Charles's eyes as they turn towards it, which warns the Duke that his safest course is to make no reply, and with a profound bow he retires. The young Beauty, however, is less prudent. She assails the King in the plainest language, and vows that she will dispose of her hand as

she thinks proper, or will escape to France and throw herself into a convent. Her threats, her expostulations, her tears so disturb and perplex the enamoured King, that, at length, he hurries from her apartment, to spend "the most restless and uneasy night he had experienced since his Restoration."

Next day, the Duke received orders to quit the Court, but he had anticipated them, and withdrawn to his country seat. His intended bride sought the Queen's protection, and declared with tears that she had accepted the Duke's addresses as the only means of retrieving her reputation and saving her honour. The Queen, however, with singular want of decency, took the King's side, and besought the girl to think no more either of marriage or a nunnery. Eventually, the Duke returned secretly to London, and obtained an interview with Mistress Stewart, in which they completed their plans; and one stormy night, in March, 1667, the lady contrived to steal unperceived from her apartments at Whitehall, and to meet the Duke at a small inn in Westminster. Thence they fled on horseback to the Duke's seat in Surrey, where, next morning, they were married by his chaplain.

Great was Charles's anger on discovering that the bird had flown. As he quitted her silent and solitary apartment, he fell in with Lord Cornbury, who, as the son of Clarendon, the Lord Chancellor, Frances Stewart's trusted friend and adviser, he suspected of complicity in the plot. He poured out upon him the most violent reproaches, refusing to listen when he attempted to defend himself. In the evening, however, his anger had cooled, and he granted the young nobleman an interview which proved satisfactory to both. As for the recalcitrant bride and her

audacious bridegroom, he banished them from the Court, declaring that he would never speak to them again. With a rare sense of honour, the Duchess immediately returned the jewels, which, at various times, she had received from the King.

To her friends the Duchess volunteered an explanation of her conduct which seems to us entirely credible. Pepys has recorded it in his Diary, under the date of April 26th, 1667, as thus :—

"Mr. Evelyn told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from Court, he knowing her well; and believes her, up to her leaving the Court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world; and told me, from a lord, that she told it to but yesterday with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the King, and he did the like also; and that the King did not deny it, and [she] told this lord that she was come to this pass, that she could not longer continue at Court without prostituting herself to the King, whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance. She told this lord, that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given to the world to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not any thing but her honour; and that she will never come to live at Court, more than when she comes to kiss the Queen her mistress's hand; and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this lord that all the

jewels she ever had given her at Court, or any other presents (more than the King's allowance of £700 per annum out of the privy-purse for her clothes), even at her first coming, the King did give her a necklace of pearl of about £1,100; and afterwards, about seven months since, when the King had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the King did give her some jewels, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300; and the King of France would have had her mother (who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world) to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his Court, he would take care that she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewel; so that Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewels about £6,000, and that this is all she hath in the world; and a worthy woman; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. . . . She is gone yesterday with her lord to Cobham."

About a year after the marriage the Duchess was appointed a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Catherine, and provided with apartments at Somerset House. Scandal would have it that she proved, at the King's instance, unfaithful to her marriage vows; but there is nothing in her conduct which would lead us to believe it, and the only authority for it seems to be a drunken boast

of the King's. She had been married little more than two years when her beauty was almost entirely destroyed by a severe attack of small-pox. It is to Charles's credit that he paid her, when thus disfigured, attentions as courteous as, if less ardent than, those he had paid her in the flush of her maiden loveliness. At the Court of James II. she was held in high esteem; was one of the ladies chosen to attend Mary of Modena's accouchement in 1688, and signed the certificate before the Council of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

The Duchess was left a widow in December, 1672. She herself survived until October 15, 1702.

"Now died"—writes Evelyn, on the 11th June, 1699—"the famous Duchess of Mazarin: she had been the richest lady in Europe. She was niece to Cardinal Mazarin, and was married to the richest subject in Europe, as is said. She was born in Rome, educated in France, and was of extraordinary beauty and wit, but dissolute and impatient of matrimonial restraint, so as to be abandoned by her husband and banished, when she came into England for shelter: she lived on a pension given her here, and is reported to have hastened her death by intemperate drinking strong spirits. She has written her own story and adventures, and so has her often extravagant sister, wife of the noble family of Colonnac."

To this outline of a remarkable career, we must add some details by way of filling up.

Hortensia Mancini, born in 1647, was the daughter of Lorenzo Mancini, a Roman noble, and of Jeronyma Mazarin, the great Cardinal-minister's sister. At the age of six she was sent to Paris to be educated; and then displayed in her early years the unrestrained vivacity

of her temper and heedlessness of her disposition. It was a favourite pastime with her to throw handfuls of gold from the windows of the Mazarin palace, that she might laugh at the frenzied eagerness of the mob to secure the spoil. Her waywardness was probably the cause of the vigilant custody in which the beautiful, imperious girl was kept: from which she escaped, however, when only thirteen, by marrying Armand Charles de la Porte, Duke de Meillerage and Mayenne, whom the Cardinal had intended for her sister Marie.* But the Duke preferred the sprightlier Hortensia, and vowed that if he did not marry her he should die in three months. The Cardinal reluctantly consented, making it a condition that the Duke and his heirs should adopt the name, title, and arms of Mazarin for ever—a condition sweetened to the Duke, in the following year, when Mazarin left to his niece the immense fortune of (it is said) £1,625,000.

Never were couple more unsuited to each other. The Duchess was a wild, wayward, adventurous, and witty young beauty; the Duke was stolid, dull, narrow-minded, and, of course, jealous. In his way he was a religious enthusiast; but as his faculties were limited, his enthusiasm took the shape of fanaticism. He had his visions and his revelations from on high; and would rouse his wife from her slumbers to partake of his ecstasy, though she, poor creature! could not hear the voices he professed to hear nor see the celestial visitants he professed to see. He travelled through his estates, attended by an extraordinary following of persons as mad as himself, and of persons who for purposes of gain pretended to be so. At

* The lovely and tender Marie de Mancini, whom the young King, Louis XIV., would fain have married: he never forgot her.

length, after six years' endurance of his eccentricities, the Duchess quitted him, and instituted a suit against him to secure a legal separation. While it drew its slow length along, she lodged, with her friend, Madame de Carrodus, who was almost as gay and handsome as herself, in different convents, being compelled to leave one after another through the freaks into which their wild spirits impelled them. For instance, they poured ink into the *eau bénite*, so that the nuns blackened their faces when they crossed themselves. At midnight they ran headlong through the bedrooms, with a number of small dogs yelping and barking after them. On one occasion they filled two great chests which were over the dormitory with water; it filtered through the chinks and crevices in the floor, and soon deluged the beds of the unfortunate nuns. When some of the elder sisters were appointed to supervise their actions, the reckless beauties wearied them out, one after another, by incessantly running from place to place, and this as fast as their nimble feet could carry them.

Unhappy was the convent which received them as inmates! Soon the reputation they acquired for harum-scarum conduct was so wide-spread that they found every door shut in their faces, and the young Duchess —she was only twenty—was forced to return to the Mazarin palace, where, however, she occupied apartments separate from those of her husband. She had some good reason to suppose that her suit against her husband would be decided in his favour; and determined never again to submit to his thraldom, she assumed a cavalier's dress, and on the night of the 14th of June, 1667, made her escape from Paris. Though orders were

immediately issued for her arrest, she travelled with so much rapidity that before they could be executed she had crossed the borders into Switzerland, whence she passed on into Italy. In almost every place she and her maid, in spite of their male dress, were known to be women; Nanon, her attendant, often forgetting her *rôle*, and addressing her mistress as Madam. Whether from this reason, or because her lovely face awakened suspicion, the people, when the two wanderers had retired to their apartment, used to watch through the keyhole. In this way they discovered their long tresses, which, as they were exceedingly inconvenient under their periwigs, they were glad to let loose as soon as they were at liberty.

After a series of wild adventures, and some months' residence at Rome, she returned, in disguise, to France; but the fact becoming known to her husband's spies, she was again compelled to cross the frontier, and for nearly three years she found an asylum at Chambéry, in Savoy. Wearying of this life of seclusion, and attracted by the fame of the ease and freedom of the English Court, she suddenly made her appearance in London in December, 1678. She had passed her first youth, but her matured beauty was probably more fascinating than her earlier charms; and at all events, she was soon in a position to say, "*Veni, vidi, vici!*" A poetical tribute to her attractions was splendidly paid her by the septuagenarian Waller; the gallants of the Court made her their constant toast; and the impressible Charles, succumbing at once to her influence, provided her with apartments in St. James's Palace, and settled on her an annual pension of £4,000.

The famous wit, St. Evremond, was at that time a resi-

dent in England, and attracted by the Duchess's talents, quite as much as by her personal gifts and graces, he became, and continued through life, her devoted and respectful admirer. When the snows of many winters had whitened his head, he still paid her, with scrupulous homage, his regular morning visit, always carrying with him, it is said, a pound of butter, made in his own miniature dairy, for the Duchess's breakfast. The Duchess resided at Chelsea, in a house by the river-side, and attracted to her reunions the wit, the beauty, and the fashion of the time. Her tact, her *spirituel* vivacity, her conversational address made these gatherings especially delightful. Every guest, says St. Evremond, was made to feel more at home than in his own house, and was treated with greater respect than at Court. Discussions, he adds, were frequent; but they were those of knowledge and not of anger. Play there was, but to an inconsiderable extent, and practised only for amusement. You could not discover in any countenance the fear of losing, or anxiety for what was lost. Then the Duchess's *petite soupers* were unsurpassed in the variety and delicacy of their dishes,—to say nothing of the exquisite grace and skill with which she presided, and the fluent ease and brightness of the conversation in which she contrived that every guest should appear to the greatest advantage.

On the gallantries of the Duchess we have no desire to dwell; they seem to have scandalized even the indulgent temper of her contemporaries. As she advanced in years, it would seem that she gave way to excess in wine. At Court she maintained her influence to the last, and Evelyn mentions her as foremost among the gay and brilliant groups whom he saw in the great Gallery of Whitehall on

the Sunday evening before the King's death. There sate Charles, "toying" with the three Beauties who had successively caught his fickle fancy. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, still retaining traces of the superb and voluptuous charms which, twenty years before, all hearts had found irresistible; the Duchess of Portsmouth, with her lovely baby-face lighted up by the vivacity of France; and Hortensia, the witty and enchanting niece of the great French Cardinal. Says Macaulay, in one of his picturesque passages :—"She had been early moved from her native Italy to the court where her uncle was supreme. His power and her own attractions had drawn a crowd of illustrious suitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the South, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill-assorted marriage intolerable, had fled from her husband, had abandoned her vast wealth, and after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favourite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who for the sake of her smiles and her tables, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill-humour. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of State in her company. Barillon and St. Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her. But her diseased mind required stronger

stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in usquebaugh."

Both at the Courts of James II. and William III., the Duchess was received with courtesy; but her later years were disturbed by the sharp pressure of poverty. She seems to have depended mainly on the contributions of wealthy and liberal intimates. It is on record that, throughout her long residence in Chelsea, she was in arrears for the payment of her poor-rates; though at the same time it would appear that she denied herself none of the *agrémens* of the table. After her death her body was actually arrested at the suit of her creditors. Worn out by a life of excitement and dissipation, she died on the 2nd of June, 1699, in the 53rd year of her age; and there were none to utter a sigh of regret over her grave except St. Evremond, whose lament was worthy both of the dead woman of pleasure and the living voluptuary:—"Had she been alive," he writes to a friend, "she would have had peaches, of which I should not fail to have shared, and truffles, which she and I would have eaten together; not to speak of the carps of Newhall."

JOHN DRYDEN.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN DRYDEN.

In the postscript to his translation of Virgil, Dryden says:—"The seventh Æneid was made English at Burghley, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter; in a village belonging to his family I was born." This village, it is now understood, was Oldwinkle St. Peter's, in Northamptonshire. There is some uncertainty as to the date of the poet's birth; but in the old inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey it was stated to have been the 9th of August, 1631. The present inscription makes it a year later. His early education he received at Tichmarsh or at Oundle, whence he was removed to Westminster School and placed under the charge of the celebrated Dr. Richard Busby. Of this austere pedagogue he cherished in after life a grateful memory, and he dedicated to him his version of the 5th Satire of Persius. Like many other schoolboys he seems to have dabbled freely in verse-making, but his early compositions bear witness to his poetical tastes rather than to any measure of poetical capacity. He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the 18th of May, 1650, and admitted to his B.A. degree in January,

1654. Of his undergraduate career only a single incident is recorded. In some way or other he had offended one of the ruling powers, and it was therefore ordered that "Dryden be put out of comons for a fortnight, at least, and that he goe not out of the colledge during the time aforesaid, excepting to sermons, without express leave fro the Master or Vice-master, and that at the end of the fortnight he read a confession of his crime in the hall at dinner-time, at the three Fellows' tables. His crime," it is added, "was his disobedience to the Vice-master, and his contumacy in taking of his punishment inflicted by him." Who were his friends, or what were his amusements, what books he read, or what studies he chiefly affected—on these points, unfortunately, we have no information; and we are unable, therefore, to trace the development of his intellectual faculties.

By the death of his father, in June, 1654, he succeeded to the small estate of Blakesly, which was worth about £90 or £100 per annum, but on a third of it his mother had a life-charge. He continued, however, to reside at the University for three years more. His long vacations he spent in Northamptonshire, and they afforded him an opportunity of falling in love with his cousin, Honor Driden, the daughter of his father's elder brother, a Puritan of extreme principles, Sir John Driden, of Canons-Ashby. Nothing came of the wooing, and in 1657 Dryden removed to London, where he seems to have acted as secretary to Sir Gilbert Pickering. In the following year died the great Protector; and the ambitious young man made haste to come before the public in the character of his eulogist, publishing with little delay his "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell." In commenting upon which, Mitford remarks that the poet's ideas are laboured, and his inventions curious, and that no marks are apparent of "the luxuriance of early genius, or the overflow of a mind full of poetry." But already we see in them that strength of versification, that manly vigour of expression, and that sonorous rhetoric which were afterwards to become the prominent characters of his poetry. No one can fail to discover the force and energy of such stanzas as the following:—

"His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Make him but greater seem, not greater grow."

"Fame of the asserted sea through Europe blown,
Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own;
And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove."

"His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go."

The Restoration put an abrupt end to any hopes of fame or fortune which Dryden may have founded on his family influence. Left to his own resources he discarded the Puritanism in which he had been brought up, and assumed with opportune facility the manners and morals of the new order. The poet who had laid no unworthy funeral wreath on the tomb of the great Protector hastened to throw a poetical garland at the feet of Charles II. in his "Astræa Redux." In his change of opinions, however, it is probable that he was sincere. His temper was naturally conservative, and by the bent of his genius he was inclined to uphold the principle of authority and defend the majesty of law. The anarchical condition of the

country during the interval that elapsed between the death of Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II. would necessarily repel and disgust him; and he would welcome a change that promised the advantages of a settled government. "Astræa Redux" is by no means a great poem, but it contains some fine lines. As, for example:—

> "Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown."
>
> "As Heaven itself is took by violence."
>
> "Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
> Smiles to that changed face that wept before."
>
> "Suffered to live, they are like Helots set,
> A virtuous shame within us to beget."

"Astræa Redux" was published by Herringman, the bookseller, and through this connection Dryden probably made the acquaintance of Sir Robert Howard, whose sister, the Lady Elizabeth, he afterwards married. He prefixed to Sir Robert's poems, when issued by Herringman in 1660, some commendatory verses. About May or June, 1661, his industrious pen produced a "Panegyric to his Sacred Majesty on his Coronation"; and on New Year's Day a poem to the Lord Chancellor, Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, in which may be perceived that copiousness of encomium and fertility of flattery which distinguish Dryden beyond all other poets. For no one has ever equalled him in the heartiness, the fulness, and the splendid exaggeration of his praise. There is no stint in it, and no meanness; it rolls onward in a rich and golden flood.

The first indication of his powers as a satirist, which were not less remarkable than his genius as a panegyrist, we find in his "Satire on the Dutch" (1662), afterwards worked up into the prologue and epilogue of his play "Amboyna." It contains none of the wit or humour with which Marvell and Butler invested the same subject, but is almost savage in its vehemence. "Think," he says—

> "Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty,
> And that what once they were, they still would be.
> To one well born the affront is worse and more,
> When he's abused and baffled by a boor.
> With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
> They've both ill nature and ill manners too. . . .
> Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
> Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.
> Their sway became 'em with as ill a mien,
> As their own paunches swell above their chin."

It is only the savage strength of these couplets that redeems them from vulgar insolence. The indefatigable penman, however, had not yet discovered his true *métier;* and the Restoration having re-opened the gates of the theatre, he proposed to himself to acquire distinction—and competency—as a dramatist. In another chapter we have treated of Dryden's plays at considerable length: here, therefore, we shall limit ourselves to a reference to their chronological order. But on the general subject we would venture the remark that while these plays force upon us a conviction of their author's fertility of resource, wonderful command of language, keen observation, and intellectual apitude, they do not the less strongly impress us with the feeling that he was not by nature intended to be a great dramatist. He could invent, but he could not create; and this is just the difference between the playwright and the dramatist. Of all the characters which flicker faintly through his comedies and tragedies not one has had in it life enough to survive Dryden's own

time. Of all the full-mouthed couplets which he poured out so freely in his dramas, how many do we remember? Has the popular memory taken up a single stroke of wit or burst of humour? There is no doubt that Dryden himself, with his wit and accurate critical judgment, was conscious of his failure. It has been well said that "he could not be imaginative in the highest dramatic sense, but the need of imaginativeness pressed on him" as it did not press on his brother playwrights. "He could not reach the sublime, but neither could he content himself as they did with the prosaic; he rants, fumes, and talks wild bombast in the vain effort after sublimity." In like manner he aspired to be witty, but succeeded only in making his characters talk flippantly. When he would be humorous, he could find no other subject than the sexual passions; and instead of being humorous, became brutally coarse. His heart was not in his dramatic work; he had taken to it, because it paid; and this is not a motive which brings out a man's highest powers.

"In the year of his Majesty's happy restoration," writes Dryden, "the first play I undertook was the Duke of Guise, as the fairest way which the Act of Indemnity had then left us of setting forth the rise of the late rebellion, and by exploding the villanies of it upon the stage, to precaution posterity against the like errors." The poet's friends, however, did not think well of his dramatic effort; he laid it aside in deference to their adverse criticisms, and tried his hand in the humbler walk of comedy. "The Wild Gallant" was played in February, 1663, but proved a failure. Says Mr. Pepys: "It was . . . so poor a thing as ever I saw in my life almost, and so little answering the name, that from the

beginning to the end I could not, nor can at this time, tell certainly which was the 'Wild Gallant'!" It was, perhaps, in a spirit of contradiction that the Duchess of Cleveland (then only Lady Castlemaine) bestowed her patronage upon the unfortunate comedy, and procured that it should be more than once acted by the King's command; but the kindness was not forgotten by Dryden, and he addressed to "the bold, bad beauty" some stanzas full of his characteristic profuseness of adulation. In his preface to the published play, he honestly admits his want of success: "It was the first attempt I made in dramatic poetry, and, I find since, a very bold one, to begin with comedy, which is the most difficult part of it. The best apology I can make for it, and the truest, is only this, that you have, since that time, received with applause as bad and as uncorrect plays from other men."

It is said that Dryden lived the life of a libertine; that like the men of his day he indulged to the utmost in the reaction against Puritanism; but his debaucheries, however gross and frequent, affected neither his intellectual vigour nor his magnificent perseverance. He had determined to be accepted as a successful writer for the stage; and undiscouraged by the failure of his initial attempt, he again faced the public, before the end of the year, with a tragi-comedy, "The Rival Ladies." In this the tragic scenes are written in rhyme, and the lighter in blank verse: thus Dryden's great powers of versification were brought into play, and they at once extorted from the audience a gracious recognition. The indefatigable dramatist was at this time collaborating with Sir Robert Howard on his play of "The Indian Queen." They retired for the greater convenience of their joint work to the Earl

of Berkshire's seat at Charlton in Wiltshire, where Dryden became the successful suitor of the Earl's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Howard. The scandal of the day was busy with the lady's reputation, or want of it; and the lampoonists did not scruple to assert that the poet was "hectored into marriage" by her "brawny brothers." However this may be, the marriage which was celebrated in the church of St. Swithin's, London, on the 1st of December, 1663, brought Dryden no domestic happiness, and failed to reclaim him from the dissoluteness of his living. Scott enters upon an elaborate exposition of the causes of this unhappiness:—"It is difficult," he says, "for a woman of a violent temper and weak intellect—and such the lady seems to have been—to endure the apparently causeless fluctuation of spirits incident to one doomed to labour incessantly in the feverish excitement of the imagination. Unintentional neglect, and the inevitable relaxation, or rather sinking of spirit, which follows violent mental exertion, are easily misconstrued into capricious rudeness or unintentional offence: and life is embittered by mutual accusation, not the less intolerable because reciprocally just. The wife of one who is to gain his livelihood by poetry, or by any labour (if any there be) equally exhausting, must either have taste enough to relish her husband's performances, or good-nature sufficient to pardon his infirmities. It was Dryden's misfortune that Lady Elizabeth had neither the one nor the other; and I dismiss the disagreeable subject by observing that, on no one occasion when a sarcasm against matrimony could be introduced, has our author failed to season it with such bitterness as spoke an inward consciousness of domestic misery." All this seems to us

utterly beyond the question. There is no proof that Dryden suffered from "fluctuation of spirits," or "feverish excitement;" or that his literary labours had anything to do with the infelicity of his married life. But what else was to be expected than domestic wretchedness when a woman of fashion wedded a man steeped to the lips in the impurity of his age?

"The Indian Queen," written in heroic couplets, was produced in January, 1664, with unusual splendour of stage accessories; and was so successful that Dryden followed it up with the tragedy of "The Indian Emperor," which he called "a sequel" to the former, though the plot and nearly all the characters are entirely new. This was acted in the winter of 1664-1665, and placed its author in the van of the playwrights of the day. The pestilence of 1665 and the Great Fire of 1666 led to a compulsory closure of the London Theatres, and to a consequent cessation of Dryden's dramatic labours. But he could not be idle, and among the green shades of Charlton he employed himself upon his first important poem—the "Annus Mirabilis," or "Year of Wonders,"* written in the quatrains made popular by Sir William Davenant's "Gondibert," but wielded with a force and facility which Davenant had never exercised. In the "Annus Mirabilis" we first recognize Dryden as a great poet. There is exaggeration in the colouring, no doubt, and a good deal of tumidity in the language; but the different subjects—the Dutch War, the progress of Commerce, the foundation of the Royal Society, and the Fire of London—are treated with infinite skill, and many passages are alive with poetic invention. Our sea battles have never been described

* Dryden borrowed his title from a Puritan book published in 1661.

with so much pomp and vigour of rhetoric, with such a fluency and richness of versification. We cannot resist the temptation of transferring to our pages the following animated stanzas:—

"Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
In number and a famed commander bold:
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

"The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

"Both furl their sails and strip them for the fight,
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
The Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,
When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

"Born each by other in a distant line,
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfixed, and floating nations strove.

"Now passed, on either side they nimbly tack;
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

"On high-raised decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such part the elephant bears, and so defied
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

"And as the build, so different is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails designed:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

"Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whose battered rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scattered leaves.

"Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

"At this excess of courage, all amazed,
The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw:
With such respect in entered Rome they gazed,
Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw* . . . .

"Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,
His shattered sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

"Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide. . . .

"The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they ashamed to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

"In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And, slumb'ring, smile at the imagined flame."

It was also at this time that Dryden composed his justly celebrated "Essay on Dramatic Poesy." In the dedicatory preface to his "Rival Ladies," he had strenuously contended, after the example of Corneille, that tragedy should be written in rhyme, and that blank verse, from its resemblance to prose, was beneath the dignity of the tragic drama. A year or two later, in the preface to his "Four New Plays," Sir Robert Howard replied to his brother-in-law's argument, and set forth the claims of blank verse. And now, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," Dryden again plunged into the dispute. He throws his reflections into the form of a dialogue, carried on by Eugenius (Lord Buckhurst), Lisideius (Sir Charles Sedley), Crites (Sir Robert Howard), and Neander (Dryden); and not only

* Observe with what a kingly lavishness Dryden disperses the largesse of his praise! One can hardly call it flattery—there is such an exaltation, such an air of loftiness, about it.

maintains the beauty of rhyme, and its aptitude for tragical writing, but discusses the dramatic art, with regard to action, plot, and the unities, and bestows a good deal of criticism on ancient and modern poets. One of the finest passages is that in which the author enlarges upon the work and genius of Shakespeare. As, throughout, the opinions of Crites are controverted and exposed, Sir Robert Howard felt himself aggrieved, and a coldness sprang up between the two brothers-in-law which is plainly shown in Howard's preface to his "Duke of Lerma." Dryden rejoined with vigour in his "Defence of the Essay on Dramatic Poesy," prefixed, in 1668, to the second edition of his "Indian Emperor." Afterwards, however, the two critics were reconciled, and Dryden made the *amende honorable* by cancelling his "Defence."

In March, 1667, on the re-opening of the theatres, Dryden produced his comedy of "Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen;" and in the same year, "Sir Martin Mar-all," an adaptation of Moliére's "L'Etourdi." "All for Love," which is, perhaps, his finest dramatic effort, followed in 1668. The dramatist was under an agreement with the management of the King's Theatre to supply three plays a year for one share and a quarter out of the twelve shares and three-quarters into which the theatrical stock was divided,—an agreement which yielded between £300 and £400 annually, though the stipulated number of plays was never furnished. "An Evening's Love; or, The Mock Astrologer," appeared in 1668. The next year saw the production of "Tyrannic Love; or, The Royal Martyr," and in 1670, his unwearied pen composed the first part of "Almanzar and Almahide; or, The Conquest of Granada"—one of the heroic plays most sharply

satirized by the Duke of Buckingham in "The Rehearsal," in which extravaganza, as everybody knows, Dryden figures under the pseudonym of Bayes. The poet, however, could afford to hold the Duke's vivacious satire very cheaply, as he had just been appointed Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal. The salary of the united offices was £200, and Dryden's income from all sources must have been about £750 or £800,—"a sum more adequate to procure all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life, than thrice the amount at present." It did not suffice for his reckless expenditure, and he was always in debt; extorting, when his necessities pressed very heavily, a gift of money from some noble patron by a fulsome "Dedication."

Dryden was too resolute a man to be beaten to his knees by any satirist, and in 1672, he brought out his tragi-comedy of "Marriage à la Mode," and his play of "The Assignation; or, Love in a Nunnery." The failure of the latter seems to have provoked him greatly, if we may judge from the bitterness of the preface, dedicated to Sir Charles Sedley, which he prefixed to the play when it was printed and published in 1673. It was in the same year that he produced his wretched tragedy of "Amboyna; or, The Cruelties of the Dutch to the English Merchants," written in order to stimulate public feeling against the Dutch after the dissolution of the Triple Alliance; and in the same year Elkanah Settle broke upon the town with his "Empress of Morocco," which met with extraordinary success, and was acted for a month together. The Earl of Rochester who, through some unknown cause, had quarrelled with Dryden, bestowed an ostentatious patronage on the playwright; and Settle was encouraged to

publish the play, "adorned with sculptures," and weighted with a dedication levelled against the Laureate. Dryden lost his temper, and united with Shadwell and Crowne in a coarse criticism on the "Empress of Morocco," in which he is seen at his worst. Settle replied; and left his antagonist covered with the dust and dirt of a degrading and injudicious controversy. Thenceforth Rochester was Dryden's avowed enemy, and we shall see to how brutal an extremity he was led by the recklessness of his revenge.

In 1674, the year of Milton's death, Dryden published an operatic perversion of "Paradise Lost," called "The State of Innocence and the Fall of Man," which is one of the curiosities of literature. That a man of Dryden's sober genius and critical acumen could so degrade a pure and lofty theme is an illustration of human error which might have afforded Mr. Caxton matter for a chapter in his famous History. Dryden was by no means deficient in appreciation of the intellectual greatness of the blind poet. It is said that he asked his leave to adapt "Paradise Lost" for stage purposes; and was answered with a half-contemptuous, half good-natured shrug—"Aye, you may tag my verses." Aubrey is the authority for this pretty little anecdote, but its authenticity seems to us very doubtful. The tradition is, perhaps, equally dubious that Milton spoke of his adapter as "a good rhymer, but no poet."

In the spring of 1675 appeared the heroic play of "Aureng Zebe; or, The Great Mogul," the last of Dryden's dramas in rhyme. In his dedication of it to the Earl of Mulgrave, we clearly read his consciousness that in his writings for the stage he had not done justice to his genius, and he expresses a worthy ambition to produce some work

by which his name might be remembered. "If I must be condemned to rhyme," he says, "I should find some ease in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the Stage; to roll up a stone with endless labour (which, to follow the proverb, gathers no moss), and which is perpetually falling down again. I never thought myself very fit for an employment where many of my predecessors have excelled me in all kinds; and some of my contemporaries, even in my own partial judgment, have outdone me in comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and these too, considering my abilities may be vain, that I may make the world some part of amends for many ill plays by an heroick poem. Your Lordship has long been acquainted with my design, the subject of which you know is great, the story English, and neither too far distant from the present age, nor too near approaching it, Such, it is my opinion, that I could not have a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my King and country, and my friends; most of our ancient nobility being concerned in the action. And your Lordship has one particular reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discussing it to His Majesty and His Royal Highness. They were then pleased both to commend the design, and to encourage it by their commands. But the unsettledness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his wit, so neither do I desire to be in his poverty. I can make no rhapsodies, nor go a-begging at the Grecian doors, while I sing the praises of their ancestors. The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his patron. And, to draw the allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not

want a Mecænas with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that remembrance in His Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caused him, I fear, to lay aside."

In the dedication to his "Juvenal," the poet tells us that he hesitated between two subjects: the conquest of the Saxons by King Arthur, or Edward the Black Prince subduing Spain and restoring it to Don Pedro the Cruel. He attempted neither, being discouraged by the treatment he received from the King, who gave him fine words instead of substantial help. His small salary was irregularly paid, while his income had been greatly reduced by the burning of the King's Theatre and the outlay incurred in rebuilding it. There is no occasion to regret Dryden's failure to realise his ambitious design of writing an epic poem. His powers did not lie in that direction; and an epic by Dryden must at least have been a splendid mistake.

His next, and best play, "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost," a tragedy founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra, was produced at the King's Theatre in 1678. He speaks of it as "the only play written for himself, the rest were given to the people. . . ." "In my style," he adds, "I have preferred to imitate the divine Shakespeare which, that I may perform more freely, I have dismembered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. . . . I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that, by imitating him, I have excelled myself throughout the play; and particularly that I prefer the scene betwixt Antony and Ventidius, in the first act, to anything which I have written in this kind." From the heights attained

in this really noble drama, he made a deplorable descent in his licentious comedy of "Limberham," produced in the same year. To 1679 belongs the tragedy of "Œdipus," which he wrote in conjunction with Nathaniel Lee, and an adaptation or reconstruction of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," in which, as Scott says, he has suppressed some of the finest poetry of the original, and exaggerated its worst faults. To the play is prefixed an admirable discourse on the "Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," which makes us regret that Dryden did not observe his own rules. When he wrote "'Tis neither height of thought that is discommended, nor pathetic vehemence, nor any nobleness of expression in its proper place; but 'tis a false manner of all these, something which is like 'em, and is not them; 'tis the Bristol stone which appears like a diamond; 'tis an extravagant thought, instead of a sublime one; 'tis roaring madness, instead of vehemence; and a sound of words instead of sense. . . ." he must surely have been conscious of the Bristol stones and the extravagance, the roaring madness, and the sound and fury, which disfigured his dramatic conceptions, and had done so much to vitiate and corrupt the taste of the age.

We have already alluded to the hostile feeling which Rochester had unfortunately conceived against the poet. In the winter of this year it received a strong stimulus by the publication of Lord Mulgrave's "Essay upon Satire," which Rochester ascribed to Dryden, though he had done nothing more than revise some passages of it. Rochester resolved upon revenge; and on the 18th of December some ruffians, whom he had hired, waylaid the poet as he was returning from his favourite resort, Will's Coffee-house,

through Covent Garden, and with their cudgels severely maltreated him. A reward was offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrage, but though it was tolerably well known to have been instigated by Rochester —and the Duchess of Portsmouth was also thought to have had a hand in it—no definite evidence could be obtained. Dryden's enemies—and they were legion—found in this act of violence an inexhaustible source of ribald allusion. He himself, with considerable dignity, refrained from avenging himself upon its author, who sank into a premature grave in the following July.

It is impossible not to admire the resolute industry of Dryden. His unwearied pen turned from one subject to another, apparently without a pause, and no sign of exhaustion or feebleness is anywhere conspicuous. His first essay at translation was made in 1680, when he joined with Lord Mulgrave in rendering three of Ovid's Epistles into English verse. In the spring of 1681 he again appeared before the footlights with a play, "The Spanish Friar; or, the Double Discovery," in which he pandered to the popular prejudice against the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. And a few months later he gave to the world the famous poem in which his genius found at last a free and fitting field for its exercise, and the mature conclusions of his ripe judgment and wide experience were stated with unequalled force and freedom. "Absalom and Achitophel" is technically termed a satire, but it is something more: it is an exposition of political faith, informed with a true philosophical spirit. It is the work of a man whose Conservatism was tempered by a certain breadth of view and warmth of sympathy. It upholds authority as "a security against revolution," but we can clearly see

that its writer would, in certain circumstances, contend with equal fervour for liberty. It is his alarm and disgust at the sight of a "state drawn to the dregs of a democracy" that make him rally so eagerly to the support of the Crown. As everybody knows, its immediate cause was the Popish Plot, which Dryden regarded as fomented by the Earl of Shaftesbury in order to promote the Duke of Monmouth's accession to his father's throne. Charles II. is King David, Absalom the Duke of Monmouth, and the crafty Achitophel, who draws him into rebellion, is Shaftesbury. We need not comment upon the vigour and fidelity with which their portraits are drawn—or the portraits of other notable actors in the drama of the time, such as Zimri for the Duke of Buckingham, and Corah for Titus Oates. They are as finished in detail as they are bold in outline. As a satirical poem "Absalom and Achitophel" is unequalled, not only for directness, but for moderation. There is no malignity in it—nothing of that malice which rankles in Pope's venomous attacks. "The blows," as Professor Ward remarks, "are not dealt indiscriminately, as in an Aristophanic comedy, to which nothing is sacred, or in the wantonness of partisan wit, such as Canning poured forth against the impotence he disliked not less than against the fanaticism he abhorred, —but with care and even self-restraint. Absalom is 'lamented' rather than 'accused;' and Achitophel himself where he deserves praise receives it from the candour of his politic assailant. Johnson has commended Dryden's poem as 'comprising all the excellences of which the subject is capable;' and not a jot need be abated from this at once high and judicious encomium. In what other poem of the kind will be found, together with so much

versatility of wit, so incisive a directness of poetic eloquence? Dryden is here at his best; and being at his best, he is entirely free from that irrepressible desire to outdo himself, which in a great author as in a great actor so greatly interferes with an enjoyment of his endeavours, and to which in productions of a different kind Dryden often gave way. This self-control was the more to his credit since he had not yet shot all the bolts in his quiver, and declared himself quite prepared to convince those who thought otherwise, 'at their own cost, that he could write severely with more ease than he could write gently.'"

Dryden's poem had, no doubt, its influence on the popular mind; but it did not prevent the Middlesex Grand Jury from throwing out the bill of Achitophel's indictment, or the London mob from welcoming the Earl's release with bonfires and much ringing of bells. This enthusiasm for a mock hero—for a man who, in the poet's eyes, was the champion of disorder and the apostle of anarchy—provoked from him the sharp corrosive satire of "The Medal,"* which was published early in March, 1682, with a prefatory "Epistle to the Whigs." The invective against Shaftesbury is here very strong and keen; not less strong or keen the masterful protest against the stupidity of his partisans.

It is needless to say that these great satirical poems called forth a swarm of replies, most of which were neither satirical nor poetical. The best were written by Samuel Pordage. The coarsest was Shadwell's "The Medal of John Bayes; a Satyr against Folly and

* That is, the medal struck to commemorate the rejection of the bill against Shaftesbury.

Knavery," which, however, is neither more nor less than a gross personal attack upon Dryden:—

> "Pied thing! half wit! half fool; and for a knave
> Few more than this a better mixture have:
> But thou canst add to that, coward and slave."

It is not probable that Shadwell believed all this; nor is it probable that Dryden believed Shadwell to be the dullard—which he certainly was not—he has gibbeted so triumphantly in his "Mac Flecknoe; or, a Satire on the True-blue Protestant Poet, T. S.," published in October, 1682. This crushing diatribe is one of Dryden's most brilliant efforts: in execution it is perfect. The roll and rush of its versification carries the reader on with it irresistibly, and suggests an idea of spontaneity that contrasts vividly with the elaboration of Pope's "Dunciad." One can feel that the poet enjoyed the ease and power with which he struck down his adversary in such lines as the following:—

> "Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
> Mature in dulness from his tender years;
> Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
> Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
> The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
> But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
> Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
> Strike through and make a lucid interval;
> But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
> His rising fogs prevail upon the day."

Richard Flecknoe, from whom the satire takes its title, was an Irish Roman Catholic priest, with an unhappy reputation for writing doggerel, who died some four years before his name attained so unexpected an immortality.

In November, 1682, appeared "The Second Part of

Absalom and Achitophel," chiefly written by Nahum Tate, Dryden's contribution forming only 200 lines (ll. 310-509), in which, with his characteristic incisiveness, he sketches Shadwell as Og and Elkanah Settle (another of his miserable assailants) as Doeg in the liveliest colours his satiric genius could supply. The same month witnessed the publication of his "Religio Laici" (A Layman's Religion), a poem with a personal as well as a literary value, for it illustrates those intellectual and moral tendencies which shortly afterwards led Dryden to enter the Roman Catholic communion. It was addressed to "an ingenious young gentleman" who had translated Simon's "Critical History of the Old Testament." Both in the poem and the preface Dryden opposes the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, and writes in a spirit that reminds us of much of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," which probably suggested the title. The key-note is supplied, we think, in the following lines:—

> "For points obscure are of small use to learn,
> But common quiet is the world's concern."

For rest, for quiet, for the sense of repose that comes to one who leans upon a supreme Authority, while not servilely truckling to all its dictates, Dryden yearned, as many quick intellects, weary with the din of sects and the clash of opinions, have always yearned; and it was this yearning which ultimately led him to profess himself a member of the Roman Church.

This year of intellectual activity Dryden closed with the production of the tragedy of "The Duke of Guise," which he had written in co-operation with Lee. Its design was to apply to the Opposition of the day the story

of the French League; but, like most plays written with a purpose, it failed to command success. As was only natural, it was vehemently attacked by pamphleteers, which some of Dryden's biographers indignantly resent, though polemics on the stage can hardly expect to pass unnoticed and unanswered. The poet's old antagonist, Shadwell, was among the assailants and was finally disposed of in a "Vindication of the Duke of Guise."

A Preface and a Memoir to a new translation of Plutarch by several hands—the basis of Arthur Clough's edition—was Dryden's chief work in 1683. In the following year he published a translation of Maimburg's "History of the League," in which a parallel is drawn between the Huguenots of France and the Leaguers, as both equally determined enemies of the Monarchy. It was easy, says Scott, to transfer the comparison to the sectaries of England, and the association proposed by Shaftesbury. The work was published with unusual solemnity of title-page and frontispiece; the former declaring that the translation was made by His Majesty's command, the latter representing Charles on his throne surrounded by emblems expressive of hereditary and indefeasible right. In the dedication to the King, occur expressions of strong party violence, and even ferocity. The forgiving disposition of the King, says Dryden, encouraged the conspirators. Like Antæus, they were refreshed from a simple overthrow. "These sons of earth are never to be trusted in their mother element; they must be hoisted into the air and strangled." Dryden did not mean his advice to be taken literally; but Charles had no time to act upon it. Apoplexy cut short his dishonoured life and unprofitable reign on the 6th of February, 1685.

Dryden was by no means ignorant or unappreciative of our earlier poetical literature, and in 1684 he revived the old Elizabethan system of collecting in one volume the works of different writers. "The Miscellany Poems," which he suggested and edited, contained his own "Mac-Flecknoe," "Absalom and Achitophel," and "The Medal," besides translations by himself, Sedley, Roscommon, Rochester, Otway, Rymer, Tate, Stepney, and several others of less note. The first volume was published by Jacob Tonson; it was followed at various intervals in the poet's life by three others, and Tonson added two more after his death. A new and revised edition appeared in 1715. Work such as this must have been distasteful enough to the veteran, who towered head and shoulders above all his literary contemporaries; and it is painful to reflect that it was forced upon him by his pecuniary necessities. His salary as laureate was irregularly paid, and at this time sadly in arrear; so was an annuity of £100 granted to him in 1680 by Charles II. At the King's death it seems to have lapsed; and great as had been Dryden's services to the Crown, it was not until March, 1686, that James II. could be induced to renew it. In his distress he applied for a small office "either in the Customs, or the Appeals, or the Excise;" but no such provision was forthcoming for the necessitous poet, and he was compelled to ply his pen with as much industry and resolution as he could command.

At the time of Charles II.'s death, he was rehearsing at Court his opera of "Albion and Albanius;" designed to celebrate the King's escape from the Rye House Plot and his victory over the Whig Opposition. He put it aside to fulfil his duty as poet-laureate, and apotheosize

Charles in the cold and laboured poem of the "Threnodia Augustalis." Then he resumed his opera, which, with very fine scenery and much pure music by Louis Grabu, was produced on the 3rd of June, 1685. It failed ignominiously; as it deserved to fail, the poet's share being no better than the musician's, which led the wits to say that the laureate and Grabu had mistaken their trade—the former writing the music and the latter the verse.

Soon after James's accession, Dryden announced his conversion to the Roman Catholic religion. We have seen that his mind had for a considerable period been gradually moving in this direction; and there is no truth in the malicious insinuation that he was biased by motives of self-interest. The coarse epithet of "illustrious renegade" which Macaulay applies to him was wholly undeserved. He had formed his opinions honestly, and he stood by them honestly, at a time when they were notoriously unpopular with the mass of his countrymen. Like most converts, he threw a good deal of fervour into his profession of his new religion. He translated and dedicated to the Queen the "Life of St. Francis Xavier," by the Peré Bouhours. But the great and incomparable service which he rendered was the composition of "The Hind and the Panther,"* in which he employed the graces of poetry to embellish a religious argument. In nearly two thousand lines—few of which are trivial, most of which are noble, and all of which are tempered with a fine earnestness—he advocates the union of the Church of England and the Roman Catholics, in order to vindicate the truth against the attacks of

* The "milk-white hind" is, of course, the Church of Rome; the panther, "fairest creature of the spotted kind," the Church of England.

sectaries. The fable-form of the poem is, no doubt, somewhat clumsily contrived; the reasoning is by no means proof against the objections of a skilled controversialist; but the elevated excellence of the versification cannot be denied. It would be unpardonable to load our pages with quotations from a poem which is at everybody's command; but the splendid passage on the Oneness of the Church, however often he may have read it, no reader will object to read again:—

"One in herself, not rent by schism, but sound,
Entire, one solid shining diamond,
Not sparkles shattered into sects like you:
One is the Church, and must be to be true,
One central principle of unity;
As undivided, so from errors free;
As one in faith, so one in sanctity.
Thus she, and none but she, the insulting rage
Of heretics opposed from age to age;
Still when the giant-brood invades her throne,
She stoops from heaven and meets them half-way down,
And with paternal thunder vindicates her crown.
But like Egyptian sorcerers you stand,
And vainly lift aloft your magic wand
To sweep away the swarms of vermin from the land.
You could like them, with like infernal force,
Produce the plague but not arrest the course.
But when the boils and botches with disgrace
And public scandal sat upon the face,
Themselves attacked, the Magi strove no more;
They saw God's finger, and their fate deplore;
Themselves they could not cure of the dishonest sore.
Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread,
Like the fair ocean from her mother-bed;
From east to west triumphantly she rides,
All shores are watered by her wealthy tides.
The gospel-sound, diffused from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry and where waves can roll;
The self-same doctrine of the sacred page
Conveyed to every clime, in every age."

It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the man who, with prompt vigour and virile energy, struck off these lines,

red-hot, from the anvil of his genius. Compare them with Pope's "Essay on Man," and we feel like one who is suddenly transported from the fresh freedom of the breezy hills to the close confinement of the student's chamber, odorous with the fumes of the midnight lamp.

Among the circle of wits, critics, politicians, poetasters, and men of fashion which revolved around Dryden at Will's Coffee House,* figured Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Matthew Prior, then a student at St. John's College, Cambridge. Joining their intellectual forces, they produced a clever caricature, in the manner of "The Rehearsal," of the new poem, under the title of "The Hind and the Panther Transvers'd in the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse," reviving Mr. Bayes and his old friends, Smith and Johnson. Bayes, formerly proud of his play, is now proud of his fable. "What," says Johnson, "do you make a fable of your religion?" "Aye, egad," is the reply, "and without morals, too; for I tread in no man's steps; and to show you how far I can out-do anything that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken Horace's design, but, egad, have so outdone him, you shall be ashamed for your old friend. You remember in him the Story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse; what a plain, simple thing it is, it has no more life and spirit in it, egad, than a hobby-horse; and his mice talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like mere mice, that I wonder it has pleased the world so long. But now will I undeceive mankind, and teach

* Dr. Johnson relates:—"Of the only two men I have found to whom he (Dryden) was personally known, one told me that at the house which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-House, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him; and the other related that his arm chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was, in the summer, placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat."

'em to heighten and elevate a fable. I'll bring you in the very same mice disputing the depth of philosophy, searching into the fundamentals of religion, quoting texts, fathers, councils, and all that; egad, as you shall see, either of 'em could easily make an ass of a country vicar. Now, whereas Horace keeps to the dry, naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, egad. Here, I draw you general characters, and describe all the beasts of the creation; there, I launch out into long digressions, and leave my mice for twenty pages together; then I fall into raptures, and make the finest soliloquies, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?" *Johnson:* "Faith, sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two mice?" *Bayes:* "Ay, why not? Is it not great and heroical! But come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can; egad, I defy all critics. Thus it begins:—

> "A milk-white mouse, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy ranged;
> Without, unspotted; innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no ginn."*

The sharpness of the satire seems to have wounded Dryden deeply; though we can hardly credit the story that it moved him to tears.

The first "Song for St. Cecilia's Day" was written in 1687, and, having been set to music by Draghi, was

* "The Hind and the Panther" begins:—

> "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged,
> Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged:
> Without unspotted, innocent within,
> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."

Dryden wrote his poem, it is said, at Rushton, near Huntingdon, where a leafy avenue, which he much affected, long retained the name of "Dryden's Walk." About the middle of the last century, an urn was erected there, with the inscription:—"In memory of Dryden, who frequented these shades, and is here said to have composed his poem of "'The Hind and the Panther.'"

publicly performed on November 22nd, the Saint's festival. Its lyrical flow is exquisite; the sweep of its versification knows neither let nor stay, and its organ harmonies are broad and deep. The second Cecilian ode "Alexander's Feast," is better known, and its immense fire has made it more popular; but it contains nothing more beautiful than the following stanzas:—

> "What passion cannot music raise and quell?
> When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
> His listening brethren stood around,
> And, wondering, on their faces fell
> To worship that celestial sound.
> Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
> Within the hollow of that shell,
> That spoke so sweetly and so well.
> What passion cannot music raise and quell?"

The "Britannia Rediviva," a laureate-poem published a fortnight after the birth of the Prince of Wales (June, 1688), the unfortunate scion of an unfortunate dynasty, afterwards known as "The Pretender," is chiefly remarkable for its adulatory enthusiasm and its want of political foresight—a want of which Dryden must have been painfully conscious when the Revolution swept his Royal patron from the throne, and deprived himself of his office of poet-laureate and historiographer, in which he was succeeded by his old and despised antagonist Shadwell. The loss of his official income and the increasing expenses of his family compelled him to resume the task-work of writing for the stage. There is no sign of exhausted energies or weakened intellectual power, however, in the fine tragedy of "Don Sebastian," though, on its production in 1690, it was by no means successful. It was followed in the same year by "Amphitryon," an adaptation from Plautus and Molière, with music by Purcell; and in 1691 by the

opera, also with music by Purcell, of "King Arthur; or, The British Worthy." "Cleomenes; or, The Spartan Hero" was his next effort. Owing to his illness, it was completed by Southern (May, 1692); but its representation was prohibited by the Government. "This," says Scott, "was not very surprising, considering the subject of the play, and Dryden's well-known principles. The history of an exiled monarch soliciting, in the Court of an ally, aid to relieve his country from a foreign yoke, and to restore him to the throne of his fathers, with the account of a popular insurrection undertaken for the same purpose, were delicate themes during the reign of William III.; at least, when the pen of Dryden was to be employed in them, whose well-known skill at adapting an ancient story to a modern moral had so often been exercised in the cause of the house of Stewart."

Dryden's last play, a tragi-comedy, called "Love Triumphant; or, Nature will prevail," produced in 1693, was damned by the universal censure of the public; and thus his dramatic career, which had extended over 30 years, closed, as it had begun, with ill-success. In its prologue and epilogue he bids farewell to the stage, having resolved to apply himself to the translation of Virgil.

While engaged in these dramatic compositions he had written, for a fee of 500 guineas, the poem of "Eleonora," in memory of the Countess of Abingdon; compiled a life of Polybius, and translated Persius, and five of the Satires (1st, 3rd, 6th, 15th, and 16th) of Juvenal. In his beautiful "Ode on Mrs. Anne Killigrew" (1686) he had publicly and solemnly repented of his terrible sins against virtue and decency in his plays, exclaiming:—

"O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use,
When harmony was first ordained above,
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!
Oh wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubric and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own),
To increase the steaming odours of the stage?"

But we must doubt the sincerity or permanency of this repentance when we find—apart from the fact that no improvement of tone is observable in his latest dramas—that, in translating from the classic poets, he almost invariably selected the most obnoxious passages, and intensified, rather than subdued, their warm and impure colouring. It would seem that, like Rabelais, his intellect found a singular pleasure in filth, and revelled in the odours of the sewer. This licentious depravity we find it impossible to excuse, though some of his biographers have attempted to palliate it.

Of Dryden as a translator it is enough to say that he possessed every qualification for success except scholarship, and the excellences of his "Virgil" are so numerous and so incontestable that it still enjoys a greater popularity than recent versions of greater accuracy and more scholarly finish. Begun in the spring of 1694, it was published in July, 1697, and brought its author a total remuneration of about £1,200 or £1,300. "It satisfied his friends," says Johnson, epigrammatically, "and for the most part silenced his enemies"—though, perhaps, we might say of it that it is not so much the Æneid that Virgil wrote as the Æneid that Virgil would have written had he been Dryden. In the year of its publication he

composed his immortal "Alexander's Feast," first set to music by Jeremiah Clarke, and afterwards by Handel. From an anecdote related by Bolingbroke, this splendid lyric is sometimes spoken of as the work of a single night; but Dryden, in a letter to his sons, expressly intimates that he had been for some time engaged in its composition. That it breathes the spirit of the higher poetry—like the grand lyrics of Shelley, Keats, or Wordsworth—no competent critic will pretend; but taking it for what it is—a magnificent piece of versification, rich in colouring, and abounding in material effects—we may pronounce it unequalled. That force and fluency and movement of versification by which Dryden is so peculiarly distinguished, we observe also in his "Fables," written in fulfilment of an agreement with Jacob Tonson, by which he was to receive 250 guineas for ten thousand verses. The Fables are modernised versions, executed with wonderful skill and freedom, of Chaucer's "The Knight's Tale," "The Nun's Priest's Tale," "The Wife of Bath's Tale," "The Flower and the Leaf," and "The Character of a Good Parson" (adapted to Bishop Ken); also, versions from Boccaccio of "Sigismunda and Guiscardo," "Theodore and Honoria," and "Cymon and Iphigenia," besides translations from Ovid, and the first-book of "The Iliad." The preface is full of sound criticism and interesting matter.

"The Fables," which appeared in March, 1700, were Dryden's last important production. "The Secular Masque," which contains a beautiful and spirited delineation of the reigns of James I., Charles I., and Charles II., in which the influences of Diana, Mars, and Venus are supposed to have respectively predominated, added to

Vanbrugh's adaptation of Fletcher's "The Pilgrim," to which he also contributed a prologue and an epilogue—the former dealing, severely, with Sir Richard Blackmore, and the latter with Jeremy Collier—closes the poet's long literary career. A lameness, with which he had been afflicted in the early part of the year, resulted in erysipelas, and this terminated in a gangrene in one of his toes. His surgeon suggested amputation of the limb, to prevent mortification, but Dryden refused to risk a dubious and painful operation, observing that in the ordinary course of nature he had not long to live. He bore his sufferings with fortitude, and faced death with composure. "When nature could be no longer supported he received the notice of his approaching dissolution with sweet submission and entire resignation to the Divine Will, and he took so tender and obliging a farewell of his friends as none but he himself could have expressed." He passed away very quietly at three o'clock on Wednesday evening, May 1st, 1700. Twelve days later his remains were interred with much public ceremony in Westminster Abbey, in a grave between the last resting-places of Chaucer and Cowley.

For a detailed criticism of his works, and fuller particulars of his life, the reader is referred to Bell, Mitford, Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, and especially to his latest editor, Mr. George Saintsbury. A fine and appreciative estimate of his poetical achievement will be found in Lowell's delightful volume of essays, entitled, "My Study Windows." Within the limits imposed, partly by the circumstances of the time and the social influences which surrounded him, and partly by his own tastes and temper, he was unquestionably a great poet; but as those limits excluded all the topics and questions which arise

out of the study and love of nature, the contemplation of the unseen, and the consideration of the wants and aspirations of humanity—in a word, all those topics and questions which most nearly affect us in our relation to the Divine Fatherhood and our fellow men—he can never be classed with the greater masters of English song, with Milton or Wordsworth, with Shelley, Browning, or Tennyson. Professor Ward remarks that it is futile to seek in Dryden for poetic qualities which he neither possessed nor affected. Wordsworth observed that in the whole body of his works there is not a single image from nature, and we may add that the landscapes he occasionally draws are coldly artificial—without a breath of life. A more signal defect is his want of sympathy. We miss in him the true lyrical cry, and to sublimity he seldom aspires and never attains. "If it be too much to say that the magnificent instrument through which his genius discourses its music lacks the *vox humana* of poetry speaking to the heart, the still rarer presence of the *vox angelica* is certainly wanting to it." But as a poetical rhetorician, as a master of versification, as an adept in the use of poetic forms, he has hardly ever been equalled. The sound of silver trumpets breathes through his strenuous couplets, and his verse rolls on, stately and irresistible, like the march of an army to battle.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

P. 150. THE SIEGE OF RHODES.

As the pattern and type of a long line of dramas, exceptional in form and anomalous in character, which we have agreed—for want of an apter term—to call English Operas, "The Siege of Rhodes" merits detailed comment. It was also the first drama in which stage scenery and accessories were introduced on an elaborate and extensive scale. It was the first in which the heroic or rhymed couplets of the French tragedy were adopted. For these reasons, it marks an epoch in our dramatic history.

From Davenant's preface to the first part, published in 1656, we incidentally learn the dimensions of the stage to which he was compelled to confine his scenic effects. He speaks of it as about "eleven feet in height and about fifteen in depth, including the places of passage reserved for the Music." "This," he adds, "is so narrow an allowance for the fleet of Solyman the Magnificent, his army, the Island of Rhodes, and the varieties attending the Siege of the City, that I fear you will think we invite you to such a contracted trifle as that of the Cæsars

carved upon a nut." A much more spacious stage was available in the Duke's Theatre, of which he took the direction after the Restoration.

"The Siege of Rhodes" is divided into five "entries" or set scenes,—"tableaux" we suppose they would now be called. The scene for the First Entry shows "a maritime coast, full of craggy rocks and high cliffs, with several verdures naturally growing upon such high situations; and, afar off, the true prospect of the city Rhodes, when it was in prosperous estate: with so much view of the gardens and hills about it, as the narrowness of the room could allow the scene. In that part of the horizon, terminated by the sea, was represented the Turkish fleet making towards a promontory, some few miles distant from the town."

The Entry is prefaced by Instrumental Music.

Enter Admiral and Villerius; from whom we learn that the Turkish fleet is on its way to attack Rhodes and its garrison of Christian knights. Then come in Alphonso, Duke of Sicily,—wedded to Ianthe only a month ago,—and the High Marshal of Rhodes, who advises him to return to Sicily before the siege begins. He refuses:—

> "My sword against proud Solyman I draw,
> His cursèd prophet and his sensual law"—

a declaration repeated by the Chorus as all depart from the stage. Ianthe enters next, with her two women, Melosile and Madina, bearing caskets of jewels. She is in Sicily, but will hasten to her husband in threatened Rhodes, and convert her jewels into arms and gunpowder. With a soldier's chorus the First Entry closes, and the scene changes to the city of Rhodes, beleaguered by sea and land.

After the usual prelude of instruments, Villerius and the Admiral discourse, and the audience gather that the siege has lasted for three months, during which Duke Alphonso's brilliant courage has inspired the soldiers and citizens, but that Christendom, rent by dissension, will not come to sustain the Cross against the Crescent. Duke Alphonso enters, and in lyric measure celebrates the brave deeds of the different knights. In a strain of despair, he adds, however —

> "If Death be rest, here let us die,
> Where weariness is all
> We daily get by Victory,
> Who must by Famine fall.
> Great Solyman is landed now;
> All Fate he seems to be;
> And brings those tempests in his brow
> Which he deserved at sea."

Animated with heroic courage, the chivalry of Rhodes depart on their several duties; and Solyman the Magnificent comes upon the stage, accompanied by Pirrus, his Vizier Bassa (Pasha), whom he reproaches for having been so long withstood by a single city. He orders an immediate assault, and Pirrus having quitted him, breaks forth into a lyrical eulogium of the Christian skill in war, while condemning the Christian proneness to love and wine. Enter Mustapha, a Pasha, with Ianthe, veiled, who has been captured by a Turkish squadron on her voyage to Rhodes:—

> "*Soly.*—What is it thou wouldst show, and yet dost shroud?
> *Mus.*—I bring the Morning pictured in a Cloud . . .
> This is Ianthe, the Sicilian flower,
> Sweeter than buds unfolded in a shower,
> Bride to Alphonso, who in Rhodes so long
> Safe with her lord when both are free
> And on their course to Sicily,
> Then Rhodes shall for that valour mourn
> Which stops the haste of our return."

Having summoned a multitude of masons from Greece, Solyman commands that, within a month, a palace shall be erected for him on Mount Philermus, so as to overlook the Rhodians, and there he resolves that his patience shall wear them out if his anger cannot subdue them.

The scene changes to the beleaguered city. Enter Villerius, Admiral, Alphonso, and Ianthe. Villerius and the Admiral extol the conjugal devotion of Ianthe, which has been of greater profit to Rhodes than all the princes of Christendom; and the Admiral gallantly assures her that they will thenceforth have a twofold object, to save her as well as the city. Alphonso, when left alone with his wife, expresses his fears that her presence will, for her dear sake, make a coward of him. Ianthe replies in the true heroic spirit, and then recounts the generous deeds of Solyman:—

"*Ianthe.*—These are the smallest gifts his bounty know.
Alph.—What could he give you more?
Ianthe.—He gave me *you*;
And you may homeward now securely go
Through all his fleet.
Alph.—But honour says not so.
Ianthe.—If that forbid it, you shall never see
That I and that will disagree;
Honour will speak the same to me.
Alph.—This Christian Turk amazes me, my dear."

—a line in which Davenant has surely sounded the depths of pathos!

Ianthe now departs, and Alphonso confides to the audience the divided thoughts which so sorely trouble him. Now—

"The theme has been of each heroic song;
And she for his relief those galleys fraught;
Both stowed with what her dower and jewels bought."

She refuses to unveil; Mustapha having sworn by the

Prophet that he would carry her, veiled, to her husband at Rhodes, and that only her husband should lift the veil. Otherwise she would have sought death. Solyman bestows warm praise on the generosity of his Pasha, and orders that Ianthe, and her two galleys laden with provisions for the hungering people of Rhodes, shall be conveyed into the harbour with full martial honours. He adds that she and her husband, whenever they wish to leave the doomed city, shall have free passage back to Sicily.

The "further part" of the scene now opens, and displays a royal pavilion, within which is erected Solyman's imperial throne: round about are shown the quarters of his Bassas and inferior officers. The entry is again prefaced by instrumental music. The Third Entry. Enter Solyman, Pirrus, Mustapha.

"*Pirrus.*—When to all Rhodes our army does appear,
Shall we then make a sudden halt,
And give a general assault?
Soly.—Pirrus, not yet, Ianthe being there:
Let them our valour by our mercy prize.
The respite of this day
To virtuous love shall pay
A debt long due for all my victories.
Must.—If virtuous beauty can attain such grace
Whilst she a captive was, and hid,
What wisdom can his love forbid
When Virtue's free and Beauty shows her face?
Soly.—Despatch a trumpet to the town;
Summon Ianthe to be gone."

Enter Solyman's wife, Roxolana, attended by Pirrus, and Bustan, another Pasha. Having heard of Ianthe, she has been seized with a fever of jealousy, and has hastened to Rhodes, to bring him "as a present" before she dies "the heart which he has forsaken." The scene closes with a chorus of men and women who, in musical strains,

uphold to all husbands and wives the splendid example of Alphonso and Ianthe.

A flourish of instrumental music, and the Fourth Entry begins.

"The scene is varied to the prospect of Mount Philermus: Artificers appearing at work about that castle which was there, with wonderful expedition, erected by Solyman. His great army discovered in the plain below, drawn up in *battalia;* as if it were prepared for a general assault."

Enter Solyman, Pirrus, and Mustapha. The Turkish Sultan is greatly surprised that Alphonso and Ianthe have not availed themselves of his promised safe-conduct; but so great is his admiration for the matchless pair that he resolves they shall not be self-sacrificed:—

"Go, Mustapha, and strictest orders give
Through all the camp, that in assault they spare,
And in the sack of this presumptuous town,
The lives of these two strangers with a care
Above the preservation of their own.
Alphonso has so oft his courage shown
That he to all but cowards must be known.
Ianthe is so fair, that none can be
Mistaken, among thousands, which is she."

The scene returns to Rhodes. Enter Alphonso and Ianthe, the latter of whom acknowledges that they erred through excess of pride in not accepting the Sultan's generous promise; for why should honour scorn to take what honour's self does offer? Alphonso, in the exaggeration of chivalry, replies:—

"To be o'ercome by his victorious sword
Will comfort to our fall afford:
Our strength may yield to his; but 'tis not fit
Our virtue should to his submit;
In that, Ianthe, I must be
Advanced, and greater far than he.

Ianthe.—He is a foe to Rhodes and not to you.
Alph.—In Rhodes besieged we must be Rhodians too.
Ianthe.—'Twas fortune that engaged you in this war.
Alph.—'Twas Providence. Heaven's prisoners here we are.
Ianthe.—That Providence our freedom does restore;
The hand that shut now opens us the door.
Alph.—Had Heaven that passport for our freedom sent,
It would have chosen some better instrument
Than faithless Solyman.
Ianthe.—O say not so!
To strike and wound the virtue of your foe
Is cruelty which war does not allow:
Sure he has better words deserved from you.
Alph.—From me, Ianthe, no;
What he deserves from you, you best must know."

It must be owned that Ianthe in this dialogue appears in a much more amiable light than does her husband, whose jealousy of Solyman begins to reveal itself. Ianthe, distressed and shocked by such a manifestation, resolves to seek her death in the morrow's battle. From a subsequent dialogue between Villerius and the Admiral, we learn that the siege progresses apace, that the Turks have laid down mines which the Rhodians have sought to countermine; but that the courage and fine mind of Duke Alphonso are disordered by his causeless jealousy. In this scene the jealousy of Roxolana is dealt with. The Sultan has refused to see her before he delivers the final assault, and this refusal she attributes to his love for the beautiful Sicilian. The Entry closes with a representation of the fury of the fight, which rages with special vehemence about the English station.

The Fifth Entry opens with the clash of arms and the clang of battle. In spite of the presence of their Sultan, the Turks give way. In a while they rally, and then the Rhodians in their turn fall back; but the English volunteers refuse to budge an inch:—

" *Musta.*—Those desperate English ne'er will fly!
Their presence still doth hinder others' flight,
As if their mistresses were by
To see and praise them while they fight.
Soly.—That flame of valour in Alphonso's eyes
Outshines the light of all my victories."

The English, at length, seem to retire; and Solyman impels the advance, in his haste to conquer the heroic husband and wife whom his generosity desires to save. Afterwards comes a scene between Alphonso and the Admiral. The latter summons him to assist his receding force, but at the same time informs him that his Ianthe lies wounded in the English quarter. Now stands Alphonso—"this way and that dividing his swift mind," as Tennyson puts it. Rhodes or Ianthe? Honour on the one side; Love on the other. Love prevails, and Alphonso proceeds to his Ianthe. Then enter Pirrus, whose troops have been repulsed, with the loss of seven crescents. Enter Mustapha, and a good many martial speeches are ground out. Enter Solyman, who reproaches his army for their want of courage, and announces that if he cannot take Rhodes by the sword, he will reduce it by famine. The scene changes to the besieged town. "Enter Villerius, Admiral, Ianthe. She in a night-gown; and a chair is brought in." Her companions inform the wounded heroine that her life is in no danger; and that the assault of the Turks has been defeated, chiefly by the splendid courage of Alphonso, who, like herself, is slightly wounded. He enters, led in by two mutes. Husband and wife exchange affectionately penitential speeches; he, for having sunk so low as to doubt her faith; she, for having taken umbrage at his jealousy.

" *Alph.*—Accursed crime! O let it have no name
Till I recover blood to show my shame.

Ianth.—Why stay we at such distance when we treat?
As monarch's children making love
By proxy to each other move,
And by advice of tedious councils meet.
Alph.—Keep back, Ianthe, for my strength does fail
When on thy cheek I see thy roses pale.
Draw all the curtains, and then lead her in;
Let me in darkness mourn away my sin."

He is led out by the two mutes, while Ianthe is carried away in a sedan-chair! Enter Solyman and Roxolana, the latter attended by her women. Solyman reproaches her with her jealousy, which, he says, her women have inspired and cherished. And he concludes thus:—

" Thy war with Rhodes will never have success
Till I, at home, Roxana, make my peace.
I will be kind if you'll grow wise;
Go chide your whisperers and your spies.
Be satisfied with liberty to think;
And when you should not see me, learn to wink".

The play ends with a grand chorus of soldiers rejoicing in the discomfiture of the Turks:—

" You began the assault
With a very long halt;
And as halting ye came,
So ye went off as lame;
And have left our Alphonso to scoff ye.
To himself as a dainty
He keeps his Ianthe,
Whilst we drink good wine, and ye drink but coffee!"

APPENDIX B.

P. 230. "THE MAN OF MODE."

Of "The Man of Mode," a brief analysis may be interesting. Dorimont, the Man of Mode, belongs in many respects to the same category of fashionable and fascinating gallants as Dryden's comedy-heroes, while the other principal male character, Sir Fopling Flutter, is his counterfoil; a fool and a fribble, who imports his affectations from France. In the first scene of the first Act we find him conversing with an orange-girl, who informs him that a handsome gentlewoman and her mother, lately come to town, have, in their ignorance, taken lodgings at her house. They are recognized by his friend Medley, who next enters, as Lady Woodvil and her wayward, rich, and lovely daughter Harriet. Lady Woodvil's business in London, of which she has a great horror, is to conclude a marriage between Harriet and a certain young gentleman, named Bellair, whose affections, however, have already been engaged to Emilia, a ward of her Aunt Townley. In the conversation which ensues between Dorimont, Medley, and Bellair, much cheap wit is employed in ridicule of marriage; but Bellair remains constant to his loyal intentions. He is called away, and his friends discuss him. "He's handsome," says Dorimont, "well-bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit." "Ever well dressed," rejoins Medley, "always complaisant, and seldom impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate, I see." "It is our mutual interest to be so: it makes the women think better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation: it makes *him* pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and I upon others for a very civil person."

Thus we see that, in the society of the Restoration, it was accepted as a law of nature that wit and morality could not go together; that a rake must necessarily be a man of parts, and a clean-living man a fool.

Emilia, the lady-love of Bellair, is worthy of him in her virtue and discretion. Dorimont has vainly endeavoured to subdue her, but still hopes for success when she is married. Meanwhile, Dorimont is engaged to Belinda, whom he has met, masked, at the play, on condition that, in her presence, he insults *her* friend and *his* mistress, Mrs. Lovitt, as a proof of his love. To carry out this gentlemanly design, he has written a note to Mrs. Lovitt, appointing to call upon her in the afternoon; and while, preparatory to his visit, Belinda agrees to excite Mrs. Lovitt's jealousy, and thus afford him an excuse for his insults, and he undertakes to represent himself as resentful of her attentions to Sir Fopling Flutter, though he very well knows that she hates him.

Act II. We now find the elder Bellair in town, with the intention of marrying his son to the fair and wealthy Harriet Woodvil. By a strange *contretemps*, he has taken lodgings in the same house with Emilia, his son's lady-

APPENDIX B.

P. 230. "THE MAN OF MODE."

Of "The Man of Mode," a brief analysis may be interesting. Dorimont, the Man of Mode, belongs in many respects to the same category of fashionable and fascinating gallants as Dryden's comedy-heroes, while the other principal male character, Sir Fopling Flutter, is his counterfoil; a fool and a fribble, who imports his affectations from France. In the first scene of the first Act we find him conversing with an orange-girl, who informs him that a handsome gentlewoman and her mother, lately come to town, have, in their ignorance, taken lodgings at her house. They are recognized by his friend Medley, who next enters, as Lady Woodvil and her wayward, rich, and lovely daughter Harriet. Lady Woodvil's business in London, of which she has a great horror, is to conclude a marriage between Harriet and a certain young gentleman, named Bellair, whose affections, however, have already been engaged to Emilia, a ward of her Aunt Townley. In the conversation which ensues between Dorimont, Medley, and Bellair, much cheap wit is employed in ridicule of marriage; but Bellair remains constant to his loyal in-

tentions. He is called away, and his friends discuss him. "He's handsome," says Dorimont, "well-bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit." "Ever well dressed," rejoins Medley, "always complaisant, and seldom impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate, I see." "It is our mutual interest to be so: it makes the women think better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation: it makes *him* pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and I upon others for a very civil person,"

Thus we see that, in the society of the Restoration, it was accepted as a law of nature that wit and morality could not go together; that a rake must necessarily be a man of parts, and a clean-living man a fool.

Emilia, the lady-love of Bellair, is worthy of him in her virtue and discretion. Dorimont has vainly endeavoured to subdue her, but still hopes for success when she is married. Meanwhile, Dorimont is engaged to Belinda, whom he has met, masked, at the play, on condition that, in her presence, he insults *her* friend and *his* mistress, Mrs. Lovitt, as a proof of his love. To carry out this gentlemanly design, he has written a note to Mrs. Lovitt, appointing to call upon her in the afternoon; and while, preparatory to his visit, Belinda agrees to excite Mrs. Lovitt's jealousy, and thus afford him an excuse for his insults, and he undertakes to represent himself as resentful of her attentions to Sir Fopling Flutter, though he very well knows that she hates him.

Act II. We now find the elder Bellair in town, with the intention of marrying his son to the fair and wealthy Harriet Woodvil. By a strange *contretemps*, he has taken lodgings in the same house with Emilia, his son's lady-

love, of whom he himself becomes enamoured. The elder Bellair is a country squire of fifty-five, and his suit to Emilia he presses in rustic fashion, applying rough names to her affectionately, and swearing, "a-dod," that she is a beauty and a rogue. So the plot thickens between the two Bellairs and Emilia, and an amusing game of cross-purposes is played. Meantime, Belinda, in pursuance of her compact, calls on Mrs. Lovitt, and stirs up her jealous wrath; Dorimont enters, and a coarse scene follows, in which this "man of mode" wins the hand of Belinda by his vulgar insolence to his discarded mistress.

Act III. From a conversation between Harriet and her woman, Bury, we learn that the former is by no means the pattern gentlewoman her aunt imagines; and that she has come to London from no desire to marry Bellair, but from a wish to indulge in its dissipations. She confesses to have seen the fascinating Dorimont, and to have been absolutely charmed by him. Young Bellair enters; and after some sparring they agree that they will not marry one another, but for the present will amuse their parents with a pretended engagement. The scene changes to a crush at Lady Townley's, where Sir Fopling Flutter appears, and Dorimont and Medley befool him to the great entertainment of the men and women of fashion present. Next we pass to the fashionable promenade of the Mall, where the gallants muster in great force; Dorimont attends sedulously upon Harriet, while Mrs. Lovitt and Sir Fopling Flutter indulge in a mild flirtation. In the evening there is to be a dance at Lady Townley's, at which Dorimont will be present under the name of Mr. Courtage —in order not to alarm Lady Woodvil—and intends to prosecute his suit to the wild, witty, lovesome, and beautiful Harriet.

Act IV. Country dance at Lady Townley's. The pretended Mr. Courtage produces a favourable impression on Lady Woodvil, while old Bellair dances attendance upon Emilia. Sir Fopling and masquers enter; and the scene is one of wild dissipation, which does not close until dawn of day. Old Bellair retires to his wine, and Dorimont steals away to keep an appointment with Belinda, who, with delightful modesty, has promised to visit him in his lodgings at five in the morning. We are introduced to his lodgings just as Belinda is leaving, having obtained Dorimont's promise that he will give up Mrs. Lovitt. Sir Fopling and a party of roysterers suddenly break in upon them; and with difficulty Belinda escapes by a back-stair into a sedan-chair, which, as she, in her confusion, forgets to give any instructions, is set down at the accustomed spot, near Mrs. Lovitt's door in the Mall. As Belinda is seen by Mrs. Lovitt's maid, she must needs pretend that she has come to pay her a visit, and accounts for the early hour by saying that some Welsh cousins had pressed her to accompany them to buy flowers and fruit at Covent Garden. She has bribed the chairmen to say that they took her up in the Strand, near the well-known Market, which even then, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, had acquired a reputation.

Act V. Belinda's quick invention is accepted by her friend; but Dorimont suddenly makes his appearance, and, much agitated, she retires into another room. His object is to recover his influence over Mrs. Lovitt, so that she may compensate him for her studied neglect of him in the Mall by publicly insulting Sir Fopling before his friends. Belinda breaks in upon them, and hurls reproaches at Dorimont, of which Mrs. Lovitt partially

guesses the meaning. We pass on to Lady Townley's house, and discover that Smirk, a domestic chaplain, has, with her Ladyship's sanction, married Emilia to Bellair the younger. When old Bellair and others enter, he is hurriedly concealed in a cupboard. Old Bellair has everything prepared for his marriage to Emilia, and Dorimont has contrived to bind his lofty self to nuptials with the witty and lovesome Harriet. But when Smirk, the chaplain, is released from his cupboard to perform the ceremony for the elder Bellair and Emilia, he refuses, on the ground that he has already married the young lady once that morning. The *dénouement* provokes much laughter; old Bellair comes in for a good deal of ridicule; and the young couple are duly forgiven.

As a picture of "high life," *sub Carolo Secundo rege*, "The Man of Mode" is not without its value; but the coarseness of its tone and the corruption of its atmosphere point to the unhealthy condition of Society which then obtained. Love is burlesqued and degraded; marriage laughed at; woman's virtue and man's honour are represented as the dreams of fastidious minds; and the dramatist seems wholly unable to perceive that the hero on whom he has lavished so much pains, whom he so triumphantly puts forward as the mirror of fashion and the ideal of a gentleman, is nothing after all but a libertine and a snob. If a man is to be judged by the company he seeks, we ought to judge a playwright by the heroes he invents.

APPENDIX.

CHAPTER III.

P. 143. Arrowsmith's comedy, "The Reformation," was published in 1673. It was originally produced at the Duke's Theatre. Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, says: "The Reformation in the play being the reverse to the laws of morality and virtue, it quickly made its *exit* to make way for a moral one," *i.e.*, Davenant's alteration of "Macbeth." It seems to have been partly directed against Dryden.

P. 144. Sir Richard Steele's criticism of Banks's tragedy, "The Unhappy Favourite," is as follows: "There is in it not one good line, and yet it is a play which was never seen without drawing tears from some part of the audience: a remarkable instance that the soul is not to be moved by words, but things; for the incidents in this drama are laid together so happily that the spectator makes the play for himself, by the force which the circumstance has upon his imagination. Thus, in spite of the most dry discourses, and expressions almost ridiculous with respect to propriety, it is impossible for one unprejudiced to see it untouched with pity. I must confess this

effect is not wrought on such as examine why they are pleased; but it never fails to appear on those who are not too learned in nature to be moved by her first suggestions."

P. 144. Baker ascribes three tragedies to the surgeon, John Bancroft: "Sertorius," 1679; "Henry II.," 1693; and "Edward III.," 1691.

P. 145. Alexander Brome's "Cunning Lovers" is founded on "The Seven Wise Masters of Rome," Davenant's "Unfortunate Lovers," and a novel called "The Fortunate Deceived."

P. 147. Lord Orrery's plays, in chronological order, are: "Mustapha" (tragedy), 1668; "Henry V." (tragedy), 1672; "The Black Prince" (tragedy), 1669; "Tryphon" (tragedy), 1669; "Mr. Anthony" (comedy), 1690; "Guzman" (comedy), 1693; "Herod" (tragedy), 1691; "Altemira" (tragedy), 1702.

P. 148. Of John Corye, or Corey, nothing is known but that he lived in Charles II.'s reign, and produced one comedy, which is a plagiarism from various authors—Quinault, Corneille, Randolph, and Beaumont and Fletcher. It was published in 1672, under the title of "The Generous Enemies; or, The Ridiculous Lovers."

P. 149. We subjoin a complete list of Crowne's dramatic compositions:—

"Juliana" (tragi-comedy), 1671; "Charles VIII. of France," 1672; "The Country Wit" (comedy), 1675; "Andromache," 1675; "Calisto" (a masque), 1675; "City Politiques" (comedy), 1675; "The Destruction of Jerusalem" (a tragedy, in two parts), 1677; "The Ambitious Statesman" (tragedy), 1679; "The Misery of Civil War" (tragedy), 1680; "Henry VI." (tragedy, in

two parts), 1685; "Thyestes" (tragedy), 1681; "Sir Courtly Nice" (comedy), 1685; "Darius" (tragedy), 1688; "The English Friar" (comedy), 1690; "Regulus" (tragedy), 1694; "The Married Beau" (comedy), 1694; "Caligula" (tragedy), 1698; and "Justice Busy" (comedy), not printed. In reference to "Sir Courtly Nice," Crowne's best play, John Dennis, the critic, says: "All that is of English growth in it is admirable; for though we find in it neither the fine designs of Ben Jonson, nor the general and masculine wit of Wycherley, nor that grace, that delicacy, nor that courtly air which make the charms of Etherege; yet is the dialogue so lively and so spirited, and so attractively diversified and adapted to the several characters; four of those characters are so entirely new, yet so general and so important, are drawn so truly and so graphically, and opposed to each other; Surly to Sir Courtly, and Hothead to Testimony, with such a strong and entire opposition; those extremes of behaviour, the one of which is the grievance, and the other the plague of society and conversation; excessive ceremony on one side, and on the other rudeness and brutality, are so finely exposed in Surly and Sir Courtly; and those divisions and animosities in the two great parties of England, which have so long disturbed the public quiet and undermined the public interest, are so happily represented and ridiculed in Testimony and Hothead, that though I have more than twenty times read over this charming comedy, yet I have always read it not only with delight but rapture; and it is my opinion, that the greatest comic poet that ever lived in any age might have been proud to be the author of it."

P. 150. To the list of Sir William Davenant's plays

here given must be added: "Britannia Triumphans" (a masque), 1637; "Salmacida Spolia" (a masque), 1639; "Love and Honour," 1649; "Entertainment at Rutland House," 1656; "The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru," 1658; "History of Sir Francis Drake," 1659; "The Fair Favourite," 1673; "Law against Lovers," 1673; "News from Plymouth," 1673; "Play-house to be Let," 1673; "The Siege," 1673; "The Distresses," 1673; and alteration of "Macbeth," for which Matthew Locke wrote his celebrated "Music." With respect to "Love and Honour," a tragi-comedy, of which the scene lies in Savoy, Downes tells us that it was produced with much splendour of costume; the King giving Betterton his coronation suit, in which he acted the part of Prince Alvaro; the Duke of York giving his to Mr. Harris, in which he played Count Prospero; and Lord Oxford gave his to Mr. Pain, who performed Lionel. It was originally called "The Courage of Love," and was afterwards named by Sir Henry Herbert, at Davenant's request, "The Nonpareilles; or, The Matchless Maids." "The Man's the Master" (borrowed from Scarron's *Jodelet* and *L'Heritier Ridicule*) was the last play written by Davenant, being finished not long before his death.

P. 161. Dryden's tragi-comedy of "Secret Love" is founded, according to Baker, on a novel called "The History of Cleobuline, Queen of Corinth," pt. vii., book 7, under whose character that of the celebrated Christina, of Sweden has been confidently affirmed to be represented. The characters of Celadon, Florimel, Olinda, and Sabina are borrowed from the history of Pisistrata and Corintha, in *The Grand Cyrus*, pt. ix., ver. 3; and that of the French Marquis from *Ibrahim*, pt. ii., ver. 1. Dryden has also

made some use of Shirley's "Changes; or, Love in a Maze."

P. 193. "The Spanish Friar" was severely criticised on its first appearance both by Dryden's personal enemies and the partisans of the Duke of York. The former declared it was mainly stolen from other authors; the latter affirmed that it attacked the Roman religion. In respect to the latter charge, Charles II. said that knaves in every profession should be alike subject to ridicule; and as to the former, he exclaimed, "God's fish! steal me such another play any of you, and I'll frequent it as much as I do the 'Spanish Friar.'"

P. 200. Dryden's "Albion and Albanius." Downes records that this play happening to be performed at an unlucky time—the very day on which the Duke of Monmouth landed in the West—it ran but six nights.

P. 201. "Don Sebastian." See Addison's criticism on this play in *The Guardian*, No. cx.

P. 224. The complete list of D'Urfey's dramatic compositions is as follows:—"Siege of Memphis" (t.), 1676; "Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters" (c.), 1676; "Madame Fickle" (c.), 1677; "Fool turned Critic" (c.), 1678; "Trick for Trick" (c.), 1678; "Squire Old Sapp" (c.), 1679; "Virtuous Wife" (c.), 1680; "Sir Barnaby Whigg" (c.), 1681; "Royalist" (c.), 1682; "Injured Princess" (t.-c.), 1682; "Commonwealth of Women," 1686; "Banditti," 1686; "Fool's Preferment; or, Three Dukes of Dunstable" (c.), 1688; "Bussy D'Ambois" (t.), 1691; "Love for Money" (c.), 1691; "Marriage-Hater Matched" (c.), 1692; "The Richmond Heiress; or, A Woman Once in the Right" (c.), 1693; "Don Quixote" (in three parts), 1694-6; "Cynthia and Endymion" (op.),

1697; "Intrigues at Versailles" (c.), 1697; "Campaigners" (c.), 1698; "Masaniello" (play, in two parts), 1699-1700; "Bath" (c.), 1701; "Wonders in the Sun" (comic opera), 1706; "Modern Prophets" (c.), 1709; "Old Mode and the New" (c.), 1709; "The Two Queens of Brentford;" "Grecian Heroine" (t.), 1721; and "Ariadne" (opera), 1721.

P. 235. The Hon. Edward Howard's plays are: "Usurper" (t.), 1668; "Six Days' Adventure" (c.), 1671; "The Women's Conquest" (tragi-com.), 1671; "Man of Newmarket" (c), 1678; "The Change of Crowns;" "The London Gentleman;" and "The United Kingdoms." The last three were not printed.

P. 236. The Hon. James Howard produced a perversion of "Romeo and Juliet," in which both the hero and the heroine were preserved alive; it was never printed. Besides the comedy of "The English Musician," he wrote, in 1672, "All Mistaken."

P. 236. Thomas Killigrew's plays are: "Prisoners" (t.-c.); "Claricilla" (t.-c.); "Princess; or, Love at First Sight" (t.-c.); "Parson's Wedding" (c.); "Pilgrim" (t.); "Cicilia and Clorinda; or, Love in Arms" (t.-c., in two parts); "Thomaso" (c., in two parts); "Bellamira, her Dream; or, The Love of Shadows" (in two parts). In "The Parson's Wedding," the device employed by Careless and Wild to beguile Lady Wild and Mrs. Pleasance into marriage seems borrowed from Marmion Shakerley's "Antiquary" and Lodowick Barry's "Ram Alley."

P. 236. Sir William Killigrew was the author of "Pandora; or, The Converts," 1664, originally a tragedy, but altered into a comedy to please the public taste;

"Ormasdes; or, Love and Friendship" (t.-c.), 1665; "Selindra," 1665; "The Siege of Urbin," 1666; and "The Imperial Tragedy," 1669.

P. 243. The prologue to Lacy's "Sir Hercules Buffoon" was written by Tom D'Urfey, who refers to its posthumous character:—

> "Know that famed Lacy, ornament o' th' stage,
> That standard of true comedy in our age,
> Wrote this new play—
> And if it takes not, all that we can say on't
> Is, we've his *fiddle*, not his *hands*, to play on't."

P. 258. Nevil Payne was the reputed author of three plays: "The Fatal Jealousy" (t.), 1673; "The Morning Ramble" (c.), 1673; and "The Siege of Constantinople; (t.), 1675. "The Fatal Jealousy" is borrowed from "The Unfortunate Lovers" in Beard's "Theatre."

P. 259. "Tom Essence; or, The Modish Wife," by Thomas Rawlins, is founded on two French comedies, the "Cocu Imaginaire" of Molière and the "Don César d'Alvaros" of Corneille. Rawlins died in 1673. The pieces which pass under his name, in addition to "Tom Essence," are "Rebellion" (a tragedy), 1640; and "Tunbridge Wells" (a comedy), 1678. In the preface to his tragedy he says: "Take no notice of my name, for a second work of this nature shall hardly bear it. I have no desire to be known by a *threadbare* coat, having a calling that will maintain it *woolly*."

P. 259. In this chapter we have accidentally omitted the name of Edward Ravenscroft, who lived in the reign of Charles II. and his two successors, and deserves mention as one of the very worst of the Restoration dramatists. His compositions, or rather, compilations, are twelve in number: "Careless Lovers" (c.), 1673;

"Mamamouchi" (c.), 1675; "Scaramouch, a Philosopher" (c.), 1677; "Wrangling Lovers" (c.), 1677; "King Edgar and Alfreda" (t.-c.), 1677; "English Lawyer" (c.), 1678; "London Cuckolds" (c.), 1682; "Dame Dobson" (c.), 1684; "Titus Andronicus" (t.), 1687; "Canterbury Guests" (c.), 1695; "Anatomist" (c.), 1697; and "Italian Husband" (t.), 1698. "Mamamouchi; or, The Citizen turned Gentleman," is borrowed wholesale, without acknowledgment, from Molière's "Monsieur Pourceaugnac" and "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." In like manner, as Langbaine points out, "Scaramouch, a Philosopher" is taken from Molière. In "The Wrangling Lovers; or, The Invisible Mistress," Molière has again been laid under contribution.

P. 259. Of Revet's comedy of "The Town Shifts; or, Suburb Justice," acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1671, Langbaine speaks as an instructive and moral piece, and bestows much praise on one of the characters, Lovewell, who, though reduced to poverty, not only maintains in his own actions the principles of "innate honesty and integrity," but even labours to recommend them to his two comrades, Friendly and Faithful. According to the preface, this play was begun and finished in a fortnight. The world would have sustained no loss if it had never been begun, or never finished.

P. 260. According to Langbaine, Charles Saunders was a King's Scholar at Westminster School when he produced his tragedy of "Tamerlane the Great," which is warmly praised by Banks and other of his contemporaries.

P. 264. We subjoin a complete list of Elkanah Settle's dramatic compositions:—

"Cambyses, King of Persia" (t.), 1671; "The Empress of Morocco" (t.), 1673; "Love and Revenge" (t.), 1675; "The Conquest of China by the Tartars" (t.), 1676; "Ibrahim, the Illustrious Bassa" (t.), 1677; "Pastor Fido; or, The Faithful Shepherd" (pastoral), 1677; "Fatal Love; or, The Forced Inconstancy" (t.), 1680; "The Female Prelate: being the History of the Life and Death of Pope Joan" (t.), 1680; "The Heir of Morocco" (t.), 1682; "Distressed Innocence; or, The Princess of Persia" (t.), 1691; "New Athenian Comedy," 1693; "The Ambitious Slave; or, A Generous Revenge" (t.), 1694; "Philaster; or, Love Lies a Bleeding" (t. c.), 1695; "The World in the Moon" (opera), 1697; "The Virgin Prophetess; or, The Fate of Troy" (opera), 1701; "The Siege of Troy," 1707; "City Ramble; or, The Playhouse Wedding" (c.), 1711; and "The Lady's Triumph" (comic opera), 1718. "Philaster" was Beaumont and Fletcher's play, with the two last acts rewritten.

P. 272. By a misprint Shadwell's comedy of "The Scowerers" has been turned into "The Scriveners." From *Lady Gimcrack* in "The Virtuoso," Congreve has evidently borrowed his *Lady Plyant* in "The Double Dealer." "The Miser," 1672, is an adaptation from Molière's "L'Avare." "Psyche," 1675, is what we should now call a spectacular drama. Music, dancing, and scenery secured for it a great success. It is founded on "The Golden Ass," by Apuleins, and "Psyche" by Molière. "The Woman-Captain," acted at the Duke's Theatre in 1680, is full of lively incident. In his preface to "Bury Fair," the author says that his comedy was written "during eight months painful sickness;

wherein all the several days in which I was able to write any part of a scene, amounted not to one month, except some few which were employed in indispensable business." "The Amorous Bigot, with the second part of Teague O'Divelly," is very inferior to "The Lancashire Witches." In 1693 was published a posthumous comedy by Shadwell, "The Volunteers; or, The Stock-Jobbers."

P. 276. The dates of Southern's dramatic compositions are:—"The Loyal Brother; or, The Persian Prince" (t.), 1682; "The Disappointment" (c.), 1684; "Sir Antony Love; or, The Rambling Lady" (c.), 1691; "The Wives' Excuse; or, Cuckolds Make Themselves" (c.), 1692; "The Maid's Last Prayer; or, Anything rather than Fail" (c.), 1693; "The Fatal Marriage; or, The Innocent Adultery" (t.), 1694; "Oroonoko" (t.), 1696; "The Fate of Capua" (t.), 1700; "The Spartan Dame" (t.), 1719; and "Money the Mistress" (a play), 1726. The plot of "The Loyal Brother" is taken from an old fiction, called "Tachmas, Prince of Persia." That of "The Disappointment; or, The Mother in Fashion," partly from "The Curious Impertinent" in "Don Quixote." "Money the Mistress," when produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, proved a failure. Southern, who was then in his 67th year, was behind the scenes when, on the first night, the audience were hissing vigorously. Rich, the prompter, who was standing by his side, asked him if he heard what the audience were doing? "No, sir," replied Southern, "I am very deaf." "The Spartan Dame" was written in 1687, though not acted until 1719, when its success was so great that the author's profits amounted to £500. The subject is derived from Plutarch's "Life of Agis."

P. 279. The music to Sir Robert Stapylton's comedy of "The Stepmother" was composed by Matthew Lock. Two Masques are introduced, called "Apollo's" and "Diana's."

P. 280. We give a full list of Nahum Tate's dramatic compositions:—"Brutus of Alba" (t.), 1678; "The Loyal General" (t.), 1680; "Richard II.; or, The Sicilian Usurper," 1681; "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth; or, The Fall of Coriolanus," 1682; "Cuckold's Haven; or, An Alderman no Conjurer" (f.), 1685; "A Duke and No Duke" (f.), 1685; "The Island Princess" (t.-c.), 1687; "Injured Love; or, The Cruel Husband (t.), 1707; "Dido and Æneas" (op.). None of these have any originality. The last-named is simply a bad abridgment of Webster's "White Devil."

P. 281. Sir Samuel Tuke was of Temple Cressy, in the county of Essex, and a Colonel of horse in the service of Charles I., "while the affairs of that monarch wore any appearance of success." He was created a baronet in March, 1664, and died at Somerset House on January 26th, 1673. His one dramatic effort was extraordinarily successful. Echard says of it:—"This is one of the pleasantest stories that ever appeared upon our stage, and has as much variety of plots and intrigues, without anything being precipitated, improper, or unnatural, as to the main action."

P. 296. A note or two on Mrs. Behn's plays may be acceptable. The two parts of "The Rover" are described as "both of them very entertaining; they contain much business, bustle, and intrigue, supported with an infinite deal of sprightliness." The plot is based upon Killigrew's "Don Thomaso." In reference to "The Forced Marriage"

we are told that Otway, the poet, having expressed an inclination to turn actor, Mrs. Behn gave him the king in this play as a probation part; "but, not having been used to the stage, the appearance of a full audience put him into such confusion as effectually spoiled him for an actor." The comedy of "The Amorous Prince; or, The Curious Husband" is chiefly bas ed on Cervantes' novel of "The Curious Impertinent," for which the old dramatists had a curious fancy. "The Dutch Lover" is from a Spanish source. "Abdelazar; or, The Moor's Rev enge," is an adaptation of Marlowe's "Lust's Dominion." "The Town Fop; or, Sir Timothy Tawdry" is largely borrowed from George Wilkins's comedy, "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage." The prologue and epilogue to "The Debauchee" (an adaptation of Richard Brome's "Mad Couple Well Matched") were written by the Earl of Rochester. Hints for "Sir Patient Fancy" have been borrowed from Molière's "Malade Imaginaire" and "M. Pourceaugnac." The dedication of "The Feigned Courtesans; or, A Night's Intrigue," to Nell Gwynn, contains the following extraordinary passage:—"I with shame look back on my past ignorance, which suffered me not to pay an adoration long since where there was so very much due; yet even now, though secure in my opinion, I make this sacrifice with infinite fear and trembling; well knowing that so excellent and *perfect* a creature as yourself differs only from the Divine Powers (!) in this: the offerings made to *you* ought to be worthy of you, whilst *they* accept the will alone." "The City Heiress; or, Sir Timothy Treatall" is largely plagiarised from Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," Massinger's "Guardian," and Middleton's "Inner Temple Masque."

The prologue was written by Otway. "The Roundheads; or, The Good Old Cause" is greatly indebted to Tatham's comedy of "The Rump." The tragi-comedy of "The Young King; or, The Mistake" owes its plot to the story of Alcamenes and Menalippe in Calprenède's romance of "Cleòpâtre." In indelicacy "The Lucky Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain" probably surpasses all that Mrs. Behn ever wrote. The farce of "The Emperor of the Moon" is from the French piece, "Arlequin Empereur dans la Monde de la Lune." "The Widow Ranter; or, The History of Bacon in Virginia" is borrowed from the well-known story of Cassius who, in the belief his friend Brutus had been defeated, caused himself to be put to death by the hand of his freedman Dandorus.

END OF VOL. I.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

This book is due on the date indicated below, or at the expiration of a definite period after the date of borrowing, as provided by the rules of the Library or by special arrangement with the Librarian in charge.

DATE BORROWED	DATE DUE	DATE BORROWED	DATE DUE
	3 Jn 48		
	NOV 2 '48		
	JAN 7 '50		

C28(1141)M100

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
1010663827

942.066 Ad1 V.1

Adams

The merry monarch

Robert T. Miller
Ur. U. 1904 Ss. 10 V.R.24

942.066 Ad1 V.1

~~0 80 37093~~

MAY 31 1945

VOLUME 2

942.066 Ad1 V.2

Columbia University
in the City of New York

THE LIBRARIES

THE MERRY MONARCH;

OR,

ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES II.

THE MERRY MONARCH;

OR,

ENGLAND UNDER CHARLES II.

ITS ART, LITERATURE, AND SOCIETY.

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
REMINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1885.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

942.066
Ad1
v.2

45-17123 (Aplus2)

CONTENTS.

Chapter I.—The Actors of the Restoration.

Chapter II.—The Actresses.

Chapter III.—The Poets.

Chapter IV.—A Couple of Courtiers.

Chapter V.—The Prose Writers.

THE ACTORS OF THE RESTORATION.

The Civil War.
Suppression of the Theatres.
Davenant's Musical Entertainment.
General Monk.
The Restoration.
Revival of the Stage.
The King's Company.
The Duke's Company.
Description of the Theatre of the Restoration.
Anecdotes.
The Actors.
Charles Hart.
Burt.
James Nokes.
John Lacy.
William Cartwright.
Major Mohun.
"Scum" Goodman.
Harris.
Scudamore.
Anthony Leigh.
Sandford.
Smith.
Cademan.
Cave Underhill.
Joseph Harris.
Kynaston.
Betterton.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACTORS OF THE RESTORATION.

THE CIVIL WAR—SUPPRESSION OF THE THEATRES—DAVENANT'S MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT — GENERAL MONK—THE RESTORATION—REVIVAL OF THE STAGE—THE KING'S COMPANY—THE DUKE'S COMPANY—DESCRIPTION OF THE THEATRE OF THE RESTORATION—ANECDOTES—THE ACTORS—CHARLES HART—BURT—JAMES NOKES—JOHN LACY—WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT—MAJOR MOHUN — "SCUM" GOODMAN—HARRIS—SCUDAMORE—ANTHONY LEIGH—SANDFORD—SMITH—CADEMAN — CAVE UNDERHILL — JOSEPH HARRIS—KYNASTON—BETTERTON.

As everybody knows, plays, at least the public performance of them, and players, so far as the law could touch them, were suppressed by the Long Parliament in 1647.* Many efforts were made to propitiate the authorities, but all in vain; and during the Commonwealth period, sock and buskin found their occupation gone. Some private representations were given at rare intervals—for instance,

* The ordinance of suppression described "those proud parroting players" as "a sort of superbious ruffians; and because sometimes the asses are clothed in lions' skins, the dolts imagine themselves somebody, and walk in as great state as Cæsar." Some of the actors betook themselves to the wars, mostly on the King's side. Robinson, a player of merit, was fated to encounter the fanatical Harrison, who, when he asked quarter, ran his sword through the hapless actor's body, crying, "Cursed be he who doeth the work of the Lord negligently!".

Cowley's Comedy of "The Guardian" was played at Cambridge; but to the general public the theatre door was religiously kept shut.* A bold attempt was made to re-open the Cockpit in 1648, but on the fourth day a troop of soldiers entered it, drove out the audience, destroyed the stage (in a frenzy of iconoclastic enthusiasm), and arrested the players, who were marched through the streets in their theatre costume, and imprisoned for awhile in the Compter and the Gatehouse. This severe example was accepted as a warning by the members of the despised profession, and to meet the exigencies of the situation Richard Cox invented a new kind of dramatic exhibition, at the Red Bull playhouse, in which rope-dancing was put forward as the *pièce de resistance*, to deceive the authorities, while the taste of the audience was gratified by the performance of what were called "Humours," or "Drolleries"—that is, a combination of the richest comic scenes from Shakespeare, Marston, Shirley, and others, into one piece, disguised under a new title. Thus: "The Equal Match" was concocted from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife;" "The Bouncing Knight; or, the Robbers Robbed," was an adaptation of the Falstaff scenes from the second part of "Henry IV." These Drolleries were collected by Marsh in 1662, and reprinted by Kirkman in 1672, who, in his preface, says:—

"As meanly as you may now think of these Drolls, they were then acted by the best comedians; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now living; the in-

* A fine of 5s. was inflicted on any person attending illegal performances; money taken at the doors was to be confiscated and given to the poor of the parish; and any player caught in the act was, the first time, publicly whipped; and afterwards, if he offended, to be treated as "an incorrigible rogue."

comparable Robert Cox, who was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces. How have I heard him cried up for his John Swabber and Simpleton the Smith; in which he being to appear with a large piece of bread and butter, I have frequently known several of the female spectators and auditors to long for it; and once that well-known natural Jack Adams of Clerkenwell, seeing him with bread and butter on the stage, and knowing him, cried out, 'Cuz! Cuz! give me some!' to the great pleasure of the audience. And so naturally did he act the Smith's part, that being at a fair in a country town, and that farce being presented, the only master-smith of the town came to him, saying, 'Well, although your father speaks so ill of you, yet when the fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve-pence a week more than I give any other journeyman.' Thus was he taken for a smith bred, that was, indeed, as much of any trade."

The fall of the Long Parliament, by which they had been so cruelly persecuted, was grateful enough to the players, and we may fairly assume that Alexander Brome spoke their feelings in the verses which, in 1653, he prefixed to the collected edition of Richard Brome's Plays. The players, he exclaims, have survived the Parliament:—

"See the strange twirl of times! when such poor things
Outlive the dates of parliaments or kings!
This revolution makes exploded wit
Now see the fall of those that ruined it;
And the condemnèd stage hath now obtained
To see her executioners arraigned.
There's nothing permanent; those high great men
That rose from dust, to dust may fall again;
And fate so orders things, that the same hour
Sees the same man both in contempt and power;
For the multitude, in whom the power doth lie,
Do in one breath cry *Hail!* and *Crucify!*"

The Government could suppress the public theatres, but they could not suppress the taste for dramatic representations, and clandestine performances became of frequent occurrence during the Protectorate. In Lord Hatton, of Scotland Yard, the poor actors found a kindly patron; and not less generous was the Countess of Holland, who erected a private stage at her mansion, Holland House, Kensington. It was necessary that these performances should take place with the greatest precautions, and we are told that William Goffe, "the woman-actor," was employed as "the jackal" to give notice of the different "fixtures," and communicate between actors and audience. At the close of the play a collection was made for the benefit of the actors, whose share was carefully proportioned to their respective merits.

To increase their funds the players resorted to the practice of publishing the plays, which had hitherto been jealously kept in manuscript, and in one year no fewer than fifty were thus given to the public. Many of these have undoubtedly perished, for though the titles are recorded, the plays themselves are not known. And, in 1653, John Cotgrave issued a remarkable collection "of the most and best of our English Dramatic Poems" under the title of "The English Treasury of Wit and Language." In his preface he complains that "the Dramatic Poem had been too much slighted;" and he adds that some, not wanting in wit themselves, had, through this unfortunate neglect, "lost the benefit of many rich and useful observations; not duly considering, or believing, that the framers of them were the most fluent and redundant wits that this age, or I think any other, ever knew."

But with the overthrow of "the Rumps," and the entrance into London of prudent George Monk and his regiments, brighter days dawned for the poor players. Bustling old Rhodes, who had been prompter at the Blackfriars Theatre, and afterwards sold books and pamphlets in a shop at Charing Cross, hastened to the camp in Hyde Park, and wheedled out of the General permission to revive the drama at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane (June, 1660). A similar license was granted to Beeston, who about the same time opened the Salisbury Court Theatre. That Monk's tastes were theatrical we opine from the fact that, when he and the Council of State were entertained by the London Guilds, dramatic representations were always included in the programme, with "dancing and singing, many shapes and ghosts, and the like; and all to please his Excellency the Lord General."

At first the revival of the drama was attended with a good deal of irregular competition; but in 1662 the King took the matter in hand, and settled all disputes by issuing patents for two theatres only—one to Thomas Killigrew, who opened in Drury Lane at the head of the King's Company; and the other to Sir William Davenant and the Duke of York's Company, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. The latter afterwards removed to the old Tennis Court in Portugal Row, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1671, after the death of Davenant, the Duke's comedians betook themselves to the new theatre in Dorset Gardens, built by Sir Christopher Wren, and decorated by Grinling Gibbons. Meanwhile, the King's Company, burnt out of Drury Lane in 1672, found shelter in Lincoln's Inn Fields until Wren provided

The Government could suppress the public theatres, but they could not suppress the taste for dramatic representations, and clandestine performances became of frequent occurrence during the Protectorate. In Lord Hatton, of Scotland Yard, the poor actors found a kindly patron; and not less generous was the Countess of Holland, who erected a private stage at her mansion, Holland House, Kensington. It was necessary that these performances should take place with the greatest precautions, and we are told that William Goffe, "the woman-actor," was employed as "the jackal" to give notice of the different "fixtures," and communicate between actors and audience. At the close of the play a collection was made for the benefit of the actors, whose share was carefully proportioned to their respective merits.

To increase their funds the players resorted to the practice of publishing the plays, which had hitherto been jealously kept in manuscript, and in one year no fewer than fifty were thus given to the public. Many of these have undoubtedly perished, for though the titles are recorded, the plays themselves are not known. And, in 1653, John Cotgrave issued a remarkable collection "of the most and best of our English Dramatic Poems" under the title of "The English Treasury of Wit and Language." In his preface he complains that "the Dramatic Poem had been too much slighted;" and he adds that some, not wanting in wit themselves, had, through this unfortunate neglect, "lost the benefit of many rich and useful observations; not duly considering, or believing, that the framers of them were the most fluent and redundant wits that this age, or I think any other, ever knew."

But with the overthrow of "the Rumps," and the entrance into London of prudent George Monk and his regiments, brighter days dawned for the poor players. Bustling old Rhodes, who had been prompter at the Blackfriars Theatre, and afterwards sold books and pamphlets in a shop at Charing Cross, hastened to the camp in Hyde Park, and wheedled out of the General permission to revive the drama at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane (June, 1660). A similar license was granted to Beeston, who about the same time opened the Salisbury Court Theatre. That Monk's tastes were theatrical we opine from the fact that, when he and the Council of State were entertained by the London Guilds, dramatic representations were always included in the programme, with "dancing and singing, many shapes and ghosts, and the like; and all to please his Excellency the Lord General."

At first the revival of the drama was attended with a good deal of irregular competition; but in 1662 the King took the matter in hand, and settled all disputes by issuing patents for two theatres only—one to Thomas Killigrew, who opened in Drury Lane at the head of the King's Company; and the other to Sir William Davenant and the Duke of York's Company, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street. The latter afterwards removed to the old Tennis Court in Portugal Row, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1671, after the death of Davenant, the Duke's comedians betook themselves to the new theatre in Dorset Gardens, built by Sir Christopher Wren, and decorated by Grinling Gibbons. Meanwhile, the King's Company, burnt out of Drury Lane in 1672, found shelter in Lincoln's Inn Fields until Wren provided

them with a new house in 1674. Eight years later, on Killigrew's death, the two companies united, and started at the New Drury Lane Theatre, also built by Wren, on the 16th of November, 1682.

Before we put together a few biographical and critical notes respecting the Actors and Actresses of the Restoration, we must say a word or two in description of the theatres in which, and of the audience before which, they donned the sock and buskin. The usual hour of performance, at least in Charles II.'s early years, was three in the afternoon. The house was lighted, partly by the light of heaven, which the open roof—for the pit was not covered over *—freely admitted, and partly by flaring candles, which were trimmed by regular "snuffers." Two rows of boxes † accommodated the King and his courtiers, the nobles, and the wealthier gentry; but the company in the pit was frequently among the best, and thither resorted the wit and the critic, on whose fiat the fate of play and players depended. Thither, too, went the gay gallants of the period, dividing their attention between the fair actresses on the stage and the beauties in the boxes, with a ready glance for a pretty face among the orange girls, who pushed the sale of their costly fruit. When, in February, 1668, Sir George Etherege's comedy, "She Would if She Could," was produced at the Duke's House, the pit was crowded with a brilliant company, including Buckingham, and Dorset, and Sedley, which incontinently condemned the play, much to the dissatisfaction of its author. Our wonder that ladies could attend

* Pepys records, on one occasion, the inconvenience caused by a storm of hail.

† The prices of admission to the boxes seem to have ranged from 4s. to 18d. On the first night of a new piece the prices were sometimes doubled. (See Pepys, Dec. 16th, 1661.)

the performance of so indecent a drama is not much lessened by the fact that they could, if they chose, appear in masks; * but from the comments of Pepys on the charming faces he saw, and so loved to see, we infer that the number who made even this slight concession to decorum must have been very small.

The patronage of the Court was extended to the Stage during Charles's reign on a more liberal scale than ever before or since. The saturnine King, so falsely called "The Merry Monarch," went to the theatre, almost every night, to escape for awhile from the *ennui* which consumed him, and of course was followed by everybody who breathed the atmosphere of the Court. I think the "auditorium" must often have presented a more interesting, and certainly a more entertaining spectacle than the stage. As, for example, on the 20th of April, 1661, when Mr. Pepys at the Cockpit saw the King, and the Duke of York and his recently-wedded Duchess. The play was Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant," not very well acted; but Mr. Pepys found great pleasure in seeing "so many great beauties, especially Mrs. Palmer (in due time to be known as Lady Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland), with whom the King did discover a great deal of familiarity." Again, on October 2nd, 1662, when Catherine of Braganza made her first public appearance:—"I did go thither," says Pepys, "and by very great fortune did follow four or five gentlemen who were carried to a little private door in the wall, and so crept through a narrow

* "I remember," says Colley Cibber, "the ladies were then observed to be decently afraid of venturing bare-faced to a new comedy, till they had been assured they might do it without insult to their modesty; or if their curiosity were too strong for their patience, they took care at least to save appearances, and rarely came in the first days of acting, but in masks, which custom, however, had so many ill consequences attending it, that it has been abolished these many years."

place, and come into one of the boxes next the King's, but so as I could not see the King or Queen, but many of the fine ladies, who yet are really not so handsome generally as I used to take them to be, but that they are finely dressed. There we saw 'The Cardinal' [by James Shirley], a tragedy I had never seen before, nor is there any great matter in it. The company that come with me into the box were all Frenchmen, that could speak no English; but Lord! what sport they made to ask a pretty lady that they got among them, that understood both French and English, to make her tell them what the actors said."

On the 21st of November Mr. Pepys took his wife to the Cockpit, and they had excellent places, and saw the King, and Queen, and the boy-Duke of Monmouth, and my Lady Castlemaine, and all the fine ladies. He was there again on the 1st of December—he was always making vows not to go to the theatre for a certain period, and always breaking these vows—and saw acted a translation of Corneille's "Cid"—"a play," he says, "I have read with great delight, but is a most dull thing acted, which I never understood before, there being no pleasure in it, though done by Betterton, and by Ianthe [Mrs. Betterton], and by another fine wench [Mrs. Norton] that is now in the room of Roxalana [Mrs. Davenport]; nor did the King or Queen once smile all the whole play, nor any of the whole company seem to take any pleasure, but what was in the greatness and gallantry of the company."

We fear our dear friend Pepys had a touch of snobbishness or flunkeyism in his character, for when he went to the Duke's Theatre, on December 27th, to see the "Siege of Rhodes," he expresses himself as not pleased with the

audience: the house was "full of citizens—there hardly being a gallant man or woman present!" And it was so on New Year's Day, 1663: "the house was full of citizens, and so the less pleasant." But on this occasion, to make some amends, Mrs. Davenport, the actress, was there, in the chief box, radiant in a velvet gown, which was then "the fashion."

At the Cockpit, on the 5th, the Duke and Duchess of York were present, and before all the audience "did show some impertinent, and methought, unnatural dalliances, such as kissing of hands, and leaning upon one another." But these great people seldom manifested much respect for the audience—or for themselves. What a scene is that which Pepys sketches for us as having occurred at the King's Theatre one day in January, 1664:—"How the King, coming the other day to his Theatre to see 'The Indian Queen,' my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he came; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper with the King, she rose out of the box and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York; which put the King himself, as well as everybody else, out of countenance"—this impertinent feat being intended to prove to the world that she had not, as was supposed, lost the royal favour.

On the 4th of October Pepys went to see a foolish play called "The General," and happened to sit near to Sir Charles Sedley, who "at every line did take notice of the dulness of the part and badness of the action, and that most pertinently."

Another time he sees among the company Cromwell's daughter, Mary, with her husband, Viscount Falcon-

bridge, and is much pleased by her gracious looks and modest dress, and by the timidity with which she shrinks from the gaze of curious spectators, putting on her vizard, and keeping it on all the play. But he is more gratified, we fancy, by the sight of laughing Nell Gwynn, who, with her fair locks and bright eyes, shines conspicuous in the front of the house, sometimes filling the soul of Pepys with exultation by condescending to chat with him, and sometimes moving his admiration by the sharp repartees she fearlessly exchanges with the most celebrated wits of the time.

On the 5th of June, 1665, he attends the performance at the Duke's Theatre of Lord Orrery's play of "Mustapha;" but "all the pleasure of the play was" that the King and Lady Castlemaine were present, "and pretty witty Nell Gwynn and the younger Marshall sat next us; which pleased me mightily."

There is a curious entry in the Diary for December 21st, 1668. The King and his Court went to see "Macbeth" at the Duke's Theatre, and Pepys sat just under them and Lady Castlemaine, and "close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. The King and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me, but it vexed me to see Moll Davies, in a box over the King's and my Lady Castlemaine's, look down upon the King, and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see who it was; but when she saw Moll Davies, she looked like fire, which troubled me."

We have remarked that, on the restoration of the Theatres, their performances began at three in the afternoon; but later hours came afterwards to be the fashion. Pepys notes, on one occasion, that the play was not over until eleven, and that he walked home by moonlight. And in Evelyn's correspondence, when complaining of the frequency of "our theatrical pastimes during the season of Lent," when, he says, there are more wicked and obscene plays permitted in London than in all the world besides, he remarks "that the ladies and the gallants come recking from the play *late on Saturday night* to their Sunday devotions; and the ideas of the farce possess their fancies to the infinite prejudice of devotion, besides the advantages it gives to our reproachful blasphemers."

Strange and exciting was the scene, on the evening of February 2nd, 1679, at the Duke's Theatre, where, blazing with diamonds, and conspicuous by her painted doll-like beauty, sat Louise de Queronaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. Some roisterers, informed of her presence, were seized with a frenzy of morality, and with drawn swords and flaming torches made their way into the pit, shouting curses upon the Duchess of Portsmouth and other persons of honour. A general *melée* ensued, in which the intruders hurled their firebrands among the affrighted actors on the stage, while they pricked and slashed the limbs and bodies of the audience, until they were overpowered and driven out. Instead of punishing the rioters, Charles punished the unoffending actors, and closed the house during the royal pleasure.

Here is another curious incident, recorded by Pepys in 1667—"how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, cutting of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead; but with much ado, Orange Moll

did thrust her finger adown his throat, and brought him to life again."

It was at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens, on an April evening in 1682, that Charles, the son of Sir Edward Dering, quarrelled with a choleric young Welshman, named Vaughan, and not having room in the pit to fight it out, climbed on the stage, and exchanged thrust and pass before the excited audience. Dering got the worst of it, and was carried home, bleeding with a wound in the side; and Vaughan was detained a prisoner until the authorities were satisfied that the other offender's hurt was not mortal.

The fine gentlemen of the period would have found time hang heavy on their hands but for the hours passed in the Theatre. When weary of displaying themselves in the pit, or lounging in the boxes by the side of their lady-loves, they resorted to the tiring-rooms of the pretty actresses, and made merry with the paraphernalia of the toilette. One Saturday, in February, 1667, a certain Sir Hugh Myddelton commented with such rude freedom on the dressing processes of the nymphs of Drury Lane Theatre, that Rebecca Marshall sharply advised him to reserve his company for the ladies of the Duke's House since those who served the King did not meet with his approbation. In reply Sir Hugh, an ill-conditioned fellow, threatened he would kick, or that his footman should kick her. On the following Monday Mistress Marshall complained of this insult to the King, who, however, did not at once take notice of it. As she left the theatre on Tuesday evening, after the play, Sir Hugh hung about her, and at last whispered something to a ruffianly retainer, who thereupon followed her closely, and pressed

against her with such violence that, alarmed lest he should rob or stab her, she screamed for help. The wretch for a minute or two was abashed; then, picking up some mud and refuse from the gutter, he daubed it about the actress's face and hair, and took to flight. The next day she lodged a second complaint with the King, who, some few days afterwards, issued a decree, prohibiting gentlemen from entering the tiring-rooms of the ladies of the King's Theatre. The prohibition, however, was as unwelcome to the actresses as to the beaux, and in a short time was, by mutual consent, ignored.

Of the audiences of the Restoration, that is, of those audiences so far as they were composed of fine ladies and fine gentlemen, Monsieur Henri Taine furnishes an elaborate picture. "They were rich," he says, "they had tried to deck themselves with the polish of Frenchmen; they added to the stage moveable decorations, music, lights, probability, comfort, every external aid; but they wanted heart. Imagine these foppish and half-intoxicated men, who saw in love nothing beyond desire, and in man nothing beyond sensuality; Rochester in the place of Mercutio. What part of his soul could comprehend poesy and fancy? The comedy of romance was altogether beyond his reach; he could only seize the actual world, and of this world but the palpable and gross externals. Give him an exact picture of ordinary life, commonplace and probable occurrences, literal imitations of what he himself was and did; lay the scene in London, in the current year; copy his coarse words, his brutal jokes, his conversation with the orange-girls, his rendezvous in the Park, his attempts at French dissertation. Let him recognize himself, let him find again the people

and the manners he had just left behind him in the tavern or the ante-chamber; let the theatre and the street reproduce one another. Comedy will give him the same entertainment as real life; he will wallow equally well there in vulgarity and lewdness; to be present there will demand neither imagination nor wit; eyes and memory are the only requisites. This exact imitation will amuse him and instruct him at the same time. . . . The author, too, will take care to amuse him by his plot, which generally has the deceiving of a husband or a father for its subject. The fine gentlemen agree with the author in siding with the gallant; they follow his fortunes with interest, and fancy that they themselves have the same success with the fair. Add to this, women debauched, and willing to be debauched; and it is manifest how these provocations, these manners of prostitutes, that interchange of exchanges and surprises, that carnival of rendezvous and suppers, the impudence of the scenes only stopping short of physical demonstration, these songs with their double meaning, that coarse slang shouted loudly and replied to amidst the *tableaux vivants*, all that stage imitation of orgie, must have stirred up the innermost feelings of the habitual practisers of intrigue."

From the audiences we return to the actors.

When Killigrew opened the King's Theatre his company included Bateman, Baxter, Theophilus Bird, Blagden, Burt, Cartwright, Clem, Duke, Hancock, Charles Hart, Kynaston, Lacy, Mohun, Robert and William Shotterel, and Wintersel. He afterwards added Beeston, Bell, Charleton, Goodman, Griffin, Haines, Harris, Hughes, Liddell, Reeves, and Shirley. The ladies were Mrs. Corey, Eastland, Hughes, Knipp, Anne and Rebecca

Marshall, Rutter, Uphill, and Weaver; while at different dates engagements were made with Mrs. Boutell, Nell Gwynn, James, Reeves, and Verjuice. The members of the King's Company were formally sworn in at the Lord Chamberlain's office as His Majesty's servants, and the ten leading actors were not only entered on the establishment of the Royal Household, but supplied with a handsome uniform of scarlet cloth and silver lace.

To the Duke's Theatre belonged Betterton, Dixon, Lillieston, Lovell, James and Robert Nokes; and, afterwards, Blagden, Harris, Medbourne, Norris, Price, Richards, and Young. The ladies were Mrs. Betterton, Davenport, Davies, Gibbs, Holden, Jennings, and Long.

Some degree of reputation attaches to Charles Hart, the grandson of Shakespeare's sister—not to be confounded with that other Hart who served as a major in Prince Rupert's cavalry. He began his professional career by playing women's parts, but after the Restoration asserted his histrionic capacity by his Alexander the Great (in Lee's play), his Cataline (in Ben Jonson's tragedy), and his Othello. He was not less successful as Manly in Wycherley's "Plain Dealer." Rymer refers to him and Mohun as the Æsopus and Roscius of their time. His handsome presence made him a great favourite with the ladies, and we know that he was Nell Gwynn's "Charles the First." In the scandalous chronicles his name is also associated with that of the Duchess of Cleveland. Says Pepys (April 7th, 1668):—"Mrs. Knipp tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is mightily in love with Hart of their house; and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Beck Marshall only

privy to it, and the means of bringing them together: which is a very odd thing, and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis."

The salary of this famous actor was only £3 a week; but after he became a shareholder in the theatre, his share of the profits brought his annual income up to £1,000. He quitted the stage in 1682, and retired to his country house at Great Stanmore, where he died in the following year, and was buried in the old churchyard.

To Hart's Cataline, in Ben Jonson's tragedy, Burt played Cicero. He was a good actor of solid parts, but did not succeed in characters of much force and passion.

James Nokes, the son of a vendor of toys, played women's parts at the opening of his brilliant career, and even in his later life was famous as "the Nurse" in Otway's perversion of "Romeo and Juliet," and Payne's "Fatal Jealousy." As a comedian few of his contemporaries equalled, none surpassed him: in the unctuousness of his subtle humour he seems to have resembled Munden. He studied character with a keenly observant eye, and reproduced every detail with wonderful truth to nature. Both Court and city delighted in him. Charles II., it is said, first recognized his ability when he was playing Norfolk in "Henry VIII.," and distinguished him to the last with his royal favour. In May, 1670, when the King and his Court went to Dover to meet the Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, he was accompanied by the Duke of York's comedians, who performed before the brilliant audience the play of "Sir Solomon," founded on Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes." Nokes played Sir Arthur Addel, which he dressed in close imitation of the

costume of the French gentlemen in the Queen-mother's train. To render his equipment the more exact the Duke of Monmouth took off his own sword and belt, and buckled them to the actor's side. His caricature of the airs and graces of the Frenchmen was as perfect as his imitation of their dress, and convulsed the King and his courtiers with laughter—a curious compliment for a host to pay his guests. The Duke's sword and belt Nokes treasured as souvenirs until his death in 1692.*

Colley Cibber says of him:—

"He scarce ever made his first entrance in a play but he was received with an involuntary applause; not of hands only, for these may be, and have often been, partially prostituted and bespoken, but by a general laughter, which the very sight of him provoked, and nature could not resist; yet the louder the laugh the graver was his look upon it; and sure the ridiculous solemnity of his features were enough to have set a whole bench of bishops into a titter, could he have been honoured (may it be no offence to suppose it) with such grave and right reverend auditors. In the ludicrous distresses which, by the laws of comedy, folly is often involved in, he sunk into such a mixture of piteous pusillanimity, and a consternation so ruefully ridiculous and inconsolable, that when he had shook you to a fatigue of laughter, it became a moot point whether you ought not to have pitied him. When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb, studious front, and roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement, such a palpable ignorance of what to think of it, that this silent perplexity (which would sometimes hold him several minutes) gave your

* This story is told by Downes, in his "Roscius Anglicanus."

imagination as full content as the most absurd thing he could say upon it."

Another of the popular actors of the Restoration was the comedian, John Lacy. He was held in such esteem by Charles II. that he took from the best players the parts to which they had a prescriptive right by the laws of the stage and gave them to his favourite. A first-rate "all round" actor, Lacy was not less admirable as Shakespeare's Falstaff than as the Irishman Teague in Howard's farcical comedy of "The Committee."* All parts came alike to him, but for the beaux and lovers of comedy he was specially fitted by his handsome person and graceful address. He had been, in early life, a dancing-master and a soldier; and his experience in these capacities proved very useful to him on the boards. His position with the public and the King gave him so much confidence that he gave peculiar point in the dialogue he delivered to any satire which hit the vices and follies of the Court, and he seems to have interpolated sarcasms of his own. In Howard's "Silent Woman" he indulged his wit to such an extent that even the King was offended, and ordered the daring actor to be confined in the porter's lodge. On his release, a few days afterwards, Howard offered him his congratulations, which Lacy took very ill, declaring that the speeches put by the dramatist into the mouth of "Captain Otter" had wrought all the trouble, and pronouncing him more a fool than a poet; an epigrammatic way of telling the truth which goaded Howard into striking the truth-teller with his glove in

* Langbaine speaks of him as "a Comedian whose abilities in action were sufficiently known to all that frequented the King's Theatre, where he was for many years an Actor, and performed all parts that he undertook to a miracle; insomuch that I am apt to believe, that as this age never had, so the next will never have his Equal, at least not his Superior."

the face. Lacy, in return, gave the aristocratic dramatist a blow with his cane. Howard immediately carried his complaint to the King, who ordered the theatre to be closed, and thus made all the company suffer for the rashness of one of their number.

In 1671 Lacy played "Bayes" in the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," and introduced a startling and not altogether happy innovation by mimicking to the life the poet Dryden. The portrait was exact in every detail, but its cruelty was proportionate to its cleverness. Buckingham, it is said, took considerable pains in teaching Lacy.

Lacy died in 1681. Three years later his posthumous comedy, "Sir Hercules Buffoon; or, The Poetical Squire," was brought out at Drury Lane, with a prologue by Tom D'Urfey.* It did not hold the stage, and has long been forgotten. There is a triple portrait of Lacy (executed by Wright, by command of Charles II.) at Hampton Court, representing him as Teague in "The Committee," Mr. Semple in "The Cheats," and M. Galliard in "The Variety."

The visitor to Dulwich College will remember the portrait of William Cartwright, the second of the great benefactors of that noble institution. At his death he bequeathed to it his collection of pictures and his library. Before he entered the dramatic profession he had been a bookseller in Holborn, and in that capacity had acquired a knowledge of books, which explains the valuable character of his library. As an actor, he gained no small reputation, and was particularly esteemed for his Falstaff.

* Lacy also wrote "The Dumb Lady; or, The Farrier made Physician," 1672; "Old Troop; or, Monsieur Ragon," 1672; and "Sawny the Scot; or, The Taming of a Shrew," 1677.

Of another of the Restoration actors the portrait will be found at that famous seat of the Sackvilles, Knowle. Major Mohun, who in his time played many parts—an actor in the peaceful days of Charles I., then, during the Civil War, a gallant soldier on the King's side, and after the Restoration an actor again, and a very good one—was always a welcome guest at the table of the lord of Knowle, the genial Buckhurst. He excelled in such parts as Clitus and Cassius, but played the modern rakes, the Dapperwits and Pinchwifes of the new comedy, with an airy grace and vivacity which none of his imitators could approach. Off the stage he was as lovable as on it he was inimitable. When Nathaniel Lee read to him the part he was to create in one of his swelling dramas, Mohun said, with charming address, "Unless I could play the character as beautifully as you read it, 'twere vain to try it at all."

As a striking contrast to this gracious and gallant soldier-player, we put forward Cardell Goodman, whose unwholesome reputation is summed up in the expressive epithet generally attached to his name, "Scum" Goodman. His theatrical career extended over only twelve years, from 1677 to 1690. Having been expelled from Cambridge University for defacing the portrait of its Chancellor, the Duke of Monmouth, he took to the stage as a means of livelihood, and made his first appearance as Polyperchon in Nat Lee's "Rival Queens." He found a friend and associate in the actor Griffin, and the two poor players shared together their garret, their bed, and their shirt. It is related of Goodman that, forgetful (as he always was) of every rule of honesty and fairness, he wore the shirt one day when it was Griffin's turn to wear it, because he was fain to visit some frail nymph of his acquaintance. To eke out his scanty funds he borrowed horse and pistol, and played on the road the part of a highwayman; but he was arrested and thrown into Newgate, and escaped the gallows only through the favour of James II. His good looks and dashing ways soon afterwards secured him the favour of the Duchess of Cleveland. "This woman," says Oldmixon, "was so infamous in her amours, that she made no scruple of owning her lovers; among whom was Goodman the player . . . and the fellow was so insolent upon it, that one night, when the Queen was at the theatre, and the curtain, as usual, was immediately ordered to be drawn up, Goodman cried, 'Is my Duchess come?' and being answered, no, he swore terribly the curtain should not be drawn up till the Duchess came, which was at the instant, and saved the affront to the Queen."

Scum Goodman, however, was a villain at heart. Annoyed at the presence of a couple of the Duchess's children, and fearing, perhaps, that their portions would lessen his gains, he bribed an Italian quack to poison them. But the plot was discovered, and Scum for a second time became an inmate of Newgate. He was tried for a misdemeanour; had influence enough to save his worthless neck, but was compelled to pay so heavy a fine that it reduced him to poverty. He left the stage in 1690. Colley Cibber says that when he, a *débutant*, was rehearsing the small part of the Chaplain in Otway's "Orphan," Scum Goodman was so pleased that he swore with a big oath the young fellow had in him the making of a good actor.

Goodman, as became a man whose life had been saved by King James, was an ardent Jacobite, and joined in

Fenwick and Churnock's desperate scheme to assassinate William III. He had already distinguished himself as one of the first forgers of bank-notes; nothing, indeed, was too vile for him to engage in. While the details of the plot were being arranged, Goodman, Porter, Parkyns, and other confederates, endeavoured to raise a riot in London (June 10, 1695). They met at a tavern in Drury Lane, and, when hot with wine, rushed into the streets, beat kettledrums, unfurled banners, and began to light bonfires. But the watch, supported by the populace, soon overpowered the revellers, whose ringleaders were apprehended, tried, fined, and imprisoned. They regained their liberty after a few weeks, and resumed their more criminal design. It was discovered, however, and Goodman was then ready to turn informer. To save Fenwick's life, his friends were anxious to get out of the way this all-important witness, and to buy him off they employed the agency of a daring Jacobite adventurer, named O'Brien. "This man," says Macaulay, "knew Goodman well. Indeed, they had belonged to the same gang of highwaymen. They met at the Dog in Drury Lane, a tavern which was frequented by lawless and desperate men. O'Brien was accompanied by another Jacobite of determined character. A single choice was offered to Goodman, to abscond and to be rewarded with an annuity of five hundred a year, or to have his throat cut on the spot. He consented, half from cupidity, half from fear. O'Brien was not a man to be tricked. He never parted company with Goodman from the moment when the bargain was struck till they were at Saint Germains."

What became of Goodman is not known. Probably he perished in a street brawl at the hands of rogues of more

nerve than he had, for the man was always a coward as well as a knave.

One of the most popular of the Duke's Company was Harris, whose portrait in his favourite character of Cardinal Wolsey was painted by Hailes, and is preserved in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. He was a man of versatile talents, a fine singer and dancer, and a good talker, who commanded respect even from the witty and learned company that gathered round Dryden at Will's Coffee-House. He was on intimate terms with Pepys: "I do find him," says Pepys, "a very excellent person, such as in my whole acquaintance I do not know another better qualified for converse, whether in things of his own trade, or of other kind; a man of great understanding and observation, and very agreeable in the manner of his discourse, and civil, as far as is possible."

Then there was Scudamore, who took what is now called, we believe, the "juvenile lead," and played the lover, and the fine gentleman, and the chivalrous knight with a grace and spirit that charmed all beholders. He "created" the part of Garcia in Congreve's "Mourning Bride." In 1700 he married a young lady of £4,000 fortune, who had fallen in love with the gay and gallant actor, though he was then wearing old age and grey hairs.

Reference must also be made to Anthony Leigh, whose portrait is one of those at Knowle, hung there by the great patron of art and letters, the first Earl of Dorset. Cibber speaks of Dominique in Dryden's "Spanish Friar" as his best part, and it is in this part the artist has painted him. "In the courting, grave hypocrisy of the Spanish Friar, Leigh stretched the veil of piety so thinly over him, that in every look, word, and motion, you saw a palpable,

wicked shyness shine throughout it. Here he kept his vivacity demurely confined, till the pretended duty of his function demanded it; and then he exerted it with a choleric, sacerdotal insolence. I have never yet seen anyone that has filled the scenes with half the truth and spirit of Leigh. I do not doubt but that the poet's knowledge of Leigh's genius helped him to many a pleasant stroke of nature, which, without that knowledge, never might have entered into his conception." Leigh was on the stage from 1672 to 1692.

One of his fellow-actors was the celebrated Smith, the original of Sir Topling Flutter (1676), Pierre (1682), Chamont (1680), and Scandal (1695), of whom an interesting anecdote is told by Cibber. "Mr. Smith," he says, "whose character as a gentleman could have been no way impeached, had he not degraded it by being a celebrated actor, had the misfortune, in a dispute with a gentleman behind the scenes, to receive a blow from him. The same night an account of this action was carried to the King, to whom the gentleman was represented so grossly in the wrong, that the next day his Majesty sent to forbid him the court upon it. This indignity cast upon a gentleman only for maltreating a player, was looked upon as the concern of every gentleman, and a party was soon found to assert and vindicate their honour, by humbling this favoured actor, whose slight injury had been judged equal to so severe a notice. Accordingly, the next time Smith acted, he was received with a chorus of cat-calls, that soon convinced him he should not be suffered to proceed in his part; upon which, without the least discomposure, he ordered the curtain to be dropped, and having a competent fortune of his own, thought the conditions of

adding to it by remaining on the stage, were too dear, and from that day entirely quitted it."

He returned to it, however, in 1695; not to meet with his old favour, for the Whig portion of his audiences resented his well-known Tory sympathies. He died in the following year.

Sandford made his first appearance on the stage in 1661, two years before his colleague Smith, and remained on it two years after his colleague's death, that is, until 1698. It was his peculiar fortune to play the villain—the villain of comedy as well as of tragedy; and the audiences were so accustomed to him in this line that once when he was cast for an honest man, they showed their annoyance by hissing the piece in which he was, to their fancy, so strangely out of place. He was very great in melodramatic characters, and in all was famous for his admirable delivery. The verses of the poet gained an additional attraction from the intelligence and spirit with which he rendered them.

In Hampstead churchyard, though without monumental record, lies Jevon, who, like Lacy, began his career as a *maître de danse*. He was a fellow of infinite fun and fancy, who, in one of Settle's bombastic tragedies, having, according to the stage direction, "to fall on his sword," placed it flat on the stage, deliberately fell over it, and duly "died." At the coffee-house, an angry waiter exclaimed, "You are wiping your dirty boots with my clean napkin!" "Never mind, boy," retorted Jevon, "I'm not proud—'twill do for me." The farce of "The Devil to Pay" is based upon his little play, "A Devil of a Wife," in which he himself acted Jobson.

Cademan, like Cartwright, had been a bookseller, and

when driven from the stage by an accident—Harris, in a fencing-scene, wounded him in the eye, and the wound brought on paralysis of the tongue—returned to his original calling.

Cave Underhill was one of the earliest accessions to Davenant's company. Few actors have surpassed him in length of service; he was on the stage from 1661 to 1710; and none, perhaps, in the exquisite art with which, like our own Compton, he represented the dry and stolid wit, the malicious dunderhead, the uxorious old dotard, or the sourly humorous rustic. His "Don Quixote" was good; his "Sir Sampson Legard" (in Congreve's "Love for Love") better; and his "Grave-digger," in Hamlet best. There is a kindly notice of him in Steele's *Tatler*, 1709, in which he is commended for the naturalness and modesty of his acting, and for the fidelity with which he adhered to the words of his author.

In both these respects Joseph Haines—or Joe Haines, as his friends called him—sinned largely. He "gagged" as the whim seized him; and played always to the audience instead of to his fellow-players. A man of ready wit and easy address, he is the hero of more than one good story. Arrested on Holborn Hill by a couple of bailiffs for a debt of £20, he turned to them with a bow and a smile. "Here comes the carriage of my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me speak to him, and I am sure he will satisfy you in this matter." Thrusting his head in at the carriage-door, he whispered to good Bishop Patrick that the two men in waiting were Romanists, who inclined to become Protestants, but had still some scruples of conscience.

"My friends," said the Bishop, "if you will presently,

come to my house, I will satisfy you in this matter." The bailiffs duly waited upon him; an explanation soon ensued; and the Bishop, partly, I think, out of pure benevolence, and partly, perhaps, from a feeling of shame, paid the twenty pounds.

On another occasion, he deluded a simple country clergyman into accepting a situation as "Chaplain to the King's Theatre," and sent him behind the scenes, ringing a bell, and calling the actors and actresses to prayers.

In the course of an excited discussion on Jeremy Collier's "Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage," a critic remarked that the attack was unfair, inasmuch as the stage was a mender of morals. "True," said Haines; "but so is Collier a mender of morals, and two of a trade, you know, never agree."

Haines was once cast by Charles Hart for the part of a Senator in Ben Jonson's "Cataline," Hart himself taking the title-role. Disgusted with the character, Haines deliberately marred Hart's best scene by taking a seat behind him, in a grotesque costume; and, with pot and pipe in hand, grimacing at Cataline until the audience were convulsed with laughter. For this escapade he was rightly punished by dismissal.

Early in James II.'s reign, Haines, to secure the Court favour, announced to Lord Sunderland his conversion to Romanism, and explained that he had been led to it by a vision of the Virgin, who had said to him, "Joe, arise!" For once he met his match. The Earl did not believe in his would-be convert, and remarked that the Virgin, if she had appeared, "would have said 'Joseph,' if only out

of respect for her husband!" Haines completed the farce by recanting his pretended conversion on the stage! Holding a taper, and wearing the penitential white sheet, he recited some *à propos* couplets with an effectiveness of delivery which deceived his hearers into thinking they were witty.

The date and place of Haines's birth are uncertain; but he was educated at a school in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, whence, at the cost of some gentlemen who had admired his precocious talents, he was sent to Queen's College, Oxford. There he became acquainted with Williamson, afterwards famous as Sir Joseph, the veteran diplomatist and Minister of State, who continued his friendship when they had both left college, and appointed him his Latin Secretary on his accession to cabinet office. Haines, however, could not keep a secret, and the revelations he made to his boon companions rendered his dismissal unavoidable. Sir Joseph sent him back to make use of his scholarship at Cambridge; but falling in with a company of strolling players at Stourbridge Fair, he was fascinated by the stir and variety of the theatrical life, and after a brief experience "in the provinces," flashed forth upon Drury Lane stage to become the delight of the town.

Among his best parts were Sparkish in "The Country Wife," Roger in "Esop," Tom Corand in "The Constant Couple," Lord Plausible in "The Plain Dealer," and Captain Bluff in "The Old Bachelor." But in no part which he played did he ever fall below himself; that is, never was he otherwise than airy, sparkling, self-preserved, and inimitable. He was the Charles Matthews of the stage of the Restoration.

His theatrical career began in 1672 and ended in 1701, in which year (on the 4th of April) he died at his own house in Hart Street, Covent Garden.

Before the French custom of giving female parts to women was adopted on the English stage, one of the most popular representatives of female character was Edward Kynaston, who so excelled in this difficult *rôle* that Downes thinks it "disputable" whether any actress that succeeded him produced an equal impression on the audience. Kynaston was a mere lad when, as a member of Sir William Davenant's company, he made his first appearance "before the footlights" in 1659. His success was immediate; and he specially earned distinction, as Downes tells us, by his performance in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Loyal Subject." Pepys saw him in this character on the 18th of August, 1660:—"Captain Ferrers," he says, "took me and Creed to the Cockpit play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,' where one Kynaston, a boy, acted the Duke's Sister [Olympia], but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston, and another that acted Archas the General, came and drank with us." Pepys saw him again on the 7th of January, 1661, in Ben Jonson's "Epicene; or, The Silent Woman." "Among other things here," says Pepys, "Kynaston, the boy, had the good time to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in these was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house."

There can be no doubt of his good looks; and Colley Cibber tells us * that ladies of quality prided themselves on taking him, after the play, dressed as he was, for a drive in Hyde Park; "which," he adds, "in those days, they might have sufficient time to do, because plays then were used to begin at four o'clock, the hour that people of the same rank are now (1740) going to dinner." On one occasion, the King entering the theatre at an unusually early hour, the curtain did not rise as usual, because the actors were not ready to begin. When Charles sent to demand the cause of the delay, the manager presented himself in the royal box, and humbly pleaded that the Queen was not yet shaved. The oddity of the excuse so tickled the King that he forgot his ill-humour.

As he grew older, Kynaston renounced his female parts, and took his place as a leading actor. It is said his voice had suffered by his early practice in the characters of women. "What makes you feel sick?" said Kynaston to Powell, one day when the latter was suffering from the effects of an over-night revel. "How can I feel otherwise," said Powell, "when I hear your voice?"

In our sketch of Sir Charles Sedley, we have referred to the courtier's cruel treatment of the actor for mimicking him, in dress and action, on the stage. He caused him to be so beaten by his bravos (on the 30th of January, 1669), that he was compelled to keep his bed for a week. He reappeared on the 9th of February, as the King of Tidore, in "The Island Princess," which "he do act very well," says Pepys, "after his beating by Sir Charles Sedley's appointment."

One of his best characters was "Don Sebastian," in

* "Apology for His Own Life," by Colley Cibber.

Dryden's tragedy of that name, in which his "lion-like majesty" was the delight of the town. He also "created," as the phrase runs, "Harcourt," in Wycherley's "Country Wife" (1675), "Freeman," in Wycherley's "Plain Dealer" (1677), and "Count Baldwin" in Southern's "Isabella" (1694). In Shakespeare's kings he made an admirable figure. Cibber remarks of his assumption of Henry IV. that it was truly regal: "when he whispered to Hotspur, 'Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it,' he conveyed a more terrible menace in it than the loudest intemperance of voice could swell to."

Kynaston figured on the stage full forty years—from 1659 to 1699. He did not retire too soon, for his memory had latterly begun to fail, and he acted with diminished vigour. At the time of his death (1712), he was probably about 67 years old. He bequeathed to his son a considerable fortune.

The greatest name in the history of the stage, prior to Garrick's, is that of Betterton, whose artistic genius, by common consent, was of the ripest and most comprehensive kind. In his early maturity, Pepys, no incompetent critic, pronounced him "the best actor in the world." In his later years, Steele, in *The Tattler*, declared that "such an actor ought to be rewarded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans. I have hardly a notion," he adds, "that any performance of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occasions in which he has appeared upon the stage." Pope speaks of him with an enthusiasm in which he did not often indulge. And Colley Cibber regarded him with an admiration which was tinged with reverence. "I never," he says, "heard a line in tragedy come from Betterton, wherein my judg-

ment, my ear, and my imagination were not fully satisfied, which, since his time, I cannot equally say of any one actor whatsoever. . . A further excellence in Betterton," he adds, "was that he could vary his spirit to the characters he acted. Those wild, impatient starts, that fierce and flashing fire which he throws into Hotspur, never came from the unruffled temper of his Brutus; when the Betterton Brutus was provoked, in his dispute with Cassius, his spirit flew only to his eye; his steady look alone supplied that terror, which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should rise to. Thus with a settled dignity of contempt, like an unbending rock, he repelled upon himself the foam of Cassius." How true an artist he was appears in another passage. "He had so just a sense of what was true or false applause, that I have heard him say, he never thought any kind of it equal to an attentive silence; but there were many ways of deceiving an audience into a loud one; but to keep them hushed and quiet was an applause which only truth and merit could arrive at: of which act there never was equal master to himself. From these various excellencies he had so full a possession of the esteem and regard of his auditors, that upon his entrance into every scene he seemed to seize upon the eyes and ears of the giddy and inadvertent."

This great actor and good man was the son of Charles I.'s chief cook, and was born at Tothill Street, in Westminster, which then enjoyed a more respectable reputation than has since belonged to it, about 1635. At an early age he was apprenticed to a bookseller, but a passion for the stage took possession of him, and when the theatres reopened after the fall of the Puritan party, he easily

obtained an engagement.* His success was immediate; for we know from Pepys that his performance of "Hamlet" at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, in December, 1661, drew thither all the rank and fashion of London. The "Ophelia" on that occasion was Mistress Saunderson, whom he soon afterwards married (1663). As for "Hamlet," the performance was so graceful and yet dignified—the interpretation of the author was marked by such consummate intelligence—the elocution was so perfect—that the audience were stirred into an unbounded enthusiasm, and Mr. Pepys only expressed the general opinion when he exclaimed, "It's the best acted part ever done by man!" Throughout his long theatrical career, which extended just one year over half a century, his "Hamlet" remained one of his finest impersonations. Davenant, who had seen it performed by Taylor, the successor to Burbage, and the inheritor of his "points," taught him the stage traditions, and he himself elaborated the part with unceasing care and study. "When I played the Ghost to him," said Booth, "instead of awing him, he terrified me!" Cibber has recorded some details of his acting in the Ghost scene. "He opened with a pause of mute amazement; then rising slowly, to a solemn, trembling voice, he made the Ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself; and in the descriptive part of the natural emotions which the ghostly vision gave him, the boldness of his expostulation was still governed by decency—manly, but not braving; his voice was rising into that seeming outrage, or wild defiance of what he naturally revered."

Betterton was held in such esteem by the King, that he

* His employer, Rhodes, had been keeper of the wardrobe to the Blackfriar's company of actors, and through him he made the acquaintance of Davenant.

sent him to Paris to study the stage scenery used in the Parisian theatres, and introduce into the London playhouses such reforms as he might deem desirable. When the courtiers performed the pastoral of "Calista; or, The Chaste Nymph," before the King and Queen, Betterton was engaged to instruct the gentlemen in their parts, while the tuition of the Princesses Mary and Anne was entrusted to his wife.

From first to last Betterton was in earnest in his profession. "He is a very sober, serious man," says Pepys, "and studious, and humble, following of his studies, and is rich already with what he gets and saves." He did his best with each new part he assumed, whether it was "Bonduca" in Massinger's "Bondman," "Sir John Brute," in Vanbrugh's "Provoked Wife," or "Valentine," in Congreve's "Love for Love." A man of rare ability and judgment, his society was sought by the best wits and scholars of the time. Dryden listened to his witticisms with respect; Cowley, Otway, Rowe, and brilliant Mrs. Centlivre were among his friends; and Tillotson greatly enjoyed his conversation. Everybody knows the anecdote which illustrates the closeness of their intimacy. The great preacher professed himself unable to understand why his friend, the actor, exercised so much more influence over his hearers, over their emotions and sympathies, than he did. "You, in the pulpit," said Betterton, "only tell a story; I, on the stage, show facts." Pope was among his disciples in the actor's old age, and submitted to his criticism his juvenile epic, "Alcander, Prince of Rhodes" — of which Betterton thought sufficiently well to advise its conversion into a dramatic form.

In connection with this great actor—the glory of the stage of the Restoration—two or three good stories are told. With his savings he bought some land near Reading; and one of his tenants coming up to London to pay his rent, during the run of Bartholomew Fair, Betterton took him to see some of its surprising sights. They went into a puppet-show—the owner declining to take the usual admission fees, on the ground that Mr. Betterton was a brother actor! The rustic was so delighted with Punch that he vowed he would drink with him; nor would he be content until his conductor had taken him behind the scenes and showed him that the puppet actors were only "rags and sticks." At night he accompanied Betterton to Drury Lane Theatre, where Dryden's play of "Amphitryon" was performed, the principal* parts by Betterton and Mrs. Barry. Asked, when the curtain dropped, what he thought of them, the good clodpole, who had mistaken them for puppets, replied, "Oh, 'twas wonderful well done for sticks and rags!"

When Colley Cibber first appeared on the London stage, he was unlucky enough, in some small part he played, to put the great master out. Instant inquiry was made as to the offender's name and salary. "Colley Cibber, was it?—and he receives nothing? Then put him down ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five." Well pleased was young Cibber to pay the forfeit, and secure a regular weekly engagement.

When Betterton produced at his own theatre Rowe's "Fair Penitent," with Mrs. Barry as Calista, the part of Lothario was played by the irascible Powell. In

* The unsophisticated Berkshire farmer must have been much edified by this lively play, the "gratuitous indelicacy" of which has very properly been censured by Sir Walter Scott.

the last scene Lothario's dead body lies on the bier, under decent covering; and it was usual for Warren, Powell's dresser, to take his master's place, instead of a dummy. On one occasion, forgetting how he was employed, Powell called angrily for his dresser, and at last with such a threatening emphasis that the poor fellow leaped up in a hurry, and ran from the stage. In his flight it so befell that his cloak caught in the bier, which was overturned, along with table and lamps, books and boxes, and even the Fair Penitent herself. The audience broke into a peal of laughter, and the catastrophe became the jest of the town. With a proper sense of what was due to its author, Betterton stopped the play in its full flood of success, so that the public might have time to forget the untoward incident.

Justly resenting the unfair treatment to which he and his fellow-actors were subjected by the proprietors of the theatre, Betterton, in 1695, collected round him a first-rate company, and opened a new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Congreve wrote for him his "Love for Love," which was produced on the first night, and was an immense triumph. "Scarcely any comedy within the memory of the oldest man had been equally successful. The actors were so elated that they gave Congreve a share in their theatre; and he promised in return to furnish them with a play every year, if his health would permit." Two years passed, however, before he produced "The Mourning Bride," the success of which was even greater than that of "Love for Love." But gradually the new theatre ceased to attract; and no better future attended a theatre in the Haymarket, which some of Betterton's friends and admirers built for him. He had

lost most of his fortune in an East Indian speculation into which he had been tempted by his friend, Sir Frederick Watson;* and a "benefit" which was given him in the season of 1708-9 was very welcome to the aged actor. In money for admission he received only £76; but the donations poured in so liberally that the net result was not less than £520. On this occasion he played Valentine in "Love for Love." Next year it was determined that the benefit should be repeated. At the time Betterton was suffering severely from gout; and before he could limp upon the stage was compelled to resort to violent medicines. The part he had chosen was Melantius in "The Maid's Tragedy" (April 10th, 1710), and he performed it with much of his old fire. But the remedies employed drove the gout to his head, and in a few days it proved fatal. He died on the 28th, and was interred with many tokens of public admiration and regret in Westminster Abbey. "Having received notice," says Sir Richard Steele, in *The Tatler* that "the famous actor, Mr. Betterton, was to be interred this evening in the cloisters near Westminster Abbey, I was resolved to walk thither and see the last offices done to a man whom I always very much admired, and from whose action I had received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solemn philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets I have ever read."

Cibber tells us that this brilliant actor did not exceed the middle stature; that his aspect was grave and pene-

* Watson himself was wholly ruined, and the generous Betterton adopted his daughter (afterwards Mrs. Bowman).

trating; his limbs strongly knit rather than gracefully proportioned; and his voice, which he managed with wonderful skill, more manly than sweet. An ill-natured sketch of him by Anthony Aston—the first of the notorious race of "captious critics"—speaks of his figure as clumsy, with a large head, a short, thick neck, and a corpulent body; his eyes were small, he says, and his face was pock-marked; while he had thick legs, large feet, and short fat arms which he rarely raised above his stomach. Over these personal disadvantages, which, however, Aston certainly exaggerated, his genius completely triumphed; and even our captious critic acknowledges—what the public for half a century gladly recognized—that he was "a superlatively good actor."

Such were the principal "ornaments of the stage" when Charles II. was King. It is the misfortune of the actor that he can bequeath to posterity only a tradition and a name; his work is as fugitive as himself; nothing lives of all that he accomplishes. We have no means of comparing him with his successors, and must take his merits upon trust, in the hope that his contemporaries were not more frequently mistaken in their judgments than we are!

THE ACTRESSES.

NELL GWYNN.
MRS. HUGHES.
MRS. KNIPP.
MRS. DAVENPORT.
MARY DAVIS.
MRS. BARRY.
MRS. BETTERTON.
MRS. MOUNTFORT.
MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE ACTRESSES.

NELL GWYNN—MRS. HUGHES—MRS. KNIPP—MRS. DAVENPORT—MARY DAVIS—MRS. BARRY—MRS. BETTERTON—MRS. MOUNTFORT—MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

OF all the frail beauties and lewd dames of Charles II.'s Court, the only one whom the public regarded with any tolerance or liking was Nell Gwynn. Perhaps this condonation of her errors was due to the fact that she had sprung, as it were, from the ranks—was "one of themselves;" perhaps it was based upon her good-nature, her frank vivacity, her lively humour. However this may be, it is certain that to the day of her death she was a popular favourite; and the anecdote collectors and annalists, treating her with equal indulgence, have so touched her portrait that even in this later time, with its higher views of womanly purity, a popular favourite she continues still. In comedy and in opera she has proved an attractive heroine; while none of Charles II.'s utterances are remembered with more sympathy than that dying one which expressed his hope that "poor Nelly" would not be allowed to starve.

The ancient world could not agree upon Homer's birth-

place, and seven cities claimed him as citizen. Almost as much dubiety attends the birthplace of Eleanor Gwynn. At Hereford you are shown a small mean house in Pipe Lane, as the scene of her birth; but this is disputed by Coal Yard, Drury Lane; and yet another caveat is lodged by Oxford, where, it is said, Nell's father—a "captain," according to one authority, a "fruiterer," according to others—died in prison. As she was indisputably of Welsh extraction, I am disposed to support the claim of Hereford. Tradition relates that at a very early age she ran away from her country home; and, while in her first "teens," gained a meagre livelihood as a vendor of cheap fish. So says Rochester:—

> "Her first employment was, with open throat,
> To cry fresh herrings, even ten a groat."

Nature had gifted her with a fine voice and a sharp wit; and basket in hand she wandered from tavern to tavern, delighting their frequenters by her songs and repartees, and captivating the hearts of susceptible link-boys. For a time she seems to have officiated behind a bar. Listen to Pepys:—"Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's mistress. Nell answered her, 'I am but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a tavern to fill strong waters to gentlemen; and you are mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter.'" And it may at least be said to the credit of poor Nell that to her "protector" for the time being she was always faithful.

After a temporary passage through the hands of Madame Ross, who kept a notorious bagnio, Nell Gwynn found her way into the pit at the King's Theatre, where

she sold oranges and pippins to the gallants, and bandied jests and jibes which, it is to be feared, were not always very delicate. The fresh and piquant beauty dazzled the wondering pit, and soon attracted the attention of the actors, especially of Lacy and the dashing Charles Hart. She lived with the latter for some months, and under his instruction appeared upon the stage of Drury Lane, early in 1667, as "Cydacia" in Dryden's "Indian Emperor" . . . "a great and serious part" which, according to Pepys,* she did "most basely." For such characters she was suited neither physically nor mentally; and it was not until she assumed comic characters, in which she could give free vent to her infectious laugh, and show her pretty ankles and tiny feet, and sing with a natural feeling which charmed every hearer, that she became the darling of court and city. Lord Buckhurst (afterwards Earl of Dorset) soon beguiled her away from the scene of her triumphs to keep wild revel with him at Epsom.

Under the date of July, 1667, Pepys records:—"Mr. Pierce tells me what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst

* Pepys has several allusions to Nell Gwynn in his 1667 diary. In January he was introduced to her one day, after she had acted Cælia in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Humorous Lieutenant":—"Knipp," he says, "took us all in, and introduced us to Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Cælia to-day, very fine, and did it very well; I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is." Again he writes: "After dinner with my wife to the King's House to see 'The Maiden Queen,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit, and the truth; for there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimel, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark, the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her." And, again, on the 1st of May:—"To Westminster, in the way meeting many milk-maids, with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them, and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging's door in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and boddice, looking upon me; she seemed a mighty pretty creature."

hath got Nell away from the King's House, and gives her £100 a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more." And on the 14th he writes:—"To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well, where much company. And to the town to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl, *I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's House.*" It may be that Nell's brusqueness of manner and freedom of speech offended the fastidious taste of Buckhurst;* at all events, their intimacy was not of long duration. As early as the 26th of August, Pepys writes:—"Sir William Penn and I had a great deal of discourse with Mall, who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her,† and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend; she is come to the play-house, but is neglected by them all."

This neglect must have been very transient; for before the end of the year she was again the ornament of the stage and the delight of the play-going public. Her Florimel in "The Maiden Queen," and her Jacinta in "The Mock Astrologer," were particularly admired; and her enlarged experience enabled her to treat serious characters with greater success than before. Her Almahide in Dryden's "Conquest of Granada" (1674) was the talk of the town, and had not been forgotten when Lord

* Nell Gwynn seems to have had, however, a real attachment to the accomplished nobleman, whom she called her "Charles I." In that case, Major Charles Hart, the actor, would be her "Charles II.," though it is generally supposed that he had the precedence of Buckhurst. The King was, of course, "her Charles III."

† From what we know of Buckhurst's character, this seems difficult of belief.

Lansdowne, a quarter of a century later, referred to the impression it had produced upon King Charles:—

> "Past is the gallantry, the fame remains
> Transmitted safe in Dryden's lofty strains;
> Granada lost beheld her pomps restored,
> And Almahide once more by kings adored."

In Dryden's play Major Charles Hart, Nell's old lover, played Almanzor; and his relation to Almahide and King Boabdelin being exactly that which off the stage he held towards Nell Gwynn and King Charles, every passage touching upon it was received by the audience with a laughter which pointed the joke.

At the rival theatre Nokes, the comedian, had recently saved a tedious play by wearing an immense hat. Dryden immediately caused one to be made for Nell, of the size of a cart-wheel. She wore it while delivering the prologue, and her quaintly humorous appearance and piquant manners produced quite "a sensation."

It was as Valeria in Dryden's "Tyrannic Love" that the audacious quean completed her conquest of the easy heart of Charles. Dryden, we are told, wrote the part with this result in view, and also the lively epilogue, spoken just as the dead Valeria is about to be carried off by bearers. We transcribe it here; and the reader can easily imagine with what dash and vivacity Mistress Nelly would deliver it. How, suddenly starting to her feet, and assuming an air of mock indignation, she would rattle away at her would-be bearers,—

> "Hold! are you mad? you d—d confounded dog,
> I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue."

Then, with a complete change of voice—a smile, and a pert *moue*—turning to the audience:

" I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye ;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frightened : I'll be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil.
For, after death, we sprites have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human creatures:
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to 't, you say there are no sprites ;
But I'll come down about your beds at night.
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die,
Out of my calling in a tragedy.
O poet, d—d dull poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love !
Nay, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheese-cake time !
I'll fit the fop, for I'll not one word say
To excuse his godly out-of-fashion play ;
A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slandered, and be thought devout.
But, farewell, gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure we long to have your company.
As for my epitaph when I am gone,
I'll tend no poet, but will write my own :—
Here Nelly lies, who, though she lived a slattern,
Yet died a Princess, acting in St. Cat'rine."

Thenceforward the stage saw Nell Gwynn no more. She had stipulated that £500 a year should be settled on her. This Charles refused; but the influence she obtained over him was so great that, within four years, she had received £60,000. Subsequently, she was placed on the Excise as a pensioner for £6,000 a year, and for £3,000 more for the expenses of each of her two sons :—Charles Beauclerc, born in her house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in May, 1670, and James, born in the following year, at her house in Pall Mall. The latter died in 1680. The elder, who had Otway for his tutor, was created Earl of Burford

in 1676, and Duke of St. Albans in 1684.* The present ducal family of St. Albans is descended from him.

The fetters of Court etiquette—never very heavy in the reign of the second Charles—sat lightly enough upon the wayward and audacious Nelly. She rattled out her small oaths; she exchanged brisk repartees with whomsoever was bold enough to encounter her sharp and ready wit; and when her royal master sank into one of his graver moods,

". . . . would still be jocund,
And chuck the royal chin of Charles the Second."

On one occasion, Bowman, the actor, then a young man, famous for his fine voice, had been engaged to take part in a concert at her house, and the King, with the Duke of York and two or three courtiers, were present. At the close of the performance Charles expressed himself highly pleased. "Then, sir," said Nell Gwynn, "to show you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present." The King said he had no money about him, and asked the Duke if he had any. "I believe, sir," said the Duke, "not above a guinea or two." Then, with her delightful laugh, Nell turned to the people about her, and boldly adopting the King's favourite oath, "Od's fish!" she cried, "What company have I got into!"

The grave Evelyn relates that, accompanying the King

* Madam Ellen, as she was called after her instalment as the King's mistress, secured her son's advancement to a title by a characteristic device. One day, when the King was in her apartments, the boy was amusing himself in some childish game. "Come here," she cried, "you little bastard!" The King reproving her for using an epithet which, if justifiable, was certainly offensive, "Indeed," she replied, "I am very sorry, but I have no other name to give him, poor boy!" Charles took the hint, and gave him a name and a title.

during one of his daily constitutional walks in the Park, in 1671, he could not but overhear "a very familiar discourse" between his Majesty and the "impudent comedian." She was looking out of her garden, on a terrace at the top of a wall, while the King stood on the green walk beneath. No wonder Evelyn was scandalized at what he saw and heard. This house stood on the south side of Pall Mall; it was given by the King to Nell Gwynn on a long lease. The story runs, that on her discovering it to be only a lease under the Crown she returned him the lease and conveyance, saying she had always "conveyed free" under the Crown, and always would; and would not accept it till it was conveyed free to her by an Act of Parliament, made on and for that purpose. It was afterwards in the possession of the famous physician Heberden; and, until recently, was occupied by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. It is now numbered 79. She had previously lived on the other side of Pall Mall, in a house on the left-hand of St. James's Square, the site of which is occupied by the present Army and Navy Club. She had also a house by the river-side, two miles out of town, built, it is said, by the architect of Chelsea Hospital, and later known as Sandford Manor House. The tradition is that the King's Road received its name from the King's frequent visits to this spot. At Windsor she resided in Burford House, in which she was succeeded by the Princess Anne. Her name is also associated with Lauderdale House, Highgate (now a convalescent branch of St. Bartholomew's Hospital); where, according to a popular myth, she received Charles's recognition of her infant, aferwards Duke of St. Alban's, by holding it

out of a window, and threatening to let it fall unless he gave it a title.

When Charles II. visited Winchester in the spring of 1681, to superintend the erection of a stately palace which he had projected, he was accompanied by Nell Gwynn, and desiring to lodge her close to his own apartments at the Deanery, he demanded her admittance to the adjoining prebendal residence of the illustrious Ken. With all the courage of a truly virtuous mind the future Bishop refused the royal request. "Not for his kingdom!" was the uncompromising answer; and Charles had the good sense to admire his chaplain's conscientiousness.

Nor did Nell Gwynn take offence. To do her justice, she made no hypocritical pretence of virtue, but candidly acknowledged her dishonourable position. In February, 1680, when she visited the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a person in the pit loudly applied to her the coarse name which the language of the streets bestows upon lewd women. She heard it with a laugh; but with mistaken chivalry it was resented by Thomas Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke,—perhaps because he had married the younger sister of another of the King's favourites, Louise de la Querouaille. A commotion ensued. Some of the audience sided with Nelly's champion, others with her assailant. Swords were drawn, and a few scratches exchanged, before the unseemly quarrel could be subdued. She was one day driving through the streets of Oxford, when the populace, mistaking her for the French harlot, the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was, of course, a Roman Catholic, began to hurl at her the foulest epithets in their vocabulary. Nell put her head out of the coach window. "Good people,"

she said, with that charming laugh of hers, which nobody could resist, "you are mistaken; I am the Protestant w—e!"

The rivalry between Nell and the infamous Duchess of Portsmouth was open and avowed, and a curious picture of it is drawn in one of her letters by Madame de Sevigné. "The Duchess of Portsmouth," she writes, "has not failed in anything she proposed to herself. She desired to be mistress to the King, and so she is; he lodges with her almost every night, in the face of the Court; she has had a son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with a couple of duchies. She accumulates wealth, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not anticipate that she should find in her way a young actress, on whom the King dotes; and from whom she finds it impossible to withdraw him. He divides his time, his care, and his health between the two. The actress is not less haughty than the Duchess; she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her: she frequently steals the King from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour. She sings, she dances, and she acts with a good grace. She has a son by the King, and hopes to have him acknowledged. For she reasons thus: 'This Duchess pretends to be a person of quality; she affirms that she is related to the best families in France, and whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts herself in mourning.* If she

* It was the custom of Mademoiselle de la Querouaille to put on mourning at the death of any member of the French aristocracy, on the pretence that she was related to all the great families of France. A French prince dying about the same time as the Cham of Tartary, Mademoiselle put on mourning, and so did Nelly, who, when asked for whom she wore sable, laughingly replied, "Oh, for the Cham of Tartary, who was quite as nearly related to me as the Prince de —— was to Mademoiselle de Querouaille."

be a lady of such quality, why does she lower herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession; I pretend to nothing better. The King entertains me, and I am constant to him at present. He has a son by me; I profess that he ought to acknowledge him; and I am well assured that he will, for he loves me as well as he loves the Duchess.'"

The popular affection for Nell Gwynn was probably due in no small degree to the popular hatred of the Duchess of Portsmouth. The latter was a foreigner and a Papist; the former was English-born and a Protestant. These facts are duly insisted upon in a pasquinade, entitled, "A Pleasant Battle between Two Lap-dogs of the Utopian Court," which Mr. Jesse quotes. Part of the argument is, he says, as follows:—

> "The English lap-dog here does first begin
> The vindication of his lady, Gwynn:
> The other, much more Frenchified, alas,
> Shows what his lady is, not what she was."

The two curs, Tutty (Nell Gwynn's) and Snap-Short (the Duchess of Portsmouth's), discuss with much freedom the qualities of their respective mistresses, who, in the middle of the contention, enter the room, and themselves take up the cudgels:—

"Duchess of Portsmouth.—Pray, Madam, give my dog fair play; I protest you hinder him with your petticoats; he cannot fasten. Madam, fair play is fair play.

"Madam Gwynn.—Truly, Madam, I thought I knew as well what belonged to dog-fighting as your ladyship: but since you pretend to instruct me in your French dog-play, pray, Madam, stand a little farther; as you respect your own flesh, for my little dog is mettle to the back, and smells a Popish Miss at a far greater distance: pray,

Madam, take warning, for you stand on dangerous ground. Haloo, haloo, haloo: ha brave Tutty, ha brave Snap-Short! A guinea on Tutty,—two to one on Tutty: done, quoth Monsieur; begar, begar, we have lost near tousand pound.

"Tutty it seems beat Snap-short, and the bell
Tutty bears home in victory: farewell!" *

Against Nell Gwynn's many vices, her immorality, her gambling habits, her wild extravagance,* her love of strange oaths, we may set that one great virtue of Charity, which covers, as we know, a multitude of sins. She was generous by nature, and no case of distress came to her knowledge but her hand was immediately open. The story that she persuaded Charles to build Chelsea Hospital may be apocryphal; but at all events it shows the popular conviction of her goodness of heart. Poor men of genius found in her a liberal benefactress, as Dryden and Butler, Otway and Nathaniel Lee were ready to acknowledge.

Nell Gwynn died at her house in Pall Mall in November, 1687. She was only thirty-eight years of age. It is noticeable that most of the frail beauties and dashing cavaliers of the Merry Monarch's saturnalian reign passed from the scene while still comparatively young. The reason is not far to seek: they lived at high-pressure. To borrow a phrase from the sporting world, the pace was too fast, and they exhausted their stock of vitality in an endless round of intrigue, revelry, and dissipation. The immediate cause of Nell Gwynn's death was apoplexy. She lingered for some weeks after the first attack, and gave many tokens of her sorrow for the failings and follies

* This may be forgiven, perhaps, to one who rose from indigence to the enjoyment of almost unlimited wealth.

in which she had wasted her feverish life. "Her repentance in her last hours," says Cibber, "I have been unquestionably informed appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity."

She was buried in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Dr. Tenison, the vicar, preached a funeral sermon in which he warmly and frankly praised her kindness of heart and her charities, and bore testimony to the sincerity of her earnestness and the peace of her last hours. This discourse was brought to the notice of Queen Mary, at a later period, in the hope it would injure the Doctor's chances of perferment. But with characteristic good sense the Queen replied:—"I have heard as much; it is a sign that the poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had she not made a pious and Christian end, the Doctor would never have been induced to speak well of her."

Of the birth or antecedents of Mrs. Hughes the historians of the stage say nothing. She first came before the public in 1663, after the opening of the theatre in Drury Lane, and was the first female representative (it is said) of Desdemona. Less by her artistic than by her personal gifts she charmed the town. When the Court was at Tunbridge Wells in 1668, drinking the waters, raffling for toys, lace, or gloves, jesting with the country girls in the market, and at evening assembling on the bowling-green, where those who liked could dance "upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world," the Queen sent for the players, and among them came Mistress Hughes, with such a splendour of loveliness that she took captive the grave and reserved Prince Rupert. Abandoning his laboratory, with its alembics, crucibles,

and forges, he laid siege to the proud beauty, and renounced his "chemical speculations" for the more critical study of a woman's varying moods. "The impertinent gipsy," says Count Hamilton, with his usual indifference to the claims of virtue, "chose to be attacked in form, and proudly refusing money, that in the end, she might sell her favours at a dearer rate, she caused the poor Prince to act a part so unnatural, that he no longer appeared like the same person. The King was greatly pleased with that event, for which great rejoicings were made at Tunbridge—'what a strange condition of society this one fact reveals!'—but nobody was bold enough to make it the subject of satire, though the same constraint was not observed respecting the follies of other personages."

The Prince was supposed to have been preceded in her goodwill by Sir Charles Sedley. Pepys, who had had the privilege of saluting her with a kiss in the green-room at Drury Lane in May, 1668, describes her as "the pretty woman called Pegg, that was Sir Charles Sidley's mistress . . a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest." But the curse of lewdness then rested upon the stage, and scarcely man or woman escaped it.

Margaret Hughes was settled by her princely "protector" in the house at Hammersmith, built by Sir Nicholas Crispe, which, in 1683, the Prince purchased from his nephew, and presented to her. She resided in it for ten years, and then sold it to one Timothy Lanney, "a scarlet dyer."* She had one daughter by the Prince, Ruperta, who became the wife of General Howe.

* In 1748 it was purchased by Bubb Dodington, and in 1792 by the Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach, who named it "Brandenburg House." In 1820 it was tenanted by Queen Caroline, wife of George IV.

Among the most prominent figures in Pepys' picture-gallery is the pretty, sweet-voiced, lively, and clever Mistress Knipp (or Knep), for whom our immortal diarist had evidently a strong partiality. As an actress she excelled in the parts of fine ladies, ladies' maids, and milk maids; she dressed with taste, acted with intelligence, and sang with natural skill and feeling. Her delivery of a prologue was always a feat of elocution. Mrs. Knipp was unfortunate in her husband, a horse-jockey, who ill-treated and even beat her; but she seems never to have forgotten her duty as a wife, though Mrs. Pepys called her "a wench," and disapproved very strongly of her husband's attentions to the fascinating actress. Her career on the stage extended from 1664 to 1678, during which period she acted sixteen different characters.

The first reference to her in Pepys is under the date "December 6th, 1665," when he was spending some merry hours at the house of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. "The best company for music I ever was in in my life," he says, "and wish I could live and die in it, both for musique and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and my wife, and Knipp, who is pretty enough, but the most excellent, mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life."

On the following day the same company met at Pepys' house:—"Most excellent musique we had in abundance, and a good supper, dancing, and a pleasant scene of Mrs. Knipp's rising sick from table, but whispered me it was for some hard word or other her husband gave her just now when she laughed, and was more merry than ordinary. But we got her in humour again, and mighty

merry." She seems to have been of an April nature; alternating between smiles and tears.

Thenceforward the name of Mrs. Knipp turns up constantly in the wonderful Diary. One day at Lord Brouncker's he meets his "dear Mrs. Knipp," and sings with her, and hears her sing, admiring particularly her little Scotch song of "Barbara Allen." Next day he receives a letter from her to which she has subscribed "Barbary Allen" as her name; and he sends an answer to it, signing himself "Dapper Dicky." On another occasion comes Mrs. Knipp to speak with him privately, "complaining how like a devil her husband treats her"—a strange confidence for a wife to repose in the ears of her husband's friend!

A curious illustration of the manners of the time comes out in the entry for January 18th, 1666:—"To Captain Cocke's, where Mrs. Williams was, and Mrs. Knipp. I was not heartily merry, though a glass of wine did a little cheer me. After dinner to the office [at the Admiralty]. Anon comes to me thither my Lord Brouncker, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Knipp. I brought down my wife in her night-gown, she not being indeed very well, to the office to them. My wife and I anon and Mercer, by coach, to Pierce's, when mighty merry, and sing and dance with great pleasure; and I danced, who never did in company in my life." This was at a time when the Plague was gathering up its last harvest of victims in the Metropolis, "the deaths being now but 79" (in the week) says Pepys.

We pass on to February 23rd:—"Comes Mrs. Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of 'Beauty, retire,'

which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be. She also entertained me with repeating many of her own and others' parts of the play-house, which she do most excellently; and tells me the whole practices of the play-house and players, and is in every respect most excellent company."

Mrs. Knipp, indeed, can no more be kept out of Mr. Pepys's written confidences, than "the head of King Charles I." out of the speeches of Mr. Dick. On the 20th, Mrs. Knipp dines with Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, and mighty pleasant company she is, so that the careful Pepys actually gives his wife 20s. "to lay out on Knipp." She is the fortunate recipient of six pairs of gloves on Valentine's Day. On the 9th of March he and Mrs. Pierce and the charming actress set out to dine at Chelsea, but are frightened back by a report that the inn there was "shut up of the plague." On the 9th of May he accompanies them to Cornhill; on his return finds his wife "mightily vexed at his being abroad with other women" (as she had some right to be), so that when they were gone she called them names, which offended Mr. Pepys' sense of propriety. On the 6th of August we have further evidence of Mrs. Pepys' not unreasonable displeasure:—"After dinner, in comes Mrs. Knipp, and I sat and talked with her. . . I very pleasant to her; but perceive my wife hath no great pleasure in her being here. However, we talked and sang, and were very pleasant. By and by comes Mr. Pierce and his wife. . . Knipp and I sang, and then I offered to carry them home, and to take my wife with me, but she would not go; so I with them leaving my wife in a very ill humour. However, I would not be removed from my civility to them, but sent for a coach,

and went with them; and in our way, Knipp saying that she came out of doors without a dinner to us, I took them to Old Fish Street, to the very house and woman where I kept my wedding dinner, where I never was since, and then I did give them a jole of salmon, and what else was to be had. And here we talked of the ill-humour of my wife, which I did excuse as much as I could, and they seemed to admit of it, but did both confess they wondered at it. . . . I set them both at home, Knipp at her house, her husband being at the door; and glad she was to be found to have stayed out so long with me and Mrs. Pierce, and none else. Home, and then find my wife mightily out of order, and reproaching Mrs. Pierce and Knipp as wenches, and I know not what. But I did give her no words to offend her, and quietly let all pass."

Mrs. Knipp does not reappear in the Diary until October 25th, when Pepys notes that he met her at Mrs. Williams's, and "was glad to see the jade." His wife's "ill-humour," no doubt, had something to do with her long absence. We may assume, however, that by this time Mrs. Pepys had got over it, since she accompanied Knipp and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce to the new playhouse at Whitehall. In November Mr Pepys goes to "Knipp's lodgings, whom I find," he says, "not ready to go home with me, and then staid reading of Waller's verses while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a show without doors, God bless us!"

One of the saddest stories in Count Grammont's "Memoirs"—a book which, from the moralist's point of view, is full of melancholy stories—is that of which Mrs. Davenport, the "Roxalana" of Sir William Davenant's "Siege

of Rhodes" was the heroine. Count Hamilton tells it with more feeling than he exhibits on any other occasion:—

"The Earl of Oxford (Aubrey de Vere, 20th Earl, and the last of his house who held the title) fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress belonging to the Duke's Theatre, who performed to perfection, particularly the part of Roxana, in a very fashionable new play, inasmuch that she ever after retained that name: this creature being both very virtuous, and very modest, or, if you please, wonderfully obstinate, proudly rejected his addresses and presents. This resistance influenced his passion; he had recourse to invectives, and even to spells; but all in vain. This disappointment had such effect upon him that he could neither eat nor drink; this did not signify to him; but his passion at length became so violent that he could neither play nor smoke. In this extremity love had recourse to Hymen: the Earl of Oxford, one of the first peers of the realm, is, you know, a very handsome man; he is of the order of the Garter, which greatly adds to an air naturally noble. In short, from his outward appearance, you would suppose he was really possessed of some sense; but as soon as ever you hear him speak you are perfectly convinced of the contrary. This passionate lover presented her with a promise of marriage, in due form, signed with his own hand; she would not, however, rely upon this; but the next day she thought there could be no danger, when she and himself came to her lodgings, attended by a clergyman, and another man for a witness: the marriage was accordingly solemnized with all due ceremonies in the presence of one of her fellow-players, who attended as a witness on

her part. You will suppose, perhaps, that the new countess had nothing to do but to appear at court according to her rank, and to display the Earl's arms upon her carriage. This was far from being the case. When examination was made concerning the marriage it was found to be a mere deception: it appeared that the pretended priest was one of my Earl's trumpeters, and the witness his kettle-drummer. The parson and his companion never appeared after the ceremony was over; and as for the other witness, they endeavoured to persuade her that the Sultana Roxana might have supposed, in some part or other of a play, that she was really married. It was all to no purpose that the poor creature claimed the protection of the laws of God and man, both which were violated and abused, as well as herself, by this infamous imposition; in vain did she throw herself at the King's feet to demand justice; she had only to rise up again without redress; and happy might she think herself to receive an annuity of one thousand crowns, and to resume the name of Roxana instead of Countess of Oxford."

It seems, however, to have been through the King's interposition that "Lord Oxford's Miss," as Evelyn calls her, obtained her annuity (£300). In due time she recovered her spirits, and Pepys records that at the play he saw "the old Roxalan in the chief box, in a velvet gown, as the fashion is, and very handsome, at which I was glad."

Mary Davis, or Davies, reported to be the natural daughter of Charles Howard, second Earl of Berkshire, though some authorities claim for her a more honourable origin as the lawful daughter of a blacksmith, appeared at the Duke's Theatre early in 1667, and by her good looks,

graceful dancing, and fine voice soon (and by no means reluctantly) attracted the attention of the King, whose conquest she completed by her admirable singing—in the character of Celania, in "The Mad Shepherdess"—of the old song, "My lodging is on the cold ground." We will hope that Pepys romances when he declares that her own father acted the part of Pandar. The King caused a house to be furnished for her in Suffolk Street, and presented her with a ring worth £700. Pepys chanced, on one occasion, to be passing through the street as the King's mistress was stepping into her coach, and a "mighty fine coach" it was, he says.

The rise of this new favourite, who presumed not a little upon her scandalous prosperity, was very unwelcome at Court. When she was to dance a jig in the presence of the enamoured sovereign, the Queen, we are told, retired hastily, as if unwilling to be publicly insulted. The imperious Duchess of Cleveland was unable to conceal her indignation. On the authority of one of the ladies of the Court, Pepys relates that during some private theatricals at Whitehall the King's eyes were fixed so constantly on the charming Moll that the angry Duchess was "in the sulks" during the whole of the play. On another occasion, when Pepys was at the theatre, the King, throughout the evening, kept his gaze at a particular box, where shone the temporary loadstar of his fickle affections. The Duchess of Cleveland lifted her eyes to discover the object of the King's demonstrative regard, and when she perceived who it was, broke out into such a passion that "she looked like fire."

Of the later history of Mary Davis nothing is known. She had a daughter by the King in 1673, who received

the name of Mary Tudor, and in 1687 married the second Earl of Derwentwater. Their son was the brave and chivalrous young nobleman who lost his head for his share in the Rebellion of 1715. Thus, the grandson of Charles II. became the victim of his loyalty to the royal house with which he was himself by blood connected. Before his death the Duke of Richmond, son of Charles II. by Louise de la Querouaille, was requested to present to the Lords a memorial on behalf of the young Earl, his kinsman. He presented the memorial, but with astounding inhumanity expressed his earnest hope that their lordships would not suffer themselves to be influenced by it.

About the time that Moll Davis left the stage a bright particular star rose upon its horizon in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, the original "Belvidera" of Otway's "Venice Preserved," and the "Zara" of Congreve's "Mourning Bride."

Elizabeth Barry was the daughter of Robert Barry, a loyal barrister, who, in the Civil War, raised a regiment for the King, and was rewarded with the rank of Colonel. He fell into great poverty during the Protectorate, and left his daughter (who was born in 1658) nothing but his honourable name. She found a friend in Sir William Davenant, who, struck by her beauty and vivacity, sought to train her for the stage, but failed to awaken the dormant talent. Thrice she was rejected by the managers as possessing none of the qualifications of an actress. Such however, was not the opinion of Rochester, who lodged her in his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and with infinite skill and patience educated her for her profession. He made her repeat every sentence of her author until she

fully understood its meaning, and could render it with suitable expression. The management of the voice, the employment of appropriate gesture, the assumption of graceful attitudes; he neglected nothing which could render her proficiency indisputable; and to accustom her to the stage he superintended thirty rehearsals, twelve of which were "dress rehearsals" of each of the characters she was to represent. In all these pains he was actuated by his love of the charming young actress, who, to judge from his letters, exercised a considerable influence over him to the very end of his career.

About 1671 she appeared on the stage, but failed to captivate the fancy of her audience, until she enacted Isabella, the Hungarian Queen, in "Mustapha," Lord Brooke's once-famous tragedy. Thenceforward her progress was sure, if slow; and, in 1680, she placed herself at the head of her profession by her brilliant performance of Monimia, in Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan; or, The Unhappy Marriage." This was the nineteenth of her original characters; but the first with which she succeeded in really identifying herself. In 1682, all London flocked to see her Belvidera in Otway's finest drama, and to be moved to tears by the intensity of her pathos. Her genius was so true and profound that she could take the skeleton-character of the dramatist, and endue it with flesh and blood—a task she performed for Cassandra in Dryden's bombastic tragedy of "Cleomenes" (1692). "Mrs. Barry," says the poet in his preface, "always excellent, has in this tragedy excelled herself, and gained a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen in the theatre." "In characters of greatness," says Colley Cibber, "Mrs. Barry had a presence of elevated dignity;

her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong; so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity, she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with an enchanting harmony; and it was this particular excellence for which Dryden made her the above-recited compliment, upon her acting Cassandra in his Cleomenes. She was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit play, which was granted to her alone in King James's time, and which did not become common to others till the division of this company, after the death of King William and Queen Mary."

Another of her finest impersonations was Isabella in Southern's drama of "The Fatal Marriage" (1694). In 1697 she gave fresh proof of her versatility by enacting the two opposite characters of Lady Brute in Vanburgh's "Provoked Wife" and Zara in Congreve's "Mourning Bride." In 1703 she enacted Calista in Rowe's tragedy of "The Fair Penitent" (founded on "The Fatal Dowry" of Massinger); and in 1705, Clarissa, in Sir John Vanburgh's comedy of "The Confederacy." About three years later, ill-health compelled her to retire from the stage; her last new character of importance being Phœdra, in Edmund Smith's tragedy of that name (1708). She returned, however, for one night, in the following year, to play with Mrs. Bracegirdle; and she performed Mrs. Frail, in Congreve's "Love for Love," on the occasion

of Betterton's benefit. Her last years were spent at Acton in the enjoyment of the wealth she had gained by her genius and preserved by her prudence; and she died of fever,* "greatly respected,"—in her case no mere form of words—on the 7th of November, 1713. She lies buried in Acton churchyard.

Two of her speeches, or phrases, which always commanded the applause of her admiring audiences, have been handed down to us: "Ah, poor Castalio!" in Otway's "Orphan," and "What mean my grieving subjects?" in Banks's "Unhappy Favourite." In the latter play she represented Queen Elizabeth, and with so much dignity that Mary of Modena, the wife of James II., as a mark of her approbation, presented her with the dress she had worn upon her marriage.

The charm of Mrs. Barry's beauty lay in its expression. Her eyes and forehead were fine, but it was "the mind, the music breathing o'er the face" that rivetted the gaze of the beholder. Her rich dark hair, drawn back from her brow, revealed its gracious curve. Her mouth was mobile and full of expression, though, according to Tony Aston, it opened a little too much on the right side. She was not below the average height, and her figure was plump and well-made.

Her powers were seen to the best advantage in tragedy; but her comic characters were distinguished by their freedom and vivacity. "In comedy," says Tony Aston, "she was alert, easy, and genteel, pleasant in her face and action, filling the stage with variety of gesture."

* Cibber says that during her delirium, she dropped into blank verse, saying—in remembrance, apparently, of Queen Anne's creation, in 1711, of twelve peers at once:—

"Ah, ah! and so they make us lords by dozens."

She yielded so entirely to the emotions she was called upon to depict, that in stage dialogues she often turned pale or flushed red, as varying passions prompted.

In Nathaniel Lee's "Rival Queens; or, The Death of Alexander the Great," she, on one occasion, played Roxana to Mrs. Boutell's Statira. A dispute arose between the ladies as to the wearing of a certain veil, which the latter affirmed to belong to her part; and the stage-manager decided in her favour. Both actresses went upon the stage with their passions strongly excited, and probably the wrath and jealousy with which the dramatist endows the rival queens were never more faithfully represented. When, in the gardens of Semiramis, Roxana seizes her hated enemy, and a final struggle takes place, Mrs. Barry exclaiming, "Die, sorceress, die! and all my wrongs die with thee!" drove her keen dagger right through Statira's steel-bound stays. A slight wound was the result; and a considerable commotion. When the matter came to be investigated, Mrs. Barry protested that she had been carried away by the excitement of the scene; but there were not wanting censorious tongues to declare that she enjoyed the punishment she had inflicted on a rival.

To dwell on the record of Mrs. Barry's frailties would be humiliating and unprofitable. Like most of the actresses of her time, she lived a life of unbridled indulgence, which the contemporary wits of the coffee-houses knew how to paint in the darkest colours. She had a daughter by Sir George Etherege, who died before her mother. Tom Brown censures her averice; others speak of her as cold and heartless; but the woman to whom poor Otway addressed the six pathetic letters preserved in his

published works could not have been without some singular charm.

As Mrs. Betterton does not figure in the *Chroniques Scandaleuses* of the Merry Monarch's reign, we know but little of her history; but for thirty years she was on the stage, and all that time she ranked amongst its greatest ornaments. As Miss Saunderson she won the heart and hand of the great actor, Thomas Betterton; and it is on record that she played Ophelia to his Hamlet, during the period of his courtship, and that the audience dwelt with particular interest on their dramatic love-passages, knowing that the two were shortly to be united in wedlock. Their married life was without a cloud; as their professional careers were without a failure. So profound was Mrs. Betterton's love for her noble husband, that at his death, in 1710, she lost her reason, and survived him only eighteen months.

Pepys always refers to this charming actress as Ianthe, from the part she played in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes." His numerous allusions evidence the esteem in which she was held by the public. It was due to her artistic merits as well as to her unblemished private character that she was chosen, in 1674, to instruct the Princesses Mary and Anne in elocution. Afterwards, she was engaged to teach the Princess Anne the part of Semandra in Lee's noisy tragedy of "Mithridates." When Betterton died, Queen Anne settled on his widow a pension of £500 a year.

Cibber says—"She was so great a mistress of Nature, that even Mrs. Barry, who acted Lady Macbeth after her, could not in that part, with all her superior strength and melody of voice, throw out those quick and careless strokes

of terror, from the disorder of a guilty mind, which the other gave us, with a facility in her manner that rendered them at once tremendous and delightful."

In November, 1685, when the United Company, comprising the "best talent" both of Davenant and Killigrew's old companies, opened their season at Drury Lane Theatre, among the leading ladies, and second only to Mrs. Barry, were Mrs. Mountfort, and Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Mrs. Mountfort was the soul of comedy; and in Cibber's admirable portrait-gallery he devotes to this charming actress one of his most finished sketches. She was mistress, he says, of more variety of humour than he had ever known in any one actress. "This variety," he continues, "was attended with an equal vivacity, which made her excellent in characters extremely difficult. As she was naturally a pleasant mimic, she had the skill to make that talent useful on the stage. When the elocution is round, distinct, voluble, and various, as Mrs. Mountfort's was, the mimic there is a great assistance to the actor. Nothing, though ever so barren, if within the bounds of nature, could be flat in her hands. She gave many brightening touches to characters but coldly written, and often made an author vain of his work, that, in itself, had but little merit. She was so fond of humour, in what part soever to be found, that she would make no scruple of defacing her fair face to come heartily into it, for when she was eminent in several desirable characters of wit and humour, in higher life, she would be in as much fancy, when descending into the antiquated Abigail of Fletcher, as when triumphing in all the airs and vain graces of a fine lady; a merit that few actors care for. In a play of D'Urfey's now forgotten, called 'The Western Lass,' which part she acted, she transformed her whole

being—body, shape, voice, language, look and features—into almost another animal, with a strong Devonshire dialect, a broad laughing voice, a poking head, round shoulders, an unconceiving eye, and the most bedizening dawdy dress that ever covered the untrained limbs of a Joan trot. To have seen her here, you would have thought it impossible that the same could ever have been removed to, what was as easy to her, the gay, the lively, and the desirable. Nor was her humour limited to her sex, for while her shape permitted, she was a more adroit, pretty fellow than is usually seen upon the stage. Her easy air, action, mien, and gesture, quite changed from the coif to the cocked-hat and cavalier in fashion. People were so fond of seeing her a man that when the part of Bayes, in 'The Rehearsal,' had for some time lain dormant, she was desired to take it up, which I have seen her act with all the true coxcomly spirit and humour that the sufficiency of the character required.

"But what found most employment for her whole various excellence at once was the part of Melantha, in 'Marriage á la Mode.'* Melantha is as finished an impertinent as ever fluttered in a drawing-room, and seems to contain the most complete system of female foppery that could possibly be crowded into the tortured form of a fine lady. The language, dress, motion, manners, soul, and body, are in a continual hurry to be something more than is necessary or commendable. The first ridiculous airs that break from her are upon a gallant, never seen before, who delivers her a letter from her father, recommending him to her good graces as an honourable lover. Here, now, one would think that she might naturally show a little of the sex's decent reserve, though never so

* Dryden's comedy, produced in 1672.

slightly covered. No, sir! not a tittle of it! Modesty is the virtue of a poor-souled country gentlewoman. She is too much a Court lady to be under so vulgar a confusion. She reads the letter, therefore, with a careless, dropping lip, and an erected brow, humming it hastily over, as if she were impatient to out go her father's commands, by making a complete conquest of him at once; and that the letter might not embarrass her attack, crack! she crumbles it at once into her palm, and pours upon him her whole artillery of airs, eyes, and motion. Down goes her dainty, diving body to the ground, as if she were sinking under the conscious load of her own attractions; then launches into a flood of fine language and compliment, still playing her chest forward in fifty falls and risings, like a swan upon waving water; and, to complete her impertinence, she is so rapidly fond of her own wit that she will not give her lover leave to praise it. Silent assenting bows, and vain endeavours to speak, are all the share of the conversation he is admitted to, which at last he is relieved from, by her engagement to half a score visits, which she *swims* from him to make, with a promise to return in a twinkling."

She made her *début* on the stage as Miss Percival, and enacted the character of Nell in "The Devil to Pay." After her marriage to William Mountfort, her best characters were Melantha, already spoken of, and Belinda in Congreve's "Old Bachelor." Mountfort, a comedian of brilliant merit, who played the airy, graceful, ardent lover as to the manner born, was slain by Captain Hill in 1692; and his widow soon afterwards married the actor Verbruggen. She died in 1703.

Mrs. Bracegirdle, like Mrs. Mountfort, belongs to the stage of Charles II.'s reign only as a *débutante*. Her fame was won in later years. Yet our sketches will hardly be complete if they do not include this admirable actress, who, unlike most of her contemporaries, was also a virtuous woman. She was the ornament of the stage and the delight of the public from 1680 to 1707, when she gave way to the rising star of Mrs. Oldfield. "Never," says Cibber, "was any woman in such general favour of the spectators. . . . She was the darling of the theatre; for it will be no extravagant thing to say, scarce an audience saw her that were less than half of them lovers, without a suspected favourite among them; and though she may be said to have been the universal passion, and under the highest temptations, her constancy in resisting them served but to increase her admirers. It was even the fashion among the gay and young to have a taste or *tendre* for Mrs. Bracegirdle." It was the fashion, also, among the old. One day the Earl of Burlington sent her a present of some fine old china. She told the servant he had made a mistake; that it was true the letter was for her, but the china was for his lady, to whom she bade him carry it. "Lord!" exclaims Walpole, "the Countess was so full of gratitude when her husband came home to dinner." Lord Lovelace was another of her suitors, and as unsuccessful as the rest. To the number and variety of the love-tokens poured in upon her Dryden alludes, in one of his epilogues written for her:—

> "I have had to-day a dozen billets-doux
> From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow Street beaux:
> Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more:
> A Covent Garden porter brought me four."

Congreve also entered the lists, and there is no doubt

his addresses were welcome to her; but she could not be induced to forfeit her self-respect. This he himself admits in verses which we confess we are almost ashamed to quote:—

"Pious Belinda goes to prayers
Whene'er I ask the favour,
Yet the tender fool's in tears
When she thinks I'd leave her.
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had power to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner."

One Captain Richard Hill, a dissolute man about town, fell so violently in love with her person—he could not appreciate her mind—that he resolved to carry her off by force, and persuaded Lord Mohun, who was as wild and wicked as himself, to assist. Ascertaining that, with her mother and brother, she was to sup one evening at the house of a friend, Mr. Page, in Prince's Street, Drury Lane, they hired six soldiers for the deed of violence, and posted them near Mr. Page's house. It was the 9th of December, 1692, and about ten at night, as she left Mr. Page's, the ruffians pounced upon her, but she screamed so loudly, and her brother and friend made so gallant a resistance, that the attempt failed. An excited crowd assembled, and Lord Mohun and Hill thought it prudent to undertake to escort her to her residence in Howard Street, Strand. Close at hand lived Mountfort, the actor, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, overhearing Captain Hill indulging in violent threats against him—from an absurd suspicion that he was a favoured rival—sent to Mrs. Mountfort to warn her husband, who was gone home, to be on his guard. The brilliant young cavalier, nothing alarmed, came round into Howard Street and saluted

Lord Mohun; at the same moment Hill stepped up behind, struck him on the head, and, before he could draw in his defence, ran his sword through Mountfort's body. Captain Hill fled to the Continent; but Lord Mohun was tried by his peers for the murder, and acquitted by three-score against fourteen. He afterwards fell in the fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton.

Mrs. Bracegirdle retired from the stage in 1707, but lived in the enjoyment of an inconsiderable fortune, the centre of a wide circle of wits and men of letters, until 1748.

THE POETS.

MILTON.
HERRICK.
MARVELL.
COWLEY.
WALLER.
SIR W. DAVENANT.
EARL OF DORSET.
EARL OF ROSCOMMON.
EARL OF ROCHESTER.
SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.
SIR C. SEDLEY.
SIR JOHN DENHAM.
THOMAS STANLEY.
SIR W. KILLIGREW.
ANNE KILLIGREW.
SAMUEL BUTLER.
JOHN DRYDEN.

CHAPTER III.

THE POETS.

Milton—Herrick—Marvell—Cowley—Waller—Sir W. Davenant—Earl of Dorset—Earl of Roscommon—Earl of Rochester—Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire—Sir C. Sedley—Sir John Denham—Thomas Stanley—Sir W. Killigrew—Anne Killigrew—Samuel Butler—John Dryden.

At the Restoration Milton was in his fifty-second year, and one of the most conspicuous men, not in England only, but in Europe. As yet, it is true, he had not shown the world the full measure and range of his power as a poet, and the scholars of Europe knew little or nothing of English poetry; but they honoured him as a controversialist who had crossed swords successfully with one of the doughtiest of Continental combatants. In his encounter with Salmasius, he had, by common consent, brought that champion of absolute monarchy to his knees. After reading the "Defensio pro-Populo Anglicano," in which, with almost an excess of strength, he replied to the "Defensio Regia," the apology for Charles I., Queen Christina, of Sweden, had frankly told Salmasius that he was beaten. Whereupon Salmasius, who had

enjoyed so much of the Queen's favour that she had been wont to light his fire with her own hands when she indulged with him in confidential morning walks, declared that the Swedish climate disagreed with him, and returned to France. "Who is this Milton?" asked Henisius, the Dutchman, of Isaac Voss. The latter replied, "I have learned all about Milton from my uncle, Junius, who is familiar with him. He tells me that he serves the Parliament in foreign affairs; is skilled in many languages; is not, indeed, of noble, but, as they say, of gentle birth; kindly, affable, and endowed with many other virtues." Who is this Milton? If the question had been put to his countrymen they might have informed the querist that he was the second—ranking Oliver Cromwell as the first—great Englishman of his time; a man with a powerful genius and a singular loftiness and purity of thought; a courageous, resolute, and eloquent champion of civil and religious liberty; a master of English prose, which he wrote with a stateliness that reflected the dignity of his character; a poet of rare gifts and accomplishments, who, before all other English singers, had proved himself conscious of the nobleness and sacredness of the poet's mission.

Good and great work Milton had already done; but his best and greatest work belongs to the reign of Charles II., and is the distinguishing glory of that reign. The "Paradise Lost" is one of the world's half-dozen immortal poems—like "The Iliad," and "The Æneid," and the "Divina Commedia"—and the age and the country which produced it have necessarily something to be proud of. If we have little else to thank the Restoration for, we have to thank it, I believe, for our great

English epic. But for the obscurity and privacy to which it relegated Milton, he might never have enjoyed the leisure, or the self-concentration, without which its composition would have been impossible. He was thirty-two when he conceived the idea; but he found no time to attempt its realization during the stirring periods of the Civil War and the Protectorate. For Milton was not only a poet, but a man of action. There was nothing of the recluse about him; he did not live for poetry alone, like Wordsworth. His strong, deep sympathies with the cause of human liberty and human hope impelled him to take an active part in the struggle, and for twenty years, from 1641 to 1660, he gave to public affairs the resources of his intellectual strength and opulence. With the exception of a few sonnets, his muse, meanwhile, was silent. Those graceful Italian pastorals, "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," were written while he lingered in his earlier manhood among the orchard blooms of Horton. The "Comus," which so admirably illustrates the grave purity of his mind, and the beautiful monody of "Lycidas," belong to the year 1637. In 1639, the death of his friend Diodati drew from him his "Epitaphium Damors," and thereafter he devoted his genius to the service of his country. His wonderful intellectual activity knew no pause of weariness; it embraced the whole field of conflict: Church Discipline, Divorce, the Freedom of the Press, Education, Civil Government—on all these various themes he had much to say, to which it was good for his countrymen to listen, and he said it with such a strenuousness and vehemence that they durst not close their ears.

As to his prose style, writers differ. "Is he truly a

prose writer?" says Taine, and he adds:—"Entangled dialectics, a heavy and awkward mind"—who but a Frenchman would have used these epithets?—"fanatical and furious rusticity, an epic grandeur of sustained and superabundant images, the blast and the recklessness of implacable and all-powerful passion, the sublimity of religious and logical exaltation: we do not recognize in these features a man born to explain, pursuade, and prove." No; it was not Milton's business to explain or persuade; he crushed. Like a shock of cavalry, he charged the errors and sophisms of his time, and they went down before him. How could he stop to explain or persuade, when his opponents were the minions of Prelacy and Absolutism, the deadly foes of Freedom? You might as well have asked Cromwell's Ironsides to halt on the field of Naseby, and reason with Rupert and his cavaliers. Milton's prose is the prose of a poet. It is rich in images and illustrations; it abounds in harmonious cadences; it frequently lapses into a measured rhythm. No doubt it is sometimes rugged and sometimes exuberant; but this ruggedness is due to his intense earnestness, and this exuberance to the marvellous wealth of his resources. He has no call to be thrifty like lesser men; and so the great river of his eloquence rolls on with copious force, carrying with it both gold and mud.

Is is in the "Areopagitica," that noble plea for the liberty of the press—which so completely achieved its object that in England, at least, no serious effort has since been made to curb the free expression of free thought—we see Milton's eloquence in its fullest majesty. The title is borrowed from the "Areopagitic" oration of Isocrates; but nothing more. Between the calm grace-

fulness of the Greek orator and the splendid fervour of the English author there is not the slightest similarity. The "Areopagitica" is warm with Milton's heart-blood. It kindles with the fire of enthusiasm from the first line to the last. The trumpet-strain never falters; the well-poised wings never droop or weary in their lofty flight. Whoever would know of what our English language is capable, to what heights it can reach, into how grand an organ-music it can swell, let him read the "Areopagitica." "Though all the winds of doctrine," says Milton, "were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabrict already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy, and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whereas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, *to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures* early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute. When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun if he please, only that he may try the matter

by dint of argument, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious; these are the shifts and defences that Error uses against her power."

Here is a fine passage which none but a poet could have written:—

"Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when He ascended, and His Apostles after Him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; He shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal pattern of loveliness and perfection."

And this almost lyrical outburst in praise of Books:—

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as

in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And, yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

The "Areopagitica" was written in 1644. Early in 1649 its author was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State; a post he continued to hold under Cromwell, assisted, after his blindness in 1654, by Andrew Marvell. Milton's form of blindness was that now known as *amaurosis*, formerly called, from an altogether erroneous supposition of its cause, *gutta serena* ("drop serene"). The fine clear brown eyes remained unimpaired, but the nerve of sight was irreparably injured, partly through excessive application, and partly through a gouty habit of body. In his domestic life Milton had not been wholly happy; from his first wife, Mary Powell, he had been divorced, separated by the wrongdoing of her family, and after her death, he married Catherine Woodcock, who was taken from him in a year at the birth of her first child. His sonnet "on his deceased wife" is an undying evidence of the love he bore her. One night after her death he had dreamed of her as coming to him with veiled face. . . .

"And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint—
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight;
But, oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

At the Restoration Milton, though he knew himself to be obnoxious to the new Court, showed no sign of timidity, and made no attempt to escape its vengeance. He retired, with that quiet dignity which characterised all the actions of his life, to a friend's house in Bartholomew Close; and looked on unmoved, while a Parliament of Cavaliers and fanatical Royalists voted his prosecution, and ordered that his "Eikonoclastes" and his "Defensio Populi Anglicani" should be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. What powerful influence was exerted on his behalf is uncertain; some authorities give the credit to his friend and assistant, Andrew Marvell, who had been elected to Hull: others, to Sir William Davenant, who thus repaid an obligation he had incurred to the poet; but, at all events, he was fortunate enough not to be placed among the exceptions to the Act of Indemnity and Oblivion passed on the 29th of August. He was arrested; but the House of Commons ordered his release on the 15th December, and he was so confident in his security that he ventured to appeal against the excessive fees charged in connection with his brief imprisonment. For about a year he lived in Holborn, near Red Lion Square. Thence, in 1662, he removed to Jewin Street, Aldersgate, and afterwards to a small house in Artillery Walk, near Bunhill Fields, his residence for the remainder of his life. While in Jewin Street he

took to himself, by the advice of Dr. Paget, his physician, a third wife; Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Minshull, of Cheshire, a distant kinswoman of the doctor's. She devoted herself to her husband's happiness; but his three daughters, of whom Anne, the eldest, was sixteen—Mary, the second fifteen—and Deborah, the youngest, ten, did not relish the rule of a young step-mother. On the whole, however, his household, during his latter years, was peaceful and well-ordered. The method of his daily life was simplicity itself: he rose at four in the summer, and at five in the winter; heard a chapter of the Hebrew Bible, and was left to meditate until seven. After breakfast some one read to him, and he dictated to his amanuensis until noon. One hour, from twelve to one, was reserved for exercise, either walking or in a swing. He dined at one, and occupied himself with books, music, and composition until six. Two hours were given to conversation with his friends; and, as might be supposed, he was a fine talker. He supped at eight, smoked a pipe, and retired to bed at nine.

Among his readers was young Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker. Burning with a great desire for knowledge, he came up to London, shortly after the Restoration, and through a friend made the acquaintance of Dr. Paget, who, in 1662, introduced the young man (he was then twenty-three) to the blind poet. His reception was very favourable; and he was invited to visit Milton at home, whenever he wished, "and to read to him what books he should appoint," which was all that Ellwood desired. He tells us that Milton taught him the foreign pronunciation of Latin, and perceiving with what earnest desire he pursued learning, gave him not only all the

encouragement but all the help he could. "For, having a curious ear, he understood by my tone," says Ellwood, "when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages."

In 1665, when all who could hastened to escape from the plague-stricken city, young Ellwood, at Milton's request, hired for him "a pretty box"—a plain, half-timbered, gable-fronted cottage*—at Chalfont St. Giles. When the poet took up his residence there, Ellwood, under a new and stringent law against the Quakers and their meetings, had been thrown into Aylesbury prison; but as soon as he was released, he paid Milton a visit. "After some common discourses had passed between us," writes Ellwood, "he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and when I had done so return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem, which he entitled *Paradise Lost*. After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with the acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found?*' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then broke off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over and the city well cleansed and

* The cottage is still in excellent preservation. It stands on the right, near the end of the village; and its little low parlour is said to be the room in which Milton dictated his "Paradise Regained."

become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London), he showed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'" Milton, however, probably felt that a sequel was needed in order to emphasize and define more precisely the plan of Christ in the Divine scheme of redemption.

"Paradise Lost" was completed before the end of 1665; "Paradise Regained" (though not published until 1671) probably in the course of the following year, or early in the spring of 1667. Milton's first great epic found a publisher in Samuel Simmons, who bought the copyright for £15; £5 paid down, £5 to be paid on the sale of 1,300 copies out of a first edition of 1,500, and £5 more on the sale of 1,300 out of a second edition of 1,500 copies. Milton lived to receive a second five pounds, and to his widow were paid £8 for her remaining interest in the copyright. The poem, divided at first into only ten books, was handsomely printed in a small quarto volume, which was sold for 3s. It had neither preface, notes, nor "arguments" prefixed to the different books (1667). A license for publication was not obtained without some difficulty, the licencer (the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury) stumbling at a supposed political allusion in the following well-known passage:—

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

At length, however, it was published, and the English people soon showed their sense of the inestimable value of this new addition to their literature. Thirteen hundred copies were sold in two years, and in eleven years the sale reached three thousand copies; not a bad sale for a religious epic at a time when readers were limited to the affluent classes, and the popular taste had been corrupted by the introduction of French models and the influence of a dissolute and luxurious Court.

To criticise "Paradise Lost" would be work as supererogatory as analysing the sun. It is universally accepted as the great English epic, which no other has yet threatened in its pride of place. It is part of the inheritance of every Englishman, like Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. No doubt it has its defects; it is prolix and even wearisome in some of its passages; its theology is narrow; its conceptions of Heaven and Hell are necessarily materialistic;* but what are these when compared with those essential qualities of grandeur of thought and diction of loftiness of purpose, to which it owes its immortality? But in Mr. Mark Pattison's monograph (in the "English Men of Letters" series), and in Professor Masson's comprehensive biography, the reader will find elaborate estimates which answer almost every question that can arise in connection with its study; and he may advantageously compare Macaulay's and Dr. Channing's

* Milton was conscious of this defect, which was forced upon him by the structure of his poem, and endeavours to explain it away, or apologise for it, in the words he puts into the mouth of Raphael:—

"What surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so
By likening spiritual to corporal forms
As may express them best: though what if earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?"

well-known essays. His attention will of course be directed to such matters as the extent of Milton's obligations to Cœdmon and Vondel, which scarcely affect more than the framework of the poem; the obvious traces of Spenser, and in a less degree of Marlowe, in the versification and treatment; the characteristics of Milton's blank verse, its processional pomp, its complex harmonies, its majestic rhythm; the rich variety of the allusions and images; the effect of his Calvinistic theology on the development of his subject; his felicitous choice of epithets; his incidental descriptions of natural scenery; and, finally, the relation of the poem to the religious thought of the age. It is specially interesting to compare it with Spenser's "Faery Queen,"* which presents one side or aspect of the difficult problem of which "Paradise Lost" presents the other. Thus, if we take it to be Spenser's primary object to indicate the aspiration of man's soul towards its God, it is not less the purpose of Milton to

"Assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man;"

while the minds of both are fascinated by the constant struggle which prevails in the soul and in the world between the antagonistic principles of Good and Evil.

"Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" should be taken together as one great continuous allegorical epic, which divides naturally into four parts, and each part into four books. The first part, Books i. to iv., describes the origin and progress of the war between Good and Evil, the fall of Evil into Hell, and the renewal of the struggle upon

* In the preface to his "Fables," Dryden remarks that Milton is the poetical son of Spenser. "Milton has confessed to me," he adds, "that Spenser was his original."

earth with Man's soul as the prize of the victor. The second part, Books v. to viii., forms an intermezzo, in which, through the narrative of the Archangel Raphael, we learn the order of the events that preceded the creation of Man. In the third part, Books ix. to xii., the story of the great conflict is resumed, with Man's fall, its immediate consequences, and the Archangel Michael's forecast of the way in which they will eventually be retrieved. Lastly, the fourth part ("Paradise Regained") brings us to the realisation of the grand Archangelic vision in Christ's victory over the Power of Evil. On "the highest pinnacle" of the glorious Temple of Jerusalem, which shone afar

> "Like a mount
> Of alabaster top't with golden spires,"

Divine Good, in the person of Jesus Christ, wins the last battle in that tremendous war which, ages agone, had begun in "heaven's wide champaign." Celestial choirs break forth into strains of victory:—

> "Now Thou hast avenged
> Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
> Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
> And frustrated the conquest fraudulent."

"Samson Agonistes"* was published in the same year (1671) as "Paradise Regained." It is a choral drama, after the Greek model, but in a severe style, and is instinct with the poet's strong individuality. In its stately verse the main aim and work of his life found their final expression. For twenty years he had championed the sacred cause of civil and religious freedom, and to the superficial observer the battle had gone against him; the banner was torn down, and the hands which had held it

* Samson is taken by the poet as the type of Puritanism, which, though fallen, had nevertheless defeated the enemies of God.

aloft would do so no more. But the poet is, by virtue of his office, a seer, and Milton foresaw that the principles he had advocated would ultimately prevail; just as the blind and aged Samson—Samson Agonistes, the wrestler—triumphed over the Philistines. And the drama ends with a noble song of content and faith, which fitly closed Milton's work as a poet:—

> "So virtue, given for lost,
> Depressed, and overthrown, as seemed,
> Like that self-begotten bird
> In the Arabian woods imbost,
> That no second knows nor third,
> And lay erewhile a holocaust,
> From out her ashy womb now teemed,
> Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
> When most unactive deemed;
> And, though her body die, her fame survives
> A secular bird ages of lives."

And again:—

> "All is best, though we oft doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose
> Of highest Wisdom brings about,
> And ever best found in the close.
> Oft He seems to hide His face,
> But unexpectedly returns,
> And to His faithful champion hath in place
> Bore witness gloriously."

Milton's last years were years of peace. He bore with calmness the pains of the disease (gout) which he had inherited, and to the worst ills of Poverty happily he was never exposed. Retaining to the last his faculties unclouded, he passed away without pain on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1674.*

Just three weeks before (October 15th) the grave had closed over a poet of very different mould, Robert Her-

* The best commentary on Milton's life is to be found in his own words:—"He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter of laudable things, ought himself to be *a true poem*."

rick, the author of "The Hesperides." In life and in character a greater contrast could hardly be found than Herrick, the gay lyrist of English Epicureanism, whose philosophy was summed up in the Horatian "carpe diem," whose life was animated by no elevated purpose—consecrated by no patriotic or philanthropic work, to the great Puritan poet, with his deep sense of duty, his intense religious conviction, and his lofty zeal for the welfare of his country. Herrick was born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. In his youth he made the acquaintance of Ben Jonson, and sat with him at "those lyric feasts" which he afterwards commemorated. He studied at Cambridge—unfortunately for himself took holy orders, thereby missing his vocation—and was presented by Charles I., in 1629 to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. Poor Herrick! His tastes, his gifts, and his accomplishments fitted him to shine among the wits and beaux of London society, and he was relegated to the companionship of Devonshire boors. He did his best to be cheerful in these adverse circumstances; and amused his superabundant leisure by singing the daintiest, gracefullest songs imaginable to imaginary Julias, Silvias, Corinnas, by writing in fluent but vigorous verse about country customs and rural peculiarities, while he drank ample drughts of generous liquor, or taught his pet pig to drink, out of a tankard, or chatted airily with his faithful servant-Prue. In 1648 he was expelled from his vicarage, and he returned to London, where he published his lyrics, epigrams, and miscellanies, under the title of "Hesperides"—so called, of course, because written in the West of England. In the previous year he had given to the world some soberer strains, his "Noble Numbers; or, Pious

Pieces;" but in these his genius is seen to less advantage.

During the Puritan period Herrick lived at Westminster, on the alms of the wealthier Royalists, and I cannot suppose that this chapter of his life was a happy, and it was certainly not an honourable, one. After the Restoration he returned to his Devonshire vicarage, and probably with the burden of gathering years upon him, knew better how to appreciate its quiet. He was in his 84th year when he died.

As Herrick wrote nothing in his later life, we may be thought to have erred in placing him among the poets of Charles the Second's reign; but his lyrics breathe the true spirit of the Restoration. They were much more in harmony with the time, when king and courtiers gave up everything to pleasure, than at the date of their publication, when the country was divided into two hostile camps, and the minds of men were informed with a deep earnestness and a strenuous ardour of which the poet of "The Hesperides" was wholly incapable. However this may be, Herrick, as a lyrist, has few equals among our English poets. The English language becomes plastic as clay in his ingenious hands, and assumes the most graceful and fantastic forms. Rhymes come at his bidding; and felicities of expression of the most artistic character seem to spring up spontaneously. No doubt he polished his verses with the utmost care, but he had the art to conceal art, and perhaps none of our poets is more successful in producing the impression that he sings, like the birds, because he cannot help singing. He lifts up his voice among the flowers and the green leaves with notes as sweet and natural as those of the mavis.

An accent of melancholy sometimes finds its way into Herrick's bright, gay verse; but it is the melancholy of Paganism. It is the pleasure-seeker's sorrow as he sees the dregs in the wine-cup; as he observes the shortening of the days and the fading of the flowers. "Let us be merry," he cries with something of forced merriment, "for to-morrow we die." It is not that he recognizes the vanity and triviality of his pleasures; but that they must so soon come to an end. It is this thought which interrupts his hilarious song with a sudden cadence of pain. He weeps to see the daffodils haste away so soon; because they remind him of the mortality of human affairs, and the brief span of human existence.

"We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

We have here no hint of a brighter future, no suggestions of immortality; it is the old Pagan creed, and it sits unbecomingly on the English priest.

As might be expected, there is no earnestness in Herrick's religious poetry. I do not say that it is intentionally insincere, but he does not put his heart into his song; and it has happily been said that he sings to the old heathen tunes. "Even at his prayers, his spirit is mundane and not filled with heavenly things." He carries his gay jocular temper into the sanctuary; in his "Dirge of Jepthah's Daughter" he introduces the strangest, the most alien allusions to seventeenth century customs as

far removed as possible from his subject. He is most at home, however, when singing of his real or ideal mistresses, of bright eyes and sweet flowers, of wassail-bowls and morris-dances, of all that is bright and luxuriant in rural life, of country wakes and races, of the may-pole and the harvest-field; and when dealing with such themes his verse is always vigorous, always musical, and always picturesque,, though, unfortunately, not always decent. "I sing," he says:—

"I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love; and have access
By those, to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all."

Herrick is a poet for the summer-time, for golden noons and warm, sweet twilights, when our "bosom's lord" sits lightly on its throne, and we are disposed for awhile to listen to the strains of careless lyres and to watch the free dances of rustic maids.

Four years after Milton, died his collaborateur and friend, Andrew Marvell (1624-1678), who, in the Civil War period, had laboured both in prose and poetry to advance the cause of the Parliament and discredit that of the Crown. Though bred in the atmosphere of Puritanism,

Marvell, however, was not a Puritan; and though he assailed the absolutism of Charles I., he was not a Republican. He served Cromwell as Milton's assistant;* and after the Restoration, as a member of Parliament, would have given his support to the King's ministry, had the King's policy been honest and constitutional. He was as inflexible and as incorruptible as a Roman patriot. Everybody knows the story—how Charles II. once sent to him Danby, the Lord Treasurer, to offer him in return for his advocacy a place at Court and a thousand pounds. The member for Hull was poor, but he could not be induced to stain the whiteness of his soul by accepting a bribe; his only answer to the King's agent was to call his servant to bear witness that for three successive days he had dined on a shoulder of mutton.

As a poet Marvell has grace and fancy, wit and learning; he has some descriptive power and much earnestness of feeling; but he is very unequal, and his wit sometimes degenerates into an idle ingenuity. In his "Britannia and Raleigh" he struck upon that vein of grave, ironical banter which was afterwards worked to such effect by Swift and Junius. He is seen at his best in "The Garden," which, of its kind, is perfect; in "The Bermudas," and "The Horatian Ode on Cromwell's

* In 1650 Marvell became tutor to Mary, the daughter of Sir Thomas Fairfax, the general of the Parliament; and it was probably through this engagement that he became personally known to Milton, who, in 1659, recommended him to Bradshaw as Assistant-Secretary to the Council of State—speaking of him as a man of good family, well versed in French and Italian, Spanish and Dutch, a good scholar in Greek and Latin, and a man of so much capacity and so many accomplishments that, if he had had any feeling of jealousy or rivalry, he might have been slow to introduce him as a coadjutor. It was not until Cromwell's Protectorate that Marvell received his appointment.

Return from Ireland." This last contains the well-known picture of Charles I. on the scaffold:

"While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands:
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

Some good, strong lines occur in his poem upon Milton's "Paradise Lost," which has a special interest as having been written by one of the poet's friends and intimate associates. "That majesty," he says,

"That majesty which through thy work doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane;
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft:
The bird named from that paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expanse of mind?
Just Heaven thee, like Tiresias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight."

In the year that witnessed the publication of "Paradise Lost,"—Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis,"—died Abraham Cowley, whose later life had been spent among the pleasant groves of Chertsey, and within hearing of the murmurous waters of the Thames. Born in 1618, he was the posthumous son of a London stationer. His mother did her best to get him a careful and comprehensive

education; and from Spenser's works, which lay constantly in her parlour, a cherished companion, the boy drank in his first poetical inspiration. While at Westminster School he wrote a pastoral comedy, called "Love's Riddle;" and in 1633 appeared his "Poetical Blossoms," with a portrait of the author at the age of thirteen. This juvenile volume contained "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," written when he was ten, and "Constantia and Philetus," written when he was thirteen years old.* From 1636 to 1643 he was a student at Trinity College, Cambridge; and when expelled on account of his royalist sympathies, he entered St. John's, Oxford, and wrote satirical verse against the Puritans. Afterwards he accompanied Queen Henrietta Maria to Paris, where he acted as her Secretary, and conducted

* In this volume we find "The Wish," of which, in mature years, he spoke as verses "of which I should hardly now be ashamed." Few boys of thirteen have written with so much gravity, clear judgment, and dignified expression. We quote two or three stanzas, embodying "wishes" which he lived to realize:—

"This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known;
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but whose 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be,
For all my use, not luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day."

the correspondence that passed between her and the King.

He remained in France until 1656. Returning to England he resided there under surveillance until the death of Cromwell, and published the first folio edition of his Works. He was made an M.D. of Oxford, and began to take up the study of botany, under the impulse of the new love of scientific pursuits which was springing up in England. On the death of Cromwell, apprehensive probably of civil commotion, he rejoined his friends in France; but at the Restoration came back, and took up his abode, first at Barnes, and afterwards at Chertsey. Notwithstanding his well-proven loyalty, the time treated him with neglect; and he owed the means of livelihood to the munificence of Lord St. Albans and the Duke of Buckingham.* His comedy, "The Cutter of Coleman Street," had painted with a good deal of freedom the dissolute joviality of the Cavaliers; and he had given offence by an ode in honour of Brutus.

When involved in the work and anxiety of the world, Cowley had breathed many an aspiration for the joys of rural Solitude; yet it is certain that in his retirement at Chertsey he was not altogether happy. Surrey, he soon discovered, was not Arcadian; and the Restoration had not brought back the Golden Age. There was as little innocence in Chertsey as in London; his tenants would not pay their rents, and his neighbours turned their cattle every night to pasture freely in his meadows. If Pope may be credited, his death came of an ignominious cause:—"It was occasioned," says the poet, "by

* Through their influence he obtained a lease of some lands belonging to the Queen, worth about £300 per annum.

a mean accident while his great friend Dean Sprat was with him on a visit. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off"—on the 28th of July, 1667. His remains were carried by water to Westminster, and interred with much pomp in the Abbey.

In the folio edition of his "Works" we find them arranged in five divisions: 1, "Miscellanies," including "Anacreontiques;" 2, "The Mistress," a collection of love poems; 3, "The Davideis," an heroic poem of the troubles of David; 4, "Pindarique Odes," to which were afterwards added, 5, "Verses on Various Occasions;" and 6, "Several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose." Taken as a whole, the poems are dreary reading; for Cowley, like Wordsworth, thought that whatever he had written must needs be worth preserving; and, therefore, one has to plod wearily through a great stretch of desert to reach an oasis where the leaves are green and the birds sing. In the "Miscellanies" there is much that is mean, much that is forced, but there is also much that is very good—as the fine monody on William Hervey and the elegy on Crashaw. The former will bear comparison with Matthew Arnold's "Thyrsis;" the latter contains some weighty lines, familiar to every lover of English Poetry. As, for instance, the couplet:—

> "His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
> Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right."

And the exquisite compliment:—

> "Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
> The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
> The hard and rarest union which can be
> Next that of godhead with humanity."

Of the Love Poems we may say with Johnson that they are "such as might have been written for penance by a hermit, or for hire by a philosophical rhymer who had only heard of another sex." He did not "look into his own heart and write" (as Sidney bids the poet do), but composed his amatory lyrics as exercises in verse—as part of the obligation which rested on every man who sought admission to the poetic brotherhood. "Poets," he says, "are scarce thought Freemen of the Company without paying some duties and obliging themselves to be true to Love." One can easily understand what will be the result when a man writes love poems in this spirit! They abound with frigid and unpleasant conceits; far-fetched images; the misapplied ingenuities of a vexatious pedantry. What they do *not* contain is a spark of true passion—a flash of real and genuine feeling. It is in the "Pindarique Odes" I think that Cowley is seen at his best; for by common consent "The Davideis" has long ago been given over to oblivion; and in the "Ode to Mrs. Hobbs" and the "Ode on the Royal Society" he writes with an elevation, a fervour, and even a simplicity which constrain us to cry—*O si sic omnia!* In some of his less ambitious efforts he is also seen to great advantage, and they help us to understand the influence he exercised over his contemporaries. Cowley, in fact, is just one of those poets who shine most in our Anthologies, where their gold is presented

without their dross. In his wide poetical garden weeds are profusely mingled with flowers; but of these flowers there are enough to make up a posy which, for bloom and colour, shall please the most fastidious. In our Anthologies we can forget the metaphysics, the artificialities, the "conceits," and the "mixed wit" which Johnson and Addison have so severely and justly condemned; those grave pervading errors which have heaped the dust of forgetfulness on the poetry of a man who possessed not a few of the essential qualities of a true poet. Cowley was unfortunate in his age; he came too late, and too soon. The prodigal strength and exuberant vigour of the Elizabethans were almost exhausted, and as yet the fine taste and critical judgment of Dryden and Pope had not begun to assert their influence. How well he could write when he threw off his self-imposed fetters may be seen in those verses on Solitude which we extract from his admirable "Discourses by way of Essays," in which ripe thought and calm, clear judgment are expressed in a manly and dignified prose:—

"Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food,
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor muse's richest manor seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself too mute. . . .

Ah, wretched, and too solitary he
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

O solitude, first state of human-kind!
Which blest remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company.
As soon as two (alas!) together joined,
The serpent made up three. . .

Thou the faint beams of reason's scattered light,
Dost like a burning-glass unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me,
I should at thee too, foolish city,
If it were fit to laugh at misery,
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost."

One of the fairest spots in Kent is that Penshurst which the poets have endowed with a lasting fame; and few of the old Kentish manor-houses are better worth a visit than Penshurst Place, the Home of the Sidneys. If the reader should obtain admission to it, he will, of course, direct his particular attention to the Gallery, which contains some good specimens of the great masters, and a few portraits of historical interest. Among the latter he will observe two of Lady Dorothea Sidney,

daughter of the Earl of Leicester. One, by Vandyke, represents her in her lovely youth, attired as a shepherdess, with long golden curls crowning the virgin beauty of her brow. The other, by Hoskins, shows her in her married womanhood, when she seems to have lost none of her personal attractions. This noble lady, in 1639, married the Earl of Sunderland; but in English literature she is known by the name of Saccharissa ("the sweetest"), given to her in his polished verses by her poet-lover, Edmund Waller. An avenue of beeches at Penshurst is still called "Saccharissa's Walk."

Edmund Waller occupies a niche among our English poets, not so much on account of his lyrical praises of this old-world beauty, as on account of his share in the development of our versification. Dryden, in the dedication to his drama of "The Rival Ladies," speaking of rhyme, observes that "the excellence and dignity of it were never fully known till Mr. Waller taught it; he first made writing easily an art: first showed us to conclude the sense most commonly in distichs, which in the verse of those before him runs on for so many lines together that the reader is out of breath to overtake it." Elijah Fenton also speaks of him as the

"Maker and model of melodious verse;"

and this exaggerated praise was repeated by Voltaire, who affirmed that he had created the art of liquid numbers. The French wit might be forgiven for not knowing much of our earlier literature; but Dryden and Fenton ought to have known—and, indeed, Dryden *did* know—that melodious verse and excellent rhyme had been written long before Waller wrote. The share of credit really due to him is that he introduced the French fashion

of writing couplets; those heroic distichs which Denham and Dryden adopted, and Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, and others, down to Byron, esteemed so highly.

Waller's principal merit is the polish of his verses. They are sweet, accurate, and fluent; but never glow with passion or break into lyrical music. There is such an uniform elegance about them that they cloy and weary the reader, who longs with a singular impatience for some interruption to this elaborate monotony. Even in his love-songs there is not the slightest warmth—no evidence of manly feeling—no sign and token of the trustfulness and fervour and tenderness of love. Waller's suit was unsuccessful; but it does not seem that he felt very deeply the disappointment to his hopes. The truth is, that he thought a great deal more of himself than of the lady, and while he sang was chiefly anxious about the figure he should make in the eyes of posterity. Would Saccharissa do for him what Laura had done for Petrarch? That was what he really cared about; in his case the last thing to be feared was a broken heart. Perhaps the Lady Dorothy saw this as clearly as we see it; and it may account for her dismissal of the sweet singer and insincere lover.

Waller's poetical work is easily summed up: besides his love-songs, he wrote a long epical poem on the Summer's Islands;* a vigorous "Panegyric upon Oliver Cromwell;" some feeble stanzas on the "Death of the late usurper, O.C.;" and, towards the close of his career, six dreary cantos "Of Divine Life." He is now best remembered by his graceful lyric, "Go, lovely Rose;"

* Evidently in Byron's mind when he wrote "The Island."

his pathetic couplets on "Old Age and Death;" and his pretty conceit about the Girdle:—

> "A narrow compass, and yet there
> Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
> Give me but what this ribbon bound,
> Take all the rest the sun goes round."

It is a characteristic of his good and passionless verse that it was always the same, in old age as in early manhood; drawing ingenious moralities from a fading rose, or celebrating "His Majesty's Escape at St. Andrew's;" never rising to any heights of eloquence or power, and never sinking below a certain level of graceful execution.

Edmund Waller was born at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, on the third of March, 1605—the year in which Sir William Davenant was born. His father died in his infancy, and left him an income of £3,500 a year, equal to about £10,000 or £11,000 at the present value of money. His mother was John Hampden's sister—a relationship of which any Englishman might be proud. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and at the age of seventeen the precocious young man entered Parliament as member for Agmondesham. He was scarcely twenty-five when he married a city heiress, who, dying within a twelvemonth, left him richer than before; and the wealthy young gallant, already of some repute as a poet, began his suit to Lady Dorothy Sidney. He pelted her with love-verses for some years, but she proved obdurate, and, in 1639, bestowed her hand on the Earl of Sunderland. It is said that, meeting her in later life, when Time had dealt hardly with her, he replied to her inquiry when he would again write such verses upon her, "When you are as young, madam, and as handsome as then you were." But no gentleman would have made such a reply, and,

with all his faults, Waller was a gentleman. Returned to Parliament in 1640, he took at first the popular side, owing, probably, to the influence of his uncle Hampden, and was foremost in the opposition to the ship-money tax; but he veered round to the Royalists as events hurried on the Civil War. For his share in a plot to surprise the London train bands and let in the royal troops, in 1648, he narrowly escaped the scaffold; but his abject entreaties saved his life, and he was let off with a fine of £10,000 and a year's imprisonment.* On his release, he crossed over to France, and lived at Rouen with a good deal of splendour.

After some years he returned to England, and made his peace with Cromwell, by whose majestic character he seems to have been strongly impressed. His "Panegyric on Oliver Cromwell" contains some of his best writing. With easy morality he prepared a congratulatory address to Charles II., which was so inferior in poetical merit that the *débonnair* monarch rallied him on the disparity. "Poets, sir," answered Waller, with felicitous impertinence, "succeed better in fiction than in truth." He sat in several Parliaments after the Restoration, and Bishop Burnet tells us that he was the delight of the House of Commons. For his loyal subservience he was rewarded with the Provostship of Eton. At the accession of James II., he was elected representative for a Cornish borough; and his keen political sagacity soon predicted the issue to which the new King's arbitrary measures would bring

* "He had much ado to save his life," says Aubrey, "and in order to do it sold his estate in Bedfordshire, about £1,300 per annum, to Dr. Wright, for £10,000 (much under value), which was procured in twenty-four hours' time, or else he had been hanged. With this money he bribed the House, which was the first time a House of Commons was ever bribed." The money really went to pay the fine.

him. "He will be left," he said, "like a whale upon the strand." About this time he purchased a small property at Coleshill, his native place, saying, "He was fain to die like the stag, where he was raised." But he was not fated to realise his wish. An attack of dropsy carried him off at Beaconsfield, on the 21st of October, 1682; and he was buried in the churchyard, where the ashes of Edmund Burke also rest.

One of his later literary acts was the mutilation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid's Tragedy." The performance of this fine play was prohibited after the Restoration, its moral—that

> "On lustful Kings
> Unlooked-for sudden deaths from heaven are sent"—

being necessarily disagreeable to the royal protector of Mrs. Barbara Palmer, Mistress Eleanor Gwynn, Louise de la Querouailles, and others. Waller rehabilitated it in Charles's favour by contriving a new act, in which the wronged Melantius rejoices in the gracious condescension of the licentious King of Rhodes who offers him "satisfaction" in a duel:—

> "The royal sword thus drawn, has cured a wound
> For which no other salve would have been found,
> Your brother now in arms ourselves we boast,
> A satisfaction for a sister lost.
> The blood of Kings exposed, washes a stain
> Cleaner than thousands of the vulgar slain."

The new ending required a new moral, and here it is:—

> "Long may he reign that is so far above
> All vice, all passion but excess of love."

"Excess of love"—a nice euphemism, truly, for vulgar lust! The conscience of Mr. Edmund Waller must have thrilled with satisfaction as he wrote these charming lines.

Let us get rid of this nauseous remembrance by repeating the one perfect—or almost perfect—lyric which will keep Waller's name alive in future ages:—

> "Go, lovely Rose,
> Tell her that wastes her time and me,
> That now she knows
> When I resemble her to thee
> How sweet and fair she seems to be.
>
> Tell her that's young,
> And shuns to have her graces spied,
> That hadst thou sprung
> In deserts where no men abide,
> Thou must have uncommended died.
>
> Small is the worth
> Of beauty from the light retired;
> Bid her come forth,
> Suffer herself to be desired,
> And not blush so to be admired.
>
> Then die, that she
> The common fate of all things rare
> May read in thee,
> How small a part of time they share
> Who are so wondrous sweet and fair."

In none other of his poems has Waller touched such a chord of truth and virtue. In none other are his cadences so new and fresh, and yet so sweet—sweet with almost a Shakespearian sweetness. The song is one of those which set themselves naturally, as it were, to music. You set an air to the words perforce as you repeat them. One can forgive Waller a good deal for this lustrous and exquisitely wrought gem.

In all Sir William Davenant's ponderous folio collection of masques, tragedies, operas, heroic poems, and what not, I can find nothing to equal Waller's claim to immortality. The dust of oblivion rests upon them. The life-blood of genius was wanting, and so they decayed rapidly, and the world put them out of sight, as dead

things that were not worthy even of decent interment. Yet his epic poem of "Gondibert" (published in 1651) had its admirers in its day—a very short one—and Waller and Cowley would predict for it an enduring renown. And that its author had a large command of sonorous rhetorical verse and no small amount of technical skill, we are constrained to admit. He was a man of ingenuity, scholarship, and patience; but he was no poet. The dry bones were there; but he could not put into them the breath of life.

"Gondibert" is an epic of chivalry, in which the story carries an inner significance, being designed to recommend and illustrate the study of Nature, and to deduce therefrom certain philosophical conclusions. It is written in two-syllabled lines, and in quatrains; a metrical form* afterwards adopted by Dryden in his "Annus Mirabilis." Davenant, in his preface, explains his use of it on the ground "that it would be more pleasant to the reader, in a work of length, to give this respite or pause between every stanza (having endeavoured that each should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continued couplets. Nor doth alternate rhyme by any lowliness of cadence make the sound less heroick, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of musick; and the the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtle to the composer and more easy to the singer, which in *stilo recitativo*, where the story is long, is chiefly requisite." And he goes on to express the astounding hope that the cantos of his poem—of this dreary, monotonous, semi-philosophical essay in rhyme, which has neither dramatic incident nor lyrical break—would be sung at

* Davenant borrowed it from Sir John Davies's "Nosce teipsum."

village feasts! Heaven help the villagers who had the misfortune to join the audience! They could escape being reduced to utter imbecility only by falling into a heavy sleep.

The argument, briefly told, is this:—

Aribert the Lombard is prince of Verona. His beautiful daughter, Rhodalind, who is his heiress, is sought in marriage by two renowned warriors, Prince Oswald, who is a man of great worldly ambition, and Duke Gondibert, whose aims and aspirations are loftier. While engaged in the chase, Gondibert falls into an ambush laid by Oswald; in the duel which ensues, he is wounded, but Oswald is slain. The wounded Gondibert is carried to the house of the philosopher Astragon, which is in itself an allegory, with its garden labelled "Nature's Nursery," and its "Nature's Office, and its Library," "The Monument of Vanished Minds," and its threefold Temple, dedicated to "Days of Praise, of Prayer, and Penitence." Here he is tenderly nursed by Astragon's daughter, Birtha, who seems intended as a type of Nature, and soon learns to love her. He applies to Astragon to sanction his suit, and, in doing so, gives an account of his aim and purpose, which shows that Davenant was not incapable of serious and elevated thought. He desires to bring the world under the rule of a single monarchy, not to gratify a mean ambition, but in order to secure the happiness of the peoples, and inaugurate a reign of peace. This object accomplished he would then abandon himself to the study of Nature in company with Birtha:—

> "Here all reward of conquest I would find;
> Leave shining thrones for Birtha in a shade;
> With Nature's quiet wonders fill my mind,
> And praise her most because she Birtha made."

There are some fine lines scattered through this ponderous poem, and its general tone is grave and earnest; but apart from its want of interest and the monotony of its versification, the entire absence of human passion and feeling will account for the neglect it has experienced. We give a specimen or two of the poet's happier flights:—

"And now the weary world's great medicine, Sleep.
This learnèd host dispensed to every guest,
Which shuts those wounds where injured lovers weep,
And flies oppressors to relieve the opprest.

It loves the cottage and from Court abstains,
It stills the seaman though the storm be high,
Frees the grieved captive in his closest chains,
Stops Want's loud mouth, and blinds the treacherous spy."

The description of the Virgin Birtha is not without a certain poetical grace:—

"Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme;
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks and an unpractised heart;
Her arts, the most prepared could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warmed with hopes, nor e'er allayed with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business filled the hours;
In spring she gathered blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kind Nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she, unheard, does ripening growth dispense
So were her virtues busy without noise."

The following would make a fit inscription for a Library:—

"Where, when they thought they saw in well-sought books,
Th' assembled souls of all that Men held wise,
It bred such awful reverence in their looks,
As if they saw the buried writers rise."

Sir William Davenant (or D'Avenant, as he preferred to write it) was the son of an Oxford vintner, and born in February 1605. An apocryphal story, told to Pope by Betterton the player, makes him the natural son of Shakespeare, who, it is said, on his journeys between London and Stratford-on-Avon, was accustomed to lodge at the Crown Tavern, kept by the elder Davenant. The poet, we are told, was proud of the supposed relationship. He always professed a great admiration for Shakespeare, and one of the earliest essays of his boyish muse was an Ode to his memory. Receiving his education at the Oxford Grammar School, he was afterwards sent to Lincoln College, but left without taking a degree. He became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and next was in the service of Sir Philip Sidney's friend, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. After his father's death, in 1628, he took to writing for the stage. His first composition was a tragedy, "Albovine, King of the Lombards" (1629), and this was followed by two plays, "The Cruel Brother" and "The Just Italian," which are condemned by their very titles. In 1634 he wrote a masque, for Queen Henrietta Maria and her ladies, entitled "The Temple of Love." The following year witnessed the production of a volume of poetry, containing his Shakespearian Ode and a poem in heroic couplets, entitled "Madagascar," which celebrated the exploits at sea of Prince Rupert. He was so much esteemed at Court for his poetical invention that, in 1637, on the

death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed poet-laureate; and, two years later, was made director of the King and Queen's company of actors at the Cockpit in Drury Lane. His royalist sympathies led to his apprehension and imprisonment when the Civil War broke out; but he effected his escape to France.

When Queen Henrietta despatched to the Earl of Newcastle a supply of military *matériel*, Davenant returned to England, was made the Earl's Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and for his courage and conduct at the siege of Gloucester and in the field, received, in 1643, the honour of knighthood. The successes of the Puritans decided him to seek refuge in France, and while living with Lord Jermyn, in the Louvre, began his "heroic poem" of "Gondibert," sending the manuscript to Hobbes ("of Malmesbury") as he wrote it. His restless spirit soon wearying of inaction, he resolved to found a settlement in the loyal colony of Virginia; but the ship in which he had embarked was captured by one of the Parliament's men-of-war, and he was lodged in prison at Cowes Castle, in the Isle of Wight.* There he continued his poetical *magnum opus*, of which Waller sang in complimentary phrase:—

> "Here no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
> But human passions such as with us dwell;
> Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage,
> Drawn to the life in each elaborate page."

* Anbrey's version of the incident is as follows:—"He laid an ingenious design to carry a certain number of artificers, chiefly weavers, from France to Virginia, and by Mary, the queen mother's means, he got favour from the King of France to go into the prison and pick and choose; so when the poor wretches understood what his design was they cried, *uno ore*, 'Tous tissorans' (We are all weavers). Well, he took thirty-six, as I remember, and not more, and shipped them; and as he was on his voyage to Virginia he and his weavers were all taken by the ships then belonging to the Parliament of England. The French slaves, I suppose, they sold, but Sir William was brought prisoner to England. Whether he was at first a prisoner at Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, or at the Tower of London, I have forgotten. He was a prisoner at both."

He carried it down to the middle of the third book, and as he intended to have five books answering to the five acts of a play, with cantos answering to scenes, he had consequently finished one-half. He therefore drew up a postscript, in which he says: "I am here arrived at the middle of the third book. But it is high time to strike sail and cast anchor, though I have run but half my course, when at the helm I here am threatened with Death, who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome, and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity as diverts the music of verse." Davenant was removed to the Tower, but through the influence, as some say, of two Aldermen of York, whom he had once obliged, or, as others say, of Milton, to whom he afterwards repaid the service in kind, he escaped the punishment of high treason, and though kept in prison for two years, was treated with great indulgence.

On his release the indefatigable wit planned the establishment of a theatre, and in spite of a world of difficulties, succeeded in opening Rutland House, Charterhouse Yard, on the 21st of May, 1656, for what he called "operas," in which he combined (as the elder Disraeli puts it) "the music of Italy and the scenery of France." There he produced, with scenic effects, illustrative music, songs, and choruses, the first part of his "Siege of Rhodes."

After the Restoration he obtained the management of the Duke of York's company of players (which included the famous Betterton), acting first at the theatre in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and aferwards in Dorset Gardens. A clause in his patent sanctioned a great innovation:—"Whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women,

at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave for the time to come that all women's parts be acted by women on the stage." For his new company Davenant remodelled his "Siege of Rhodes," and also produced a second part, in which, instead of blank verse for the dialogue, he adopted the French use of rhymed couplets.

"In the 'Siege of Rhodes,'" says Morley, "Davenant held by the extension of that theory of Hobbes's to contending nations as well as to contending men of the same country, which he had made the ground of Gondibut's ambition to subdue the world. His life was too much given to low pleasures, and he was called upon to entertain the frivolous. If Davenant could have felt with Milton that he who would excel in poetry should be himself a poem, his genius had wings to bear him higher than he ever reached. Among the musical love-passions of 'The Siege of Rhodes' he was still aiming at some embodiment of his thought that the nations of Christendom failed in their work for want of unity. They let the Turks occupy Rhodes because they could not join for succour. In his dedication of the published play to the Earl of Clarendon, Davenant (referring with humour to 'the great images represented in tragedy by Monsieur Corneille') says: 'In this poem I have revived the remembrance of that desolation which was permitted by Christian princes, when they favoured the ambition of such as defended the diversity of religions (begot by the factions of learning) in Germany; whilst those who would never admit learning into their empire (lest it should meddle with religion, and intangle it with controversy) did make

Rhodes defenceless; which was the only fortified academy in Christendom where divinity and arms were equally professed.'"

Davenant's latest literary efforts were in an unfortunate direction—the adaptation of Shakespeare to the taste of the Court of Charles II. In these efforts he displayed not only a corrupt task, but a singular want of the dramatic instinct. He died at the age of 63, on the 7th of April, 1668.

In another chapter we have had something to say of the cause of Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset. Among the poets he claims notice as one of the earliest of our writers of society verse; and probably no English Anthologies will ever fail to include those bright, brisk stanzas, beginning:—

"To all you Ladies now at land
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune, too,
We must implore to write to you."

The fame they enjoyed well deserved their absolute and genuine excellence; but probably owes something to the alleged romantic circumstances of their composition. They are entitled a "Song written at Sea, in the First Dutch War, 1665, the Night before an Engagement," the engagement being supposed to be the bloody battle off the coast of Suffolk, fought, on the 3rd June, between the English fleet, under the Duke of York, and the Dutch under Opdam. But from the diary of Pepys it is evident that they were written six months before this great sea fight, and their connection with it was an invention of

the poet Prior. As a matter of fact, the fifth stanza disposes of the "night before the battle" theory:—

"Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree,
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?"

The Earl's literary performance was not equal to his literary promise. He had a fine taste, much skill in composition, and abundant leisure; but he accomplished little. A few satires, more remarkable for violence than vigour, and a few graceful songs, are all that bear his name. When Prior asserts that, "there is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes," his language is that of a friend, not of a critic. All that can truly be said of them is that neither in polish nor point are they deficient. A characteristic specimen of Lord Dorset's verse, and of the kind of verse that pleased his contemporaries, is found in the following song:—

"Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes
United cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.
Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face."

Lord Dorset was a generous patron of literature, and literary men, who, by the way, have never fared so well in England as during the latter half of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries. He assisted almost all the poets of his time, from Waller to Pope, and counted among his intimates and friends "glorious John" and "Matt Prior." His clear judgment recognised the

trenchant wit and profuse power of Butler's "Hudibras," which he helped to make popular at Court. He loved to gather round him a brilliant circle of men of letters at Knowle, his seat near Sevenoaks, where Shadwell wrote his best comedy. A pleasant story is told of one of their symposia, whereat it had been agreed that each person present should write an impromptu, and that Dryden should decide which was the best. While the others were laboriously cudgelling their brains, Dorset penned only a line or two, and threw his paper towards the judge, who, on reading it, easily obtained the assent of the company to his decision in its favour. For it ran thus:—"I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, or order, £500 on demand. DORSET." This was a golden impromptu, about the merits of which there could be no mistake.

Pope speaks of this accomplished nobleman as "the grace of courts, the muses' pride;"* and Horace Walpole says, "he was the first gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II., and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the King's want of feeling, the duke's want of principle, or the earl's want of thought."

When Dorset became William III.'s Lord Chamberlain in 1689, one of the first acts which official duty imposed upon him was peculiarly painful to a man of his generous sympathies, a man so loyal to his humblest friends. Dryden could no longer remain poet-laureate. He was not only a Papist, but an apostate, and the country would not have him among the subjects of their Majesties.

* "Blest courtier, who could King and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendship and his ease."

"He had aggravated the guilt of his apostasy by calumniating and ridiculing the Church which he had deserted. He had, it was facetiously said, treated her as the Pagan persecutors of old treated her children. He had dressed her up in the skin of a wild beast; and then baited her for the public amusement." Accordingly, he was deprived of his place; but the bounty of Dorset bestowed on him a pension equal in amount to the salary which he had lost.*

It must be owned that the aristocracy of seventeenth century England was, whatever its faults, an aristocracy of culture; its members loved literature with a generous affection, cherished men of letters with a fervour which had no humiliation in it, and themselves wooed the Muse with ardour and not wholly without success.† Among these noble poets I own to a particular respect for Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, upon whom Pope has bestowed no common eulogium:—

> "In all Charles's days
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted lays."

His judgment was sound and clear, his taste accurate, and he wrote with ease and smoothness, if not with any degree of fervour or with any of the passion of genius. The nephew and godson of the great Earl of Strafford, he

* An ill-natured allusion to Dryden's reception of this beneficence occurs in Blackmore's ponderous "Prince Arthur":—

> "Sakil's high roof, the Muses' palace, rung
> With endless airs, and endless songs he sung.
> To bless good Sakil Laurus would be first;
> But Sakil's prince and Sakil's God he curst.
> Sakil without distinction threw his bread,
> Dispised the flatterer, but the poet fed."

"Sakil" of course is Sackville; and "Laurus" Dryden,—either in allusion to the lost Laureateship, or as a translation of his celebrated nickname *Bayes*.

† So Lord Mulgrave wrote:
"Without his song no fop is to be found,"—but all the singers were not fops.

was born in 1633. At the age of ten, while receiving his education at the Protestant College at Caen, he succeeded to his father's title. He remained abroad and travelled in Italy till the Restoration, when he was made captain of the company of Gentlemen Pensioners, and afterwards Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. The evil influence of the Court led him to a temporary indulgence at the gaming-table; but his sound sense prevailed. He married, and devoted his leisure to literary pursuits. On the Continent he had acquired a taste for French poems;* and he studied with much devotion Boileau's "L'Art Poetique," in which the canons of a frigid criticism are applied to the poet's inspired work. In conjunction with Dryden, he meditated a scheme for establishing in England an Academy like that which in France has exercised a considerable influence over the world of letters. In 1681 he published an "Essay on Translated Verse," which may be held to entitle him to the name of "the English Boileau;" and in 1684 he put his principles into practice in a translation of Horace's "Art of Poetry." He translated also a part of Guarini's "Pastor Fido," Virgil's Sixth Eclogue, one or two Odes of Horace, and the old Latin hymn, "Dies Iræ." The national unrest due to the arbitrary measures of James II. inspired him with apprehensions of civil war, and he prepared to retire to Rome saying it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked. But an attack of gout prevented his departure, and he died in London on the 17th of January, 1685, while still in the prime of manhood. "At

* Yet was he not at all narrow in his poetical sympathies; he was one of the first English critics to do justice to the sublimity of Milton. We may infer that though he wished to introduce Academic exactness, it was not at the expense of any of the essential characteristics of the English genius.

the moment in which he expired," says Johnson, "he uttered with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of 'Dies Iræ': —

'My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!'"

That he could write with force and terseness the following extract will show:—

"On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected, meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts,
While through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass;
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from where the blessing came;
But few, few spirits, pre-ordained by fate,
The race of gods, have reached that envied height;
No rebel Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can thither climb.
The grizzly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide;
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
When pride would soar to heaven without a call?
Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought."

It is something of surprise to find a writer in Charles II.'s reign putting forward a plea on behalf of decency:—

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fops would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For most of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to musty wine."

Another poet-peer who claims our notice is John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who, in his saner moments and happier moods, could sing with a grace and sweetness not surpassed by any of his intimate contemporaries. Had those moods and moments been more frequent and of longer duration he must have attained a high place among English poets of the second rank. Oh, the pity of it that a man of such fine endowments should have yielded them up to the devils of lust and intemperance! What can be more tender or delightful than the following "swallow-flight of song?" It wants the peculiar quaintness of the Elizabethans, but has a charm of its own which it is impossible to resist:—

"My dear Mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me;
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses,
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses;
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder."

This is one of those songs which sing themselves. In the following we note the unusual strain of pathos:—

"Absent from thee I languish still,
Then ask me not, when I return?
The straying fool 'twill plainly kill
To wish all day, all night to mourn.

Dear, from thine arms thou let me fly,
That my fantastic mind may prove
The torments it deserves to try,
That tear my fixed heart from my love

When, wearied with a world of woe,
To thy safe bosom I retire,
Where love and peace and honour grow,
May I contented there expire.

Lest once more wandering from that heaven,
I false on some base heart unblest,
Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,
And lose my everlasting rest."

"With Rochester," says Mr. Gosse, "the power of writing songs died in England until the age of Blake and Burns. He was the last of the Cavalier lyrists, and in some respects the best. In the qualities that a song demands, simplicity, brevity, pathos and tenderness, he arrives nearer to pure excellence than any one between Carew and Burns. His style is without adornment, and, save in this one matter of song-writing, he is weighed down by the dryness and inefficiency of his age. But by the side of Sedley or of Congreve he seems as fresh as by the side of Dryden he seems light and flowing, turning his trill of song brightly and sweetly, with the consummate artlessness of true art. Occasionally, he is surprisingly like Donne in the quaint force and ingenuity of his images. But the fact is that the muse of Rochester resembles nothing so much as a beautiful child which has wantonly rolled itself in the mud, and which has grown so dirty that the ordinary wayfarer would rather pass it hurriedly by, than do justice to its native charms."

Rochester's satires are not deficient in vigour and keenness; but their filthiness renders them unquotable. I have no fancy for wading through a sewer on the chance of picking up a piece of silver. His poem on "Nothing" is ingenious; and some happy characterisation is to be found in the "Trial of the Poets for the Bays," a satirical poem after the manner of Suckling's "Session of the

Poets." The writers brought on the stage are—Dryden, Etherege, Wycherley, Shadwell, Settle, Otway, Mrs. Behn, Tom D'Urfey, and Betterton—to the last of whom the bays are ironically given. Rochester also wrote, or, more correctly speaking, travestied from Fletcher, the tragedy of "Valentinian."

Yet another poet pen flourished in these days of aristocratic culture, John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Marquis of Normanby, and Duke of Buckinghamshire (to name at once his three stages in the peerage), who outlived most of his contemporaries, and died at the age of seventy in the reign of George I. He was born in 1649. At the age of seventeen, he volunteered to serve at sea against the Dutch. "He passed six weeks on board," says Macaulay, "diverting himself, as well as he could, in the society of some young libertines of rank, and then returned home to take the command of a troop of horse. After this he was never on the water till 1672, when he again joined the fleet, and was almost immediately appointed captain of a ship of 84 guns [the *Royal Catherine*], reputed the finest in the navy. He was then twenty-three years old, and had not, in the whole course of his life, been three months afloat. As soon as he came back from sea he was made Colonel of a regiment of foot. This," adds the historian, "is a specimen of the manner in which naval commands of the highest importance were then given; and a very favourable specimen; for Mulgrave, though he wanted experience, wanted neither parts nor courage."

To gain some knowledge of war, he entered the French service, and made a campaign under Turenne, in which his bravery was conspicuous. He afterwards commanded

the forces defending Tangier against the Moors, and during the expedition (1680) wrote his poem of "The Vision," characterised by Johnson as a licentious poem, with little power of invention or propriety of sentiment. He became a member of the Privy Council of James II., who appointed him governor of Hull and Lord Chamberlain; and he proved his loyalty by giving the king much sound and sensible advice, which the king never followed. He acquiesced in the Revolution of 1688, though at first he refused office under the new Government. It is to his honour that he signed the protest of some of the peers against the Bill, in 1693, for instituting a censorship of the Press; and in the same session he opposed, with all the force of his eloquence, the Bill for the regulation of Trials in cases of High Treason. Though created Marquis of Normanby, with a pension of £3,000 a year, he maintained his independence; and among the opponents of the harsh and arbitrary measure known as Sir John Fenwick's Attainder Bill none was more perseveringly active. On the accession of Queen Anne, whose lover he had at one time been, he was distinguished with special favour, made Lord of the Privy Seal, and created Duke of Buckinghamshire. He was president of council, and one of the Lords Justices in Great Britain; but when George I. succeeded to the throne, he threw himself into active opposition to the Court. His death took place on the 24th of February, 1720. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph, written by himself, unblushingly proclaims that he lived and died a sceptic.

His Tory politics will account for the strain of bitterness that runs through Macaulay's character of this able statesman: "Mulgrave wrote verses which scarcely ever

rose above absolute mediocrity; but as he was a man of high note in the political and fashionable world, these verses found admirers. Time dissolved the charm, but, unfortunately for him, not until his lines had acquired a prescriptive right to a place in all collections of the works of English poets. To this day, accordingly, his insipid essays in rhyme and his paltry songs to Amoretta and Gloriana are reprinted in company with Comus and Alexander's Feast. The consequence is that our generation knows Mulgrave chiefly as a poetaster, and despised him as such. In truth, however, he was, by the acknowledgment of those who neither loved nor esteemed him, a man distinguished by fine parts, and in parliamentary eloquence inferior to scarcely any orator of his time. His moral character was entitled to no respect. He was a libertine without that openness of heart and hand which sometimes makes libertinism amiable, and a haughty aristocrat without that elevation of sentiment which sometimes makes aristocratical haughtiness respectable. The satirists of the age nicknamed him Lord Allpride, and pronounced it strange that a man who had so exalted a sense of his dignity should be so hard and niggardly in all pecuniary dealings."

I venture to think more highly than does the brilliant historian of the Duke's literary qualifications. He writes with vigour and perspicuity, and his canons of criticism are just and sensible. His two principal works are—an "Essay on Satire," published in 1675, and his "Essay on Poetry,"—the latter a kind of *Ars Poetica*, published anonymously in 1682, and enlarged and revised, with some touches by Pope, in 1691. It is written in the heroic couplet, and was warmly commended by Pope and

Roscommon and Dryden. Not a few of its lines have become familiar quotations, as, for example:—

"Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial, useful part
Which gains the head; while t'other wins the heart."

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."

"True wit is everlasting like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
Breaks out again, and is by all admired."

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need."

Like Rochester, Mulgrave indulged in a squib against contemporary poets and poetasters. In 1719, on the appointment of Eusden to the post of poet laureate, he published the satire of "The Election of a Laureate," in which he introduced Blackmore, Congreve, Lansdowne, Bishop Atterbury, Philips, Gay, Cibber, D'Urfey, Prior, and Pope. It concludes thus:—

"At last in rushed Eusden, and cried, 'Who shall have it,
But I, the true laureat, to whom the King gave it?'
Apollo begged pardon, and granted his claim,
But vowed, though, till then he'd ne'er heard of his name."

Mulgrave had the good sense and the good taste to rank Shakespeare and John Fletcher before all other English dramatists; but in later life his good sense and good taste deserted him, partly through the influence of French criticism, and partly perhaps through the strength of his political prejudices, and he undertook a revision of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." A believer in the gospel of the unities, he was shocked by the boldness with which Shakespeare treats time and place, and proceeded to reconstruct Shakespeare's great historical drama on the

model of a French tragedy. The result was seen in *two* plays instead of one, "Julius Cæsar" and "Marcus Brutus," each ending with a denunciation of the Roman hero's act of tyrannicide. The audacious adapter ventured even to meddle with Shakespeare's language, and translated the fine, terse, and pregnant line, "The good is oft interred with their bones," into "The good is often buried in their graves"—an alteration which throws a startling light on the noble author's want of true poetical perception.

Among the crowd of aristocratic poets whom the Restoration warmed into activity one of the most refined and graceful was Sir Charles Sedley, the friend of Dorset and Roscommon and Dryden, and the "Lisideius" of Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesie." He was born at Aylesford, in Kent, in 1639. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Saville, the learned provost of Eton, whose talents and love of scholarship she seems to have inherited.* At the age of seventeen, young Sedley, already distinguished by his intellectual gifts, entered Wadham College, Oxford, but left the University without taking a degree, and went abroad. He returned to England at the Restoration, and about 1667 found his way to Court, where the grace of his address and the charm of his conversation soon made him "the observed of all observers." With the King he was a great favourite, and among the beauties and wits that assembled in the gay circle at Whitehall no one was

* Compare Waller's epitaph:—

"Here lies the learned Saville's heir,
So early wise, and lasting fair,
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old."

more popular. Shadwell says of him that he would speak more wit at a supper than all his adversaries could have written in a year. Pepys tells us that to sit near him at the theatre, and hear his comments on a new play, was an intellectual treat. It was gracefully said by the King that "Nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's Viceroy."

His love-verses are bright, vivacious, and graceful. They are free from the indelicate expressions which offend us as those of Suckling or Rochester, but it cannot be pretended that they are purer in sentiment. His muse is attired in the garb of a courtezan, but the courtezan is a Lais or a Phryne, and not a common street-walker. Whether she is less dangerous may well be doubted. The sober Evelyn couples him with Etherege:—

> "But gentle Etherege and Sedley's Muse
> Warm the coy maid, and melting love infuse."

And to this evil power of stimulating the imagination, while assuming a mask of decency, Rochester alludes:—

> "For songs and verses, mannerly obscene,
> That can stir nature up by springs unseen;
> And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen—
> Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,
> That can, with a resistless charm, impart
> The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
> Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire
> Between declining virtue and desire;
> Till the poor vanquished maid dissolves away
> In dreams all night, and sighs and tears all day."

This fascinating sweetness is designated by Buckingham "Sedley's witchcraft," though it would seem to have been more apparent to his contemporaries than it is to the critics of a soberer day. That he could, at will, write with elegance and yet without offending the most

fastidious taste, I readily admit. Take the following song as a specimen:—

> "Ah, Chloris, that I now could sit
> As unconcerned as when
> Your infant beauty could beget
> No pleasure, nor no pain!
>
> When I the dawn used to admire
> And praised the coming day;
> I little thought the growing fire
> Must take my rest away.
>
> Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
> Like metals in the mine,
> Age from no face took more away
> Than youth concealed in thine.
>
> But as your charms insensibly
> To their perfection prest,
> Fond love as unperceived did fly,
> And in my bosom rest,
>
> My passion with your beauty grew,
> And Cupid at my heart,
> Still as his mother favoured you,
> Threw a new flaming dart.
>
> Each gloried in their wanton part:
> To make a lover, he
> Employed the utmost of his art.
> To make a beauty she.
>
> Though now I slowly bend to love,
> Uncertain of my fate,
> If your fair self my chains approve,
> I shall my freedom hate.
>
> Lovers, like dying men, may well
> At first disordered be,
> Since none alive can truly tell
> What future they must see."

The opening lines of another of his songs have received the merit-mark of universal approbation, and to this day are quoted:—

> "Love still has something of the sea
> From whence his mother rose."

Sir Charles Sedley's plays are now known only to the

scholar, and though they contain some witty passages and a felicitous sketch or two of character-painting, they are not worthy of deliverance from the oblivion into which they have fallen. Their construction is irregular, and they are deficient in dramatic interest. The tragedy of "Antony and Cleopatra" was produced at the Duke's Theatre in 1667; his comedy (the best of his dramatic works) of "The Mulberry Garden," at Drury Lane, in 1668; and "Bellamira; or, The Mistress," at the King's House in 1687. We are told that "while this play was acting, the roof of the play-house fell down; but very few were hurt, except the author, whose merry friend, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, told him that there was so much fire in the play, that it blew up the poet, house, and all. Sir Charles answered, 'No; the play was so heavy it brought down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish.'" Sedley also wrote the tragedy of "Beauty the Conqueror," and two other dramas have, but on no good grounds, been ascribed to him.

This brilliant wit and easy courtier was guilty on one occasion of a profligacy so vile that one is inclined to attribute it to mental aberration. He presented himself, after "a wild revel," perfectly naked in the balcony of the Cock Tavern, in Bow Street, and harangued the crowd of porters and orange-girls in such profane and indecent language that they resented it with volleys of stones, and compelled him and his companions (among whom, unhappily, was Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset) to retire. For this shameful exploit they were brought before the Court of Common Pleas, and heavily fined, Sir Charles Sedley's penalty being not less than £500. The Lord Chief Justice, Sir Robert Hyde, sarcastically inquired of the dissolute wit if he had ever read "The Complete Gentleman?"* "I believe," he replied, unabashed, "I have read more books than your lordship." It is said that Sir Charles and his companions engaged Killigrew and another courtier to intercede with the King for a reduction of the penalty; but, contrary to the proverb, honour does not always prevail among such men, they obtained a grant of the money for themselves, and extorted it to the last farthing.

Another of Sedley's indefensible pranks is related by Oldys:—"There was a great resemblance," he says, "in the shape and features, between him and Kynaston the actor, who once got some laced clothes made exactly after a suit Sir Charles wore, who therefore got him well caned. Sir Charles's emissary pretending to take Kynaston for Sir Charles, quarrelled with him in St. James's Park, and beat him as Sir Charles. When some of his friends, in pity to the man, reproved Sir Charles for it, he told them that they misplaced their pity, and that it was himself they should bestow it on; that Kynaston's bones would not suffer as much as his reputation; for all the town believed it was him that was thrashed, and suffered such a public disgrace."

It seems to be generally agreed that, after his mad orgie at the Cock Tavern, Sedley adopted a more serious mode of life, and began to take an active interest in public affairs. As member for Romney, in Kent, he took a frequent part in the debates in the House of Commons, and by his eloquence and vivacity obtained a considerable influence. During the reign of James II. he distinguished

* Henry Peacham's book, published in 1622, of which a new edition had appeared in 1661.

himself by his vigorous opposition to the measures of the Court. It is true that in this opposition he was influenced, perhaps, as much by personal feelings as by regard for the public interest. Profligate as he was, or had been, he could not as a father witness without shame and indignation the illicit connection which James, when Duke of York, had formed with his daughter, the notorious Catherine Sedley.* And when he was asked the reason of his bitter antipathy to a king who had loaded him with favours, he replied, "I hate ingratitude; and, therefore, as the king has made *my* daughter a Countess, I will endeavour to make *his* daughter a Queen."

On his accession to the throne, James was reluctantly induced, by the advice of his confessors and the remonstrances of his queen,† to dissolve the connection; though he had just shown the strength of his affection by creating

* Catherine Sedley was distinguished by her wit and accomplishments, but possessed no personal charms, except two brilliant eyes. Her countenance was haggard, and her form lean. Charles II., though he admired her intellectual gifts, laughed at her want of comeliness, and declared that the priests must have recommended her to his brother by way of penance. She was too clever a woman not to know and own her ugliness, and affirmed that she could not understand the secret of James's passion for her. "It cannot be my beauty," she said, "for he must see that I have none; and it cannot be my wit, for he has not enough to know that I have any." Like many plain women, she was fond of sumptuous dress, and Lord Dorset has somewhat coarsely satirised the weakness which led her to appear in public places, in all the gorgeousness of Brussels lace, diamonds, and paint:—

"Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace?
Can any dresses find a way
To stop the approaches of decay,
And mend a ruined face? . . . .

So have I seen in larder dark
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
(As wise philosophers remark)
At once both stink and shine."

† The intrigues of which she was the author are described at length by Macaulay. See also Evelyn's Diary, under date January 19, 1686; Bishop Barnet's History of His Own Time, i, 682; and Rousby's Memoirs.

her (1686) Baroness of Darlington and Countess of Dorchester for life. She afterwards became the wife of Sir David Colyear, first Earl of Portmore. She died at Bath in 1717.

In the Parliaments of King William and Queen Mary, Sir Charles was generally on the side of the Opposition; and in the session of 1690 made one of his best speeches in condemnation of the large sums expended on salaries and pensions. Macaulay refers to it as proving, what his poems and plays might make us doubt, that his contemporaries were not mistaken in considering him as a man of parts and vivacity. Gradually, as he advanced in years, he withdrew from the political arena; and the public had almost forgotten him at the time of his death, which took place at Haverstock Hill* on the 20th of August, 1701. A complete edition of his works, including love songs, translations from martial and other classic writers, prologues and epilogues, plays and speeches, was published in the following year by his friend and kinsman, Captain Ayloff, who observes that "he (Sir Charles) was a man of the first class of wit and gallantry; his friendship was courted by everybody; and nobody went out of his company but pleased and improved; Time added but very little to Nature, and he was everything that an English gentleman could be." That his powers were considerable no one can reasonably doubt. It is to be regretted that he did not make a worthier use of them.

The last of the aristocratic poets whom we shall notice

* Steele for awhile (1712) resided at this house. He writes to Pope:—"I am at a solitude, a house between Hampstead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a-thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves." The house was pulled down in 1869, and its site is now occupied by Steele Terrace.

is Sir John Denham, whose "chief claim to immortality," according to a recent critic, rests on the fine lines in his poem of "Cooper's Hill," descriptive of the Thames :—

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'er flowing full."

But these are not the only good lines in a poem, which had at all events the merit of being the first of its kind (for Ben Jonson's "Penshurst" cannot fairly be considered of the same category), which Dryden, with exuberant praise, declares "for the majesty of its style is, and ever will be, the exact standard of good writing." The allusion to St. Paul's (not Wren's Cathedral, but its predecessor) is worth quotation :—

"That sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain or descending cloud."

The following couplet seems to have suggested a passage in Dr. Johnson's "London" :—

"Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is to him who rightly things esteems
No other in effect but what it seems,
When, with like haste, though several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vain
Thence reconveys, then to be lost again.
O happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent!"

And surely the impartial critic will own that in these

lines—on the reformation and the sharp contrast between Monasticism and Puritanism—strength and smoothness are not unhappily combined :—

"No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good,
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the Church at once protects and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplation dwell;
And like the block unmovèd lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our temperate zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no abound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day!"

"Cooper's Hill" was written in 1640 and published in 1643.* It is a poem of nearly four hundred lines, written

* "The epithet, *majestie* Denham, conferred by Pope, conveys rather too much; but Cooper's Hill is no ordinary poem. It is nearly the first instance of vigorous and rhythmical couplets, for Denham is incomparably less feeble than Browne, and less prosaic than Beaumont. Close in thought, and nervous in language like Davies, he is less hard and less monotonous; his cadences are animated and various, perhaps a little beyond the regularity that metre demands; they have been the guide to the finer ear of Dryden. Those who cannot endure the philosophic poetry, must ever be dissatisfied with Cooper's Hill: no personification, no ardent words, few metaphors beyond the common use of speech, nothing that warms, or melts, or fascinates the heart. It is rare to find lines of eminent beauty in Denham; and equally so to be struck by any one as feeble or low. His language is always well-chosen and perspicuous, free from those strange terms of expression, frequent in our older poets, where the reader is apt to suspect some error of the press, so irreconcilable do they seem with grammar or meaning. The expletive *do*, which the best of his predecessors use freely, seldom occurs in Denham; and he has in other respects brushed away the rust of languid and ineffective redundancies which have obstructed the popularity of men with more native genius than himself." — Hallam, "Literature of Europe," iii., 254, 255.

in the heroic couplet, and embodies the reflections suggested to a thoughtful observer by the various scenes which are visible from the summit of its author's "Mount Parnassus."* These include a long reach of the winding Thames, the towers of Windsor Castle, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the field of Runnymede. The freshness of the subject,† and the fluent strength of the versification, secured for this poem an immediate popularity. Dryden pronounced it "the exact standard of good writing." "This poem," says Johnson, "had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence. A report was spread that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds." Pope, in his poem of "Windsor Forest," which "Cooper's Hill" suggested, affirms that —

> "On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow
> While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow;"

while Somerville, in "The Chase," calls upon us to tread with respectful awe —

> "Windsor's green glades; where Denham, tuneful bard,
> Charmed once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
> Sublimely sweet."

By a natural law of reaction the excessive praise of one generation is succeeded by the extreme depreciation of another. Southey writes of Denham with great frigidity:

* Cooper's Hill lies about half-a-mile to the north-west of Egham, where the poet's father had built for himself a house—(now the Vicarage)—"in which his son Sir John (though he had better seats) took most delight." The spot from which the poet made his survey is traditionally said to be now comprised within the grounds of Kingswood Lodge; a seat marks the site.

† Johnson praises Denham as "the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation."

—"That Sir John Denham began a reformation in our verse, is one of the most groundless assertions that ever obtained belief in literature. More thought and more skill had been exercised before his time in the construction of English metre than he ever bestowed on the subject, and by men of far greater attainments and far higher powers. To improve, indeed, either upon the versification or the diction of our great writers, was impossible; it was impossible to exceed them in the knowledge or in the practice of their art, but it was easy to avoid the more obvious faults of inferior authors: and in this way he succeeded, just so far as not to be included in

> 'The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;'

nor consigned to oblivion with the 'persons of quality' who contributed their vapid effusions to the miscellanies of those days. His proper place is among those of his contemporaries and successors who called themselves wits, and have since been entitled wits by the courtesy of England." I venture to claim for him a higher position. Surely some hearty praise may be given to a writer who virtually introduced into our poetical literature a new kind of composition, and one peculiarly adapted to the tastes and sympathies of Englishmen? Surely some hearty praise is justly due to a writer who had so strong a relish for the beauties of landscape, and was so keenly alive to the pastoral sentiment. And though he did not begin "a reformation in our verse," he certainly showed how the heroic couplet might be written with vigour while not losing in ease.

Denham's other works include an "Essay on Gaming;" and a translation of the second book of "The Æneid." In 1641, his feeble tragedy of "The Sophy" was produced

at a private house in Blackfriars with so much success that Waller said "he broke out like the Irish rebellion, some ten thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it." The best thing in it is a Song to Morpheus, in the fifth Act, which is graceful and pleasing:—

"Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obligèd to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of Death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last."

In a satirical poem, written at a much later date, in imitation of Suckling's "Session of the Poets," occurs a caustic allusion to Denham's tragedy and poem:

"Then in came Denham, that limping old bard,
Whose fame on The Sophy and Cooper's Hill stands;
And brought many stationers, who swore very hard,
That nothing sold better, except 'twere his lands."

Denham also wrote "An Elegy on Abraham Cowley," which is full of grace, and contains a happy reference to the great Elizabethan poets and their immortal predecessors:—

"Old Chaucer, like the morning star,*
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved.

* Borrowed by Tennyson in his "Dream of Fair Women," where he speaks of Chaucer as "the morning star of song."

Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires:
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines."

Denham also wrote a translation of "Cato Major," and a metrical version of the Psalms.

We turn from the poems to the poet. Sir John Denham was the son of Sir John Denham, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, who married the daughter of the Irish baron of Mellofont, Sir Garret More. He was born in Dublin in 1615. When he was two years old, his father was made Baron of the English Exchequer, and the family removed to England. In 1631, young Denham was entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, where "he was looked upon," says Wood, "as a slow, dreaming young man, and more addicted to gaming than study; they (his companions) could never imagine he could ever enrich the world with the issue of his brain, as he afterwards did." After taking his degree he entered Lincoln's Inn, where the dice-box divided his attention with the desk. "He was much rooked by gamesters, and fell acquainted with that unsanctified crew to his ruin." Wood relates that at this time, his father, receiving certain intimation of the follies which enfeebled Denham's life, addressed to him a letter of strong but affectionate remonstrance; and that the son, with unworthy duplicity, composed and printed an "Essay against Gaming," which, being forwarded to the Chief Baron, completely lulled his suspicions. The anecdote seems hardly credible; an astute and veteran lawyer would hardly be deceived by so simple an artifice. Aubrey relates another story, which

seems to have greater pretensions to authenticity. Denham, he says, was generally temperate in drinking; but "one time, when he was a student of Lincoln's Inn, having been away at the tavern with his comrades, late at night a frolic came into his head, to get a plasterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, which made a strange confusion the next day, as it was in June time; but it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys. This," adds Aubrey, "I had from R. Estcourt, Esquire, who carried the ink-pot."

The death of his father soon afterwards placed him in enjoyment of a considerable fortune, which enabled him to make a conspicuous figure among the wits and gentlemen of the Court. The success of his tragedy of "The Sophy" increased his reputation; upon which a seal was set by the publication of "Cooper's Hill." In the civil troubles which then convulsed the land, Denham espoused the loyal cause with grave enthusiasm, and was entrusted with several missions of delicacy and importance. In 1648 (it is said) he conveyed the young Duke of York to France, when he shared the seclusion of the royal family. In 1650, the exiled king sent him on an embassy to the King of Poland; and in 1652 appointed him Surveyor of His Majesty's Buildings—an office which, at that time, was equally without emoluments and without duties. Returning to England at the Restoration, he received both honours and rewards, and made one of the brilliant circle which Charles II. loved to assemble round him. Unfortunately he was weak enough to be beguiled by the charms of the fair Miss Brooke, whose beauty had attracted the attention of the Duke of York. As soon

as she had secured a position by becoming Lady Denham,* she scrupled not to encourage the suit of her royal lover, who, according to Pepys, followed her up and down the presence chamber "like a dog." Writing in 1667, he says:—"The Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham; going at noon-day with all his gentlemen to visit her in Scotland Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the Privy Stairs."

His beautiful wife's infidelity seems to have afflicted Sir John Denham with mental disorder. "He became crazed for a time," says old Anthony Wood, "and so, consequently, contemptible among vain fops." Aubrey says:—"This madness first appeared when he went from London to see the famous free-stone quarries in Portland, in Dorset. When he came within a mile of it, he turned back to London again, and would not see it. He went to Hounslow, and demanded rents of lands he had sold many years before; but it pleased God that he was cured of this distemper, and wrote excellent verses, particularly on the death of Abraham Cowley, afterwards." From a letter preserved among the correspondence of Sir William Temple, we gather that his insanity was of a very mild form (1667): "Poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He is at many of the meetings, at dinners talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and from that obligation exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish: if he had not the name of being mad, I believe in most companies he would be thought

* Miss Brooke was his second wife; his first was a Miss Cotton, of Gloucestershire, by whom he had issue one son and two daughters.

wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagances besides that *of telliny stories of himself, which he is always inclined too.*" Heavens! if a man is to be declared insane, because he tells stories of himself, our asylums would cease to have room for their inmates.

At this date Denham was a widower, having lost his lovely wife on the 7th of January, 1667. The report spread abroad that she had been poisoned, and as he was supposed to have sacrificed her to his jealousy, "the populace of his neighbourhood threatened to tear him in pieces" as soon as he ventured abroad. The suspicion is improbable, however, and her death was more likely due to the ignorance of the physicians of the age. Sir John recovered his faculties towards the close of the year, wrote the Elegy on Cowley, and a few months afterwards closed his chequered career—dying at Whitehall, in March, 1668. A resting-place was provided for him in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of the two poets whom he had warmly admired, Chaucer and Cowley.

In 1678, the year in which Andrew Marvell died—ten years after the death of Denham—the grave closed over the ashes of a thoughtful poet and a ripe scholar, Thomas Stanley. He was born at Cumberlow, in Herts, in 1625, and was the son of Sir Thomas Stanley, the author of several poems, who was knighted by Charles I. The younger Stanley had the advantage of being educated by Fairfax, the accomplished translator of Tasso, and attained a wide and profound knowledge of Latin and Greek, French and Italian. At Cambridge his reputation for scholarship stood very high, and he carried off the degree of M.A. when only in his seventeenth year (1641). After a tour on the Continent he returned to England,

and in the Middle Temple, London, settled down to the pursuit of his legal and literary studies, apparently undisturbed by the din of civil war, or by the great political changes which were giving a new direction to English history. That they did not greatly affect the social fabric, however, is evident from the fact that, only a few weeks after the execution of Charles I., Stanley published a volume of poems, as one might do in the most ordinary times. In 1655 he issued the first part of his great "History of Philosophy, containing the Lives, Opinions, Actions, and Discoveries of the Philosophers of every Sect," which was completed in 1660. "It is, in a great measure, confined to biography, and comprehends no name later than Carucales. Most is derived from Diogenes Laertius; but an analysis of the Platonic philosophy is given from Alcinous, and the author has compiled one of the Peripatetic system from Aristotle himself. The doctrine of the Stoics is also elaborately deduced from various sources. Stanley, on the whole, brought a good deal from an almost untrodden field; but he is merely an historian, and never a critic of philosopy." * Latin translations of it were published at Amsterdam, in 1690, and at Leipzig, in 1711.

Stanley raised still higher the fame of English scholarship by his celebrated edition of Æschylus, with Latin translations and copious notes in 1663. That he owed a great deal to Casaubon, Dorat, and Scaliger may be admitted, without making any substantial deduction from the credit due to him for patient and persevering erudition. His Æschylus must always remain "a great monument of critical learning."

* Hallam, "Literature of Europe," iv., 63.

Stanley died in London, April 12th, 1678, at the comparatively early age of 53.

As a poet Stanley had nothing in common with his immediate contemporaries. He belonged to what Johnson has designated (not very happily) the Metaphysical School, the School of Crashaw and Donne, though his scholarly taste enabled him to avoid the extravagant conceits and far-fetched ingenuities on which his predecessors so often made shipwreck. An innate refinement led him also to avoid the indelicacy which disfigures so much of the poetry of the age. His translations are, perhaps, even better than his original poems; they are singularly graceful, while conveying, with happy fidelity, the spirit of the originals. But it is of his own work that we shall give a brief specimen. One could wish there had been more of it, for it is always finished in execution, and admirable in tone.

"CELIA, *singing.*

Roses in breathing forth their scent,
Or stars their borrowed ornament,
Nymphs in the watery sphere that move,
Or angels in their orbs above,
The wingèd chariot of the light,
Or the slow silent wheels of night,
The shade which from the swifter sun
Doth in a circular motion run,
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
Make far less [more?] noise than Celia's breath in sleep.

But if the Angel which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose,
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul out at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that Cherubim would choose,
And with new powers invest the laws of fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate."

We may add that in 1657 Stanley published the "Psalterium Carolinum; the Devotions of his Sacred Majestie in his Solitude and Sufferings, rendered into verse."

An elder brother of Thomas Killigrew—the wit and dramatist, and unofficial jester to Charles II.—Sir William Killigrew (born in 1605) dabbled freely in verse, some specimens of which are embedded in the dulness of his "Artless Midnight Thoughts of a Gentleman at Court, who for many years built of sand, which every blast of cross fortune has defaced; but now he has laid new foundations on the Rock of his Salvation" (1693). Unfortunately the "Artless Thoughts" were built on sand. They are upwards of two hundred and thirty in number, but not one is worth preservation. Killigrew was a brave Cavalier and a loyal servant of the Crown; he held the post of Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen for two-and-twenty years; but he was neither poet, philosopher, nor dramatist. He wrote five plays—"The Siege of Urbin," "Selindra," "Pandora,"* and "Love and Friendship"—published in 1666, in which there is none of the wit that, it is said, his conversation displayed—and "The Imperial Tragedy," published in 1669. Sir William lived to a ripe old age, dying in the early part of 1693, when he had just attained his eighty-ninth year.

Sir William's niece, Anne Killigrew, daughter of his youngest brother, Dr. Henry Killigrew (author of "The Conspiracy,") maintained the reputation of the family for

* This was cast, at first, in the form of a tragedy; but as the authorities of the theatre did not want tragedies, its author obligingly converted it into a comedy. Sir Robert Stapylton says of Sir William's plays that they contained

. . . . plots well laid,
The language pure and every sentence weighed!

literary gifts and accomplishments. Dryden has celebrated her genius for painting and poetry in one of the finest of his odes; and she deserves to be remembered with gratitude if only for having inspired this noble lyric effusion. Allowing for the genial extravagances of a poet's imagination, there must still have been rare merit in the young artist of whom Dryden could say:—

"Art she had none, yet wanted none,
For nature did that want supply,
So rich in treasure of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seemed borrowed where 'twas only born."

Anthony Wood affirms that "she was a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit; and gave the earliest discoveries of a great genius, which, being improved by a polite education, she became eminent in the arts of poetry and painting." These engaging and eminent accomplishments, says Betham, were the least of her perfections, for "she crowned all with an exemplary piety and unblemished virtue."

She painted several historical compositions, some pieces of still life, and portraits of the Duke and Duchess of York. But the promise of her genius never ripened into performances; she was carried off by small-pox, on the 16th of June, 1685, in her twenty-fifth year. Her "Poems," in a thin quarto, were published in 1686.

Hallam ranks Oldham as a satirist "next to Dryden;" he characterises him as "spirited and pointed," but thinks his versification "too negligent" and his subjects "temporary." It is his good fortune, however, that he preceded Dryden, so that no one can diminish his merits by accusing him of imitation. For ourselves, the chief interest of

his poetry lies in its indications of what he might have become if his genius had had time to mature. With longer experience, riper thought, and calmer judgment he would have been the English Juvenal. As it is, the strength and strenuousness of his verse compel our admiration; but we can hardly forgive the occasional grossness of his language and the unmeasured fury of his invective, to say nothing of his defects of execution. To these defects Dryden, who greatly valued his young predecessor, and praised him with the fullest generosity, alludes, when he admits that, had his brief career been prolonged,

"Years might (what Nature gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native tongue."

We who know how Keats and Shelley wrote while "young," can hardly accept this kindly excuse; nor Dryden's other plea, that

"Satire needs not those, and wit will shine
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line."

The full splendour of the diamond is not brought out until it has been polished.

Oldham was never feeble. Even in his Translations, or rather, Imitations from Horace, Juvenal, and Boileau, his manly vigour and force and frankness are very noticeable.

The following quotation affords not only a good specimen of his style, but an interesting illustration of the social position of a domestic chaplain in the days of Charles II.:—

"Some think themselves exalted to the sky,
If they light in some noble family,
Diet, a horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides the advantage of his lordship's car,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the inexperienced wretch does know
What slavery he oft must undergo,

Who, though in silken scarf and cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer livery at best.
When dinner calls, the implement must wait,
With holy words to consecrate the meat,
But hold it for a favour seldom known,
If he be deigned the honour to sit down—
Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape, withdraw!
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand;
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind voider* comes for your relief.

For mere board wages such their freedom sell,
Slaves to an hour, and vassals to a bell;
And if the enjoyment of one day be stole,
They are but prisoners out on parole:
Always the marks of slavery remain,
And they, though loose, still drag about their chains.
And where's the mighty prospect after all,
A chaplainship served up, and seven years' thrall?
The menial thing, perhaps, for a reward
Is to some slender benefice perferred,
With this proviso bound: that he must wed
My lady's antiquated waiting-maid
In dressing only skilled, and marmalade."†

John Oldham, the author of this forcible satire, was born at Shipton, in Gloucestershire, on the 9th of August, 1653. He received from his father, a non-conforming clergyman, the elements of a sound education, and was afterwards sent to Tilbury Grammar School, whence, with credit, he proceeded to Edmund Hall, Oxford. His natural ability was soon made manifest, and he acquired a local reputation as a writer of good English verse and a proficient in Latin scholarship. In 1674 he took his degree of B.A., and in the same year was engaged as a master at Whitgift Hospital, Croydon, where he remained for three years, wrote his "Satires against the

* The basket containing the broken victuals left over from dinner.
† Lord Macaulay has largely availed himself of this passage in his description of the condition of the clergy at the Restoration.

Jesuits," and was discovered by Rochester, Dorset, and Sir Charles Sedley, who introduced him to the Earl of Kingston, and procured him a tutorship in the family of Sir Edward Thurlow, at Reigate. He seems to have quickly wearied of this engagement; nor did he much longer hold a similar appointment in the house of Dr. Lower, a famous London physician, who advised him to study medicine (1681). After a brief experience of the life of a man of pleasure, he retired to the Earl of Kingston's mansion, with the view, it is said, of preparing for holy orders, and accepting a chaplaincy in his patron's family—though one would think that such a position would have been eminently distasteful to his proud and independent spirit. He escaped the trial, however, by his early death, which took place from small-pox, at the Earl's seat, Holme Pierpoint, on December 8, 1683.

One of the most celebrated names in the poetical literature of the reign of Charles II. is that of Samuel Butler, though we suspect that his great work, "Hudibras," is, like "The Fairy Queen," more talked about than read. We could take large odds that the number of readers who have actually gone through its nine cantos from beginning to end is infinitesimally small. People pick up their knowledge of this poem from the extracts which appear in all our Anthologies, and it must be owned that in this way they get at the poet's best, and are led to form a higher estimate of his genius than would be the case if they had to wade through all his diffusiveness and the multiplicity of minute details which his ingenious fancy crowds one upon another.

"Hudibras" is a work of wonderful wit, singular learning, and felicitous versification, but not to our thinking a

great poem. We should even be inclined to say that it is not a poem at all. It is an elaborate satire, thrown into a clever metrical form; but there is nothing of that dramatic fervour, or glow of imagination, or depth of passion which we look for in true poetry. The imagery is always grotesque; the sentiment generally trivial and mean. There is wit enough, and to spare; there is a good deal of shrewd reflection and acute knowledge of men and things; there are terse epigrammatic couplets which the memory readily seizes and appropriates; there are felicitous rhymes which in themselves have a rare element of humour—as for instance,

> "And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> Was beat with fist, instead of a stick"—

but this is all. No doubt this is enough to prove Butler's genius; only it does not make him a poet, in the sense in which Spenser, and Keats, and Wordsworth are poets.

"Hudibras," as everybody knows, is a parody of "Don Quixote," in which the satire, bitter always and sometimes savage, is directed against Puritanism, or, rather, against Butler's conception of it. The nobler side of Puritanism, its heroic courage, its sublime faith, he either could not or would not see; and, therefore, his satire to some extent fails, because it is directed against an unreality. So far as it was levelled at externals, at the fanatical legislation of the Puritans, and their affectations of dress and language, it was effective, but then it was also of only temporary influence. None but those portions have lived which are applicable to folly and fanaticism everywhere and at all times. And here it may be observed that many of the attributes with which the satirist invests his Puritan Knight were by no means peculiar to the Puritans.

Hypocrisy, and pretension, and bigotry belong to no one sect or faction. In Butler's own party were to be found men to whom the following passage was at least as appropriate as to any of his opponents:—

> "For rhetoric, he could not ope
> His mouth but out there flew a trope;
> And when he happened to break off
> I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
> H' had hard words, ready to show why,
> And tell what rules he did it by:
> Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
> You'd think he talked like other folk;
> For all a rhetorician's rules
> Teach nothing but to name his tools."

This want of veracity is conspicuous throughout Butler's work, and renders it a burlesque as well as a satire. It is pitched throughout in too low a key; and the exaggeration is so gross and so obvious that we are inclined to sympathize with the objects of it. A man in a pillory is contemptible only so long as his persecutors refrain from making a martyr of him.

Another defect is Butler's discursiveness. His stores of learning were so vast that they supplied his ingenious fancy with material for the prodigal decoration of any point it touched upon; and when once his fancy was let loose, it ran away with him. He luxuriated in his own profuseness; he could not rest until he had said everything that could be said: and the thought never occurred to him that what did not weary himself might very probably weary his readers. Thus, he has to describe the breeches of his hero, and it takes him more than forty lines to do it in. At first the description is exquisitely comic, and we are delighted with the happy conceits which follow one another so quickly; but after a while the fun grows forced and tedious, and we begin to wonder

when the writer will make an end of it.* We see that he is writing for his own entertainment, and not for ours :—

"His breeches were of ragged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own;
Though they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, *proper food*
For warriors that delight in blood;
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood."

Had the poet ceased here all would have been well, but he continues with merciless amplitude to pile conceit upon conceit, until we feel that Ben Jonson's criticism of Shakespeare would more justly be applied to our much-offending author, "that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Halerius." He goes on at full gallop, thus:—

"And till th' were stormed and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt;
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old, did neither eat nor drink,
Because when through deserts vast,
And regions desolate they passed,
When belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight.

* The wildest of all criticisms is surely Prior's. He praises Butler for what Butler never understood:—

"Yet he, consummate master, knew
When to recede and when pursue."

'Tis false for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal;
On which, with shirt pulled out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat;
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts on their nuncheons."

There is scarcely any plot or definite action* in "Hudibras," and the incidents are few; though some are diverting enough, such as the attack of the knight and his squire on the bear and the fiddle, and their imprisonment in the stocks. The want of continuity helps as much as the diffusiveness to make it wearisome. As it stands, the story extends in time over three days. From the initial line, "When civil dudgeon first grew high," it is clear that Butler intended its action to bear date with the Civil Wars; but, after two days and nights are completed, he suddenly passes, in the third part, to Oliver Cromwell's death, and then, in the last canto, turns again to his hero. The thin stream of narrative with which he begun has by this time disappeared. Even the original intention of the poem seems to have been changed, and the satire against the Puritans concludes with an attack on Charles II. and his mistresses. For these reasons "Hudibras" remains a poem which all admire and few read, and the few who read do so "by fits and starts," a continuous perusal of it being almost impossible.

Butler is one of the most allusive, because he is one of the most learned of writers. What Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is in our prose literature, "Hudibras" is

* Nash, however, distinguishes four principal actions, or episodes.—The victory of Hudibras over Cruodero—Trulla's victory over Hudibras—Hudibras' victory over Sidrophel—and the Widow's repulse of Hudibras.

in our poetical. To enjoy it thoroughly one needs a knowledge almost as wide and deep as its author's. "There is always an undercurrent of satiric allusion," says a critic, "beneath the main stream of his satire. The juggling of astrology, the besetting folly of alchymy, the transfusion of blood, the sympathetic medicines, the learned trifling of experimental philosophers, the knavery of fortune-tellers, and the folly of their dupes, the marvellous relations of travellers, the subtleties of the school-divines, the freaks of fashion, the fantastic extravagancies of lovers, the affectations of piety, and the absurdities of romance, are interwoven with his subject, and soften down and relieve his dark delineation of fanatical violence and perfidy."

Of wise saws and modern instances "Hudibras" is full to overflowing. No writer has ever shown more readiness in compressing "the wisdom of the many" into a terse couplet or two, as easily remembered as a proverb or a popular apophthegm or a nursery rhyme. Many of his "good things" have become part and parcel of our daily discourse, and we speak Butler, as Molière's Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it. His works are sufficiently accessible to render unnecessary on our part any attempt to exhibit by quotation their general characters; but of the felicity with which their witty author condensed a thought or an image into a sentence, and pointed it by a couple or so of felicitous rhymes, we shall make bold to furnish some illustrations.

Here is a graceful simile:—

> "True as the dial to the sun,
> Although it be not shined upon."

We agree with Leigh Hunt that the following is as elegant as anything in Lovelace or Waller:—

> "... What security's too strong
> To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
> That to its friend is glad to pass
> Itself away, and all it has,
> And like an anchorite, gives over
> This world, for the heaven of a lover?"

There is an exceptional elevation (for Butler) in the following:—

> "Like Indian widows, gone to bed
> In flaming curtains to the dead."

An "exquisite and never-to-be-sufficiently repeated couplet":—

> "Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

And now for some wise thoughts:—

> "Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> Of being cheated as to cheat;
> As lookers-on feel most delight
> That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
> And still the less they understand,
> The more they admire his sleight-of-hand."
>
> "For what in worth is anything,
> But so much money as 'twill bring."
>
> "He that is valiant and dares fight,
> Though drubbed can lose no honour by't.
> Honour's a lease for lives to come,
> And cannot be extended from
> The legal tenant: 'Tis a chattel
> Not to be forfeited in battle.
> If he that in the field is slain
> Be in the bed of honour lain,
> He that is beaten may be said
> To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
> For as we see the eclipsèd sun
> By mortals is more gazed upon
> Than when, adorned with all his light,
> He shines in serene sky most bright,
> So valour in a low estate
> Is most admired and wondered at."

The following miscellaneous thoughts are partly from "Hudibras" and partly from Butler's "Remains":—

"In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble Honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority."

"Money that, like the swords of Kings,
Is the last reason of all things."

"Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron?"

"'Tis not restraint or liberty
That makes men prisoners or free,
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or equanimities.
The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander when he cried
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not said
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob
Because he had ne'er another tub."

"Fools are known by looking wise,
As men tell woodcocks by their eyes."

"All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light."

"Great conquerors greater glory gain
By foes in triumph led than slain."

"As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees are to fall,
And leave then naked, to engage
With storms and tempest when they rage,
While humbler plants are forced to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;
So when their glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less."

"Valour's a mousetrap, wit a gin,
That women oft are taken in."

"Night is the sabbath of mankind
To rest the body and the mind."

"Opinion governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind."

"Wedlock without love, some say,
Is like a lock without a key."

"As if artillery and edge-tools
Were th' only engines to save souls!"

"Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain." *

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

"In the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way."

"In all the trade of war no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat,
For those that run away and fly
Take plan at least of the enemy."

We select a few of Butler's humorous and happy rhyme endings:—

"A true beard's like a batter'd ensign;
That's bravest which there are most rents in."

"Convened at midnight in outhouses,
To appoint new rising rendezvouses."

"Doctor epidemic,
Stored with deletery med'cins,
Which whosoever took is dead since,"

"Wholesale critics, that in coffee-
Houses cry down all philosophy."

"To th' emperor Caligula,
That triumphed o'er the British sea,†

* In the "Apophthegms" of Erasmus, translated by Udall, 1542, we read:—

"That same man that runnith awaie
Maie again fight another daie."

Butler was imitated by Goldsmith in his "Art of Poetry on a New Plan"—

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again."

† Pronounced *say*.

Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters 'stead of cuirassiers:
Engaged his legions in fierce bustles
With periwinkles, prawns, and mussels,
And led his troops, with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops."

"Madame, I do as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie."

"Anti-christian assemblies
To mischief bent as far's in them lies."

"That proud dame
Used him so like a base rascallion,
That old Pyg—what d' you call him—malion,
That cut his mistress out of stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one."

"'O Heaven!' quoth she, 'can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual whiskers,
But by your dialect and discourse.'"

Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612. About almost every main incident in his life the authorities differ, and they differ also in their descriptions of his father's position; for while Anthony Wood says his father was comparatively wealthy, others assert that he was simply a yeoman of poor estate, and that it was with difficulty he provided his son with such education as the Worcester Grammar School afforded. As to the future poet, it is equally uncertain whether he went from school to Oxford University or to Cambridge, or whether he went to either. While still in his early manhood he obtained an appointment as clerk to Mr. Jefferys, of Earl's Coombe, in Worcestershire, an eminent justice of the peace; and here he turned his leisure to advantage in the study of books, and the cultivation of music and painting. He was next at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Countess of Kent,

where he enjoyed the use of a good library and the conversation of the learned Selden. Afterwards we find him in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, a Presbyterian Colonel and one of Cromwell's officers, "scout master for Bedfordshire, and governor of Newport Pagnell." We must suppose the treatment he received at the hands of his patron was harsh and ungenerous, or we shall be unable to excuse the want of gratitude and good faith which led him to caricature Sir Samuel in the person of Sir Hudibras.* And that Sir Samuel was the original seems by no means doubtful from the following allusion:

"'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke
In foreign land yeleped . . . ."

when the rhyme obviously requires that the blank should be filled up with the Colonel's name.†

At the Restoration Butler was made secretary to the Earl of Carberry, Lord President of Wales, and also steward of Ludlow Castle. About the same time he married—Mrs. Hubert, a widow of means, says one biographer,—a widow, says another, who had lost her fortune by injudicious investments. In 1662, at the age of fifty, he rose into sudden reputation by the publication of the first part of his colossal satire, which, as we learn from Pepys, was the admiration of the King and his courtiers. The

* The name was borrowed from Spenser:—"Sir Hudibras, a hardy man" ("Fairy Queen," ver. 2, i., 17.) Sidrophel, the astrologer, was meant for Lilly.

† The elder Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," in an elaborate paper endeavours to vindicate Butler from the accusation of ingratitude in having caricatured his patron, Sir Samuel Luke. His vindication seems to us worth nothing, if it be agreed that Luke was really the original, as most persons believe, of Butler's hero. But it is only justice to state that the editors of "The Grub Street Journal" (January 1730) assert that the actual prototype was "a Devonshire man, Colonel Rolle," and that the name "Hudibras" is derived from "Hugh de Bras," the old tutelar saint of Devonshire. The assertion would be easier to credit if those who made it had given us some particulars both of the Devonshire Colonel and the Devonshire saint!

second part followed in 1663; the third in 1678. Butler had to be content with fame. If he needed, and anticipated, a more solid recompense he was disappointed. The story that Charles presented him with a purse of three hundred guineas rests on no authentic foundation; and though Clarendon, it is said, gave him reason to hope for perferment he never received it. Anthony Wood asserts, but the other authorities deny, that the Duke of Buckingham, when Chancellor of Cambridge, appointed him as his secretary, and on all occasions treated him with liberality and kindness. But if this be untrue, there seems reason to believe that the following anecdote is not less untrue: "Mr. Wycherley had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family by writing his inimitable Hudibras, and that it was a reproach to the Court that a person of his loyalty and wit should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The Duke always seemed to hearken to him with attention enough, and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr. Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day, when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly; the Duke joined them, but as the devil would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his Grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip by with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement to follow another kind of business,

at which he was more ready than to do good office to those of desert, though no one was better qualified than he, both in regard to his fortune and understanding, to protect them; and from that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise."

This is a good story; but, with Johnson, we disbelieve its authencity.

That Butler did not meet with the generous support and recognition to which his genius, and his services to the cause of the Royalists, entitled him, is evident enough from the complaints of Oldham and Dryden, which could never have been so publicly and generally made if there had been no warranty for them. Oldham writes with honest indignation:—

"On Butler, who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,
Met everywhere with welcomes of renown.
Courted and loved by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favour fed.
But what reward for all had he at last,
After a life in dull expectance past?
The wretch, at summing up his misspent days,
Found nothing left but poverty and praise.
Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave.
Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interred on tick,
And well might bless the fever that was sent
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent."

(*Satire against Poetry*).

And Dryden:

"Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend.
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
'He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead!'"

But Butler himself had already protested, in his "Hudi-

bras at Court" (in the "Remains") against the royal ingratitude:—

"Now after all, was it not hard
That he should meet with no reward,
That fitted out this knight and squire,
This monarch did so much admire."

It may be that the obscurity in which the poet was suffered to remain originated in the faults of his character. Aubrey speaks of him as choleric, and of a severe and sound judgment; adding, with keen knowledge of human nature, "satirical wits disoblige whom they converse with, and consequently make themselves many enemies and few friends." Such, he says, was Butler's case.

In this "mist of obscurity"—the phrase is Johnson's—died Samuel Butler, on the 25th of September, 1680; and at the expense of his friends was buried in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden, the honour of a public funeral in Westminster Abbey having been refused. About forty years afterwards, Alderman Barber erected in the Abbey a monument to his memory, on which is engraved an elaborate laudatory inscription in Latin, which in pithiness and force is much surpassed by the epitaph ascribed to John Dennis:—

"Near this place lies interred
The body of Mr. Samuel Butler,
Author of Hudibras.
He was a whole species of poet in one,
Admirable in a manner
In which no one else has been tolerable:
A manner which began and ended with him,
In which he knew no guide,
And has found no followers."

The tardiness of this tribute to the poet elicited some epigrammatic lines from Samuel Wesley:—

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

Besides his immortal "Hudibras," Butler was the author of a couple of pamphlets, a satirical Ode on the exploits of the famous highwayman, "Claude Duval," and various poems and prose writings included in his "Remains," of which we may notice as the most important, "The Elephant in the Moon;" "A Satire upon the Royal Society;" "A Satire upon the Imperfection and Abuse of Human Learning;" and "A Panegyric upon Sir John Denham's Recovery from his Madness." His "Description of Holland," with its richly humorous exaggeration, is well known.

A COUPLE OF COURTIERS.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER. THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CHAPTER IV.

A COUPLE OF COURTIERS.

The Earl of Rochester. The Duke of Buckingham.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

The most brilliant figure of a brilliant Court—a man of unquestionable ability, but of the most shameless profligacy—wit, poet, dramatist, politician—gifted with rare personal graces and a wonderful charm of manner, yet perverting his fine endowments to the worst purposes—John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, has, in the most literal sense of Johnson's hackneyed lines, left a name to point a moral, if not exactly to adorn a tale. It would seem as if at his birth those powers in whose hands rest the distribution of the good things of nature had lavished upon him all except that one which is indispensable to their right use, the heavenly gift of virtue. With all his talents, with all his opportunities of rank and fortune, his was a wrecked life—a life misspent, and, therefore, unenjoyed—and the only part of it to be contemplated with satisfaction are the hours of contrition and reflection which he spent with the shadow of death upon him.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, was born at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, on the 10th of April, 1647. His father was Henry, Lord Wilmot, a brave and loyal Cavalier, who attended Charles II. during his wanderings after the battle of Worcester, and was rewarded for his faithful service with the Earldom of Rochester. His son and only surviving child received his early education at the Grammar School of Burford, whence he was removed to Wadham College, Oxford, in 1659. His intellectual powers were quickly conspicuous; he attained with facility a wide knowledge of the classics; wrote verses with fluency; and spoke epigrams with careless profusion. In 1661, at the age of fourteen, he was admitted to the degree of M.A., and the Chancellor of the University, Lord Clarendon, distinguished him from other candidates by kissing him in the Continental fashion. He made the customary "grand tour" of France and Italy, and, returning to England in 1665, became at once a splendid figure at Charles's splendid Court. His wit, his handsome person, his graceful address, made him the observed of all observers. Charles admitted him to his intimacy, conferring on him the appointment of a Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Controller of Woodstock Park; and soon in that dissolute scene the young Earl was gayest among the gay.

There were times in the wayward career of this remarkable man when he seems to have struggled against himself—to have been conscious of his powers, and made desultory efforts to direct them to a worthy purpose. Thus, in the winter of 1665, he joined, as a volunteer, the Earl of Sandwich's expedition against the Dutch, whose East India fleet took refuge in Bergen harbour, and were there attacked by Sandwich with desperate resolution. Rochester served on board *The Revenge*, was in the thick of the action, and under a tremendous fire preserved his usual air of careless gallantry. In the following year he was present at the great battle of the 3rd of June, and was sent by Sir Edward Sprague with a message to one of his captains in the heat of the engagement, going and returning in an open boat, under a storm of shot, as coolly as if he had been sauntering in the Mall. The stern experience of war exercised for a time a salutary influence on his conduct. He avoided the gay gallants with whom he had plunged into dissipation, and lived with a temperance and a discretion which led his friends to hope he might yet justify their high opinions.

He was already married. In his early manhood he chose for his wife one Elizabeth Mallet, the daughter of John Mallet, Esquire, of Enmore, in Somersetshire, a young lady of considerable personal charms, with a fortune valued at £2,500 a year.* The match was favoured by Charles II., who deigned to recommend his favourite to the lady's attention; nor does there seem to have been any insuperable obstacle to its successful conclusion. Yet, with the perverseness which distinguished him, Rochester resolved to carry her off by force. As the lady was returning home one evening, after supping with Mrs. Frances Stewart, her coach was surrounded by a number of armed men, afoot and on horseback, who violently hurried her into another, drawn by six horses, and drove off rapidly towards Uxbridge, where Rochester was awaiting his intended bride. But the alarm having been given, and a hot pursuit undertaken, the abducted heiress was restored, and Rochester, by the

* This is the "melancholy heiress" (*la triste héritière*) of Count Hamilton; so called, I suppose, as the wife of Rochester.

King's order, committed to the Tower. Eventually, however, he was pardoned both by his King and by Miss Mallet, and their marriage soon afterwards took place.* Nor does it seem, on the whole—in spite of his infidelities and numerous absences—to have been an unhappy one Rochester's letters afford convincing proof, as we shall see, that he could be an affectionate husband and a tender father; his better nature revealing itself in the pure atmosphere of Home.

After the temporary reformation to which I have alluded Rochester broke out into the wildest escapades. His fantastic freaks were the amusement, as his epigrams were the terror, of the Court. He mimicked the Lord Chancellor in the King's presence; he played audacious tricks on the ladies who fluttered, butterfly-like, in the sunshine of royal smiles; he quarrelled with the courtiers, and, as in his quarrel with Lord Mulgrave (afterwards Duke of Buckinghamshire), bore himself in such a manner as to show that his once brilliant courage had been impaired by the excesses which were ruining his constitution. "He gave himself up," says Bishop Burnet, "to all sorts of extravagance, and to the wildest frolics that

* Pepys gives the following account of this boyish escapade (Rochester was then in his 18th year):—"May 28, 1665. To my Lady Sandwich's, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while. There, upon my telling her a story of my Lord of Rochester's running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallett, the great beauty and fortune of the North, who had supped at Whitehall with Mrs. Stewart, and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Hally, by coach; and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and footmen, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord of Rochester (for whom the King had spoke to the lady often, but with no success) was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the King mighty angry, and the Lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story. For if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchingbroke (Lord Sandwich's son and heir) stands fair, and is invited for her."

wanton wit could devise. He would have gone about the streets as a beggar, and made love as a porter. He set up a stage as an Italian mountebank. He was for some years always drunk; and was ever doing some mischief. The King loved his company, for the diversion it afforded, better than his person; and there was no love lost between them. He took his revenges in many libels. He found out a footman that knew all the Court; and he furnished him with a red coat and a musket, as a sentinel, and kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be in intrigues. In the Court, a sentinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards to hinder a combat; so this man saw who walked about and visited at forbidden hours. By this means Lord Rochester made many discoveries; and when he was well furnished with materials, he used to retire into the country for a month or two to write libels. Once, being drunk, he intended to give the King a libel he had writ on some ladies, but, by mistake, he gave him one written on himself. He fell into an ill habit of body, and, in set fits of sickness, he had deep remorses, for he was guilty both of much impiety and of great immoralities. But as he recovered, he threw these off, and turned again to his former ill courses."

"He set up a stage as an Italian mountebank." This was one of Rochester's most extraordinary exploits. He had been banished from Court for one of his bitter lampoons, but growing weary of rural retirement, and feeling sure that the King would soon recall him, he ventured up to London. Here he took lodgings among the rich merchants and leading tradesmen; changed his dress and assumed a fictitious name; and, having a wonderful

facility in adapting himself to all classes and persons, he soon wormed his way into the good graces of some of the wealthy aldermen and the favour of their stately ladies. He was invited to all their feasts and assemblies, and while, in the company of the husbands, he declaimed against the faults and mistakes of Government, he joined their wives in railing against the profligacy of the Court ladies, and in inveighing against the King's mistresses. He agreed with them that the cost of all these extravagances fell upon the industrious poor; that the city beauties were not inferior to those of the other end of the town, although, in the city, a sober husband was contented with one wife; and, finally, he protested that he wondered Whitehall was not yet consumed by fire from heaven, since such rakes as Rochester, Killigrew, and Sidney were suffered there. In this way he endeared himself to the cits, and made himself welcome at their clubs, until the restless gallant grew weary of the endless round of banquets.

But, instead of approaching the Court, he retired into one of the obscurest corners of the City, where, changing again his name and dress, he caused bills to be distributed, announcing—"The recent arrival of a famous German doctor, who, by long study and extensive practice, had discovered wonderful secrets and infallible remedies." Of this curious document we give such passages as are consistent with a regard for decency:—

"To all gentlemen, ladies, and others, whether of city, town, or country, Alexander Bendo wisheth all health and prosperity.

"Whereas this famed metropolis of England (and were the endeavours of its worthy inhabitants equal to their

power, merit, and virtue, I should not stick to denounce it in a short time, the metropolis of the whole world); whereas, I say, this city (as most great ones are) has ever been infested with a numerous company of such, whose arrogant confidence, backed with their ignorance, has enabled them to impose on the people, either by premeditated cheats, or at best, the palpable, dull, and empty mistakes of their self-deluded imagination in physic, chymical and Galenic; in astrology, physiognomy, palmistry, mathematics, alchymy, and even, in government itself, the last of which I will not propose to discourse of, or meddle at all in, since it in no way belongs to my trade or vocation, as the rest do; which (thanks to my God) I find much more safe, I think equally honest, and therefore more profitable.

"But as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practised by many unlearned wretches, whom poverty and neediness, for the most part (if not the restless itch of deceiving), has forced to struggle and wander in unknown parts, that even the professions themselves, though originally the products of the most learned and wise men's laborious studies and experience, and by them left a wealthy and glorious inheritance for ages to come, seem, by this bastard race of quacks and cheats, to have been run out of all wisdom, learning, perspicuousness, and truth, with which they were so plentifully stocked; and now run into a repute of mere mists, imaginations, errors, and deceits, such as, in the management of these idle professors, indeed they were.

"You will therefore, I hope, gentlemen, ladies, and others, deem it but just that I, who for some years have

with all faithfulness and assiduity courted these arts, and received such signal favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest secrets, should with an earnestness and concern more than ordinary, take their parts against those impudent fops, whose saucy, impertinent addresses and pretensions have brought such a scandal upon their most immaculate honours and reputations.

"Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul play myself, I would have given you so fair warning by my severe observations upon others. 'Qui alterum incusant probri, ipsum se intueri oportet.' However, gentlemen, in a world like this, where virtue is so exactly counterfeited and hypocrisy so generally taken notice of, that every one, armed with suspicion, stands upon his guard against it, it will be very hard, for a stranger especially, to escape censure. All I shall say for myself on this score is this:—if I appear to any one like a counterfeit, even for the sake of that, chiefly, ought I to be construed a true man. Who is the counterfeit's example? His original; and that, which he employs his industry and pains to imitate and copy; is it therefore my fault, if the cheat by his wits and endeavours makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling him? Consider, pray, the valiant and the coward, the wealthy merchant and the bankrupt, the politician and the fool; they are the same in many things, and differ but in *one* alone.

"The valiant man holds up his head, looks confidently round about him, wears a sword, courts a lord's wife, and owns it; so does the coward: *one* only point of honour

excepted, and that is courage, which (like false metal, *one* only trial can discover) makes the distinction.

"The bankrupt walks the exchange, buys bargains, draws bills, and accepts them with the richest, whilst paper and credit are current coin: that which makes the difference is real cash; a great defect indeed, and yet but *one*, and *that* the last found out, and still, till then, the least perceived.

"Now for the politician:—he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying man: pray, are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying fools?

"If then the difference betwixt all these (though infinite in effect) be so nice in all appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false physician, astrologer, etc., and the true? The first calls himself learned doctor, sends forth his bills, gives physic and counsel, tells and foretels; the other is bound to do just as much: it is only your experience must distinguish betwixt them; to which I willingly submit myself. I will only say something to the honour of the MOUNTEBANK, in case you discover me to be one.

"Reflect a little what kind of creature it is:—he is one then, who is fain to supply some higher ability he pretends to with craft; he draws great companies to him by undertaking strange things, which can never be effected. The politician (by his example no doubt) finding how the people are taken with spurious miraculous impossibilities, plays the same game; protests, declares, promises I know not what things, which he is sure can never be brought about. The people believe, are deluded, and pleased; the expectation of a future good, which shall never befal them, draws their eyes off *a* present evil. Thus are they kept

and established in subjection, peace, and obedience; *he* in greatness, wealth, and power. So you see the politician is, and must be a *mountebank* in State affairs; and the *mountebank* no doubt, if he thrives, is an arrant politician in physic. But that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the things in which I pretend chiefly, at this time, to serve my country.

"First, I will (by the leave of God) perfectly cure that *labes Britannica, or grand English disease, the scurvy:* and that with such ease to my patient, that he shall not be sensible of the least inconvenience, whilst I steal his distemper from him. I know there are many who treat this disease with mercury, antimony, spirits, and salts, being dangerous remedies; in which I shall meddle very little, and with great caution; but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible medicines, together with the observation of some few rules in diet, perfectly cure the patient, having freed him from all the symptoms, as looseness of the teeth, scorbutic spots, want of appetite, pains and lassitude in the limbs and joints, especially the legs. And to say true, there are few distempers in this nation that are not, or at least proceed out originally from the scurvy; which, were it well rooted out (as I make no question to do it from all those who shall come into my hands), there would not be heard of so many gouts, aches, dropsies, and consumptions; nay, even those thick and slimy humours, which generate stones in the kidneys and bladder, are for the most part offsprings of the *scurvy*. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still informed by me of the nature of their distempers, and the grounds I proceed upon to their cure: so will all reasonable people be satisfied that I

treat them with care, honesty, and understanding; for I am not of their opinion, who endeavour to render their vocations rather mysterious than useful and satisfactory.

"I will not here make a catalogue of diseases and distempers; it behoves a physician, I am sure, to understand them all; but if any one come to me (as I think there are very few that have escaped my practice) I shall not be ashamed to own to my patient, when I find myself to seek; and, at least, he shall be secure with me from having experiments tried upon him; a privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the hands of the grand doctors of the court and Tower, or in those of the lesser quacks and mountebanks.

"It is thought fit, that I assure you of great secrecy, as well as cure, in diseases, where it is requisite; whether venereal or others; as some peculiar to women, the green-sickness, weaknesses, inflammations, or obstructions in the stomach, reins, liver, spleen, &c.; for I would put no word in my bill that bears any unclean sound; it is enough that I make myself understood. I have seen physician's bills as bawdy as *Aretine's Dialogues*, which no man, that walks warily before God, can approve of. . . .

"I have, likewise, got the knowledge of a great secret to cure barrenness. . . Cures of this kind I have done signal and many. . . .

"As to astrological predictions, physiognomy, divination by dreams, and otherwise (palmistry I have no faith in, because there can be no reason alleged for it), my own experience has convinced me more of their considerable effects and marvellous operations, chiefly in the direction of future proceedings, to the avoiding of dangers that threaten, and laying hold of advantages that might

offer themselves; I say, my own practice has convinced me, more than all the sage and wise writings extant, of those matters; for I might say this of myself (did it not look like ostentation), that I have very seldom failed in my predictions, and often been very serviceable in my advice. How far I am capable in this way, I am sure is not fit to be delivered in print: those who have no opinion of the truth of this art, will not, I suppose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample satisfaction.

"Nor will I be ashamed to set down here my willingness to practise rare secrets (though somewhat collateral to my profession), for the help, conservation, and augmentation of beauty and comeliness; a thing created at first by God, chiefly for the glory of His own name, and then for the better establishment of mutual love between man and woman; for when God had bestowed on man the power of strength and wisdom, and thereby rendered woman liable to the subjection of his absolute will, it seemed but requisite that she should be endued likewise, in recompense, with some quality that might beget in him admiration of her, and so enforce his tenderness and love.

"The knowledge of these secrets I gathered in my travels abroad (where I have spent my time ever since I was fifteen years old, to this my nine and twentieth year) in France and Italy. Those that have travelled in Italy will tell you what a miracle art does there assist nature in the preservation of beauty; how women of forty bear the same countenance with those of fifteen; ages are no ways distinguished by faces; whereas, here in England, look a horse in the mouth, and a woman in the face, you

presently know both their ages to a year. I will, therefore, give you such remedies that, without destroying your complexion (as most of your paints and daubings do) shall render them perfectly fair; clearing and preserving them from all spots, freckles, heats, pimples, and marks of the small-pox, or any other accidental ones, so the face be not scamed or scarred.

"I will also cleanse and preserve your *teeth* white and round as pearls, fastening them that are loose; your gums shall be kept entire, as red as coral; your lips of the same colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful kisses.

"I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of breaths, provided the lungs be not totally perished and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible remedies for those whose breaths are yet untainted; so that nothing but either a very long sickness, or old age itself, shall ever be able to spoil them.

"I will, besides (if it be desired) *take away* from their fatness, who have over much, and *add* flesh to those that want it, without the least detriment to their constitutions.

"Now, should Galen himself look out of his grave, and tell me these were troubles below the profession of a physician, I would boldy answer him, that I take more glory in preserving God's image in its unblemished beauty, upon one good face, than I should do in patching up all the decayed carcases in the world.

"They that will do me the favour to come to me, shall be sure, from three of the clock in the afternoon till eight at night, at my lodgings in Tower Street, next door to the sign of the Black Swan, at a goldsmith's house, to find

"Their humble servant,

"ALEXANDER BENDO."

The fame of Alexander Bendo soon spread to the west-end of the town, and the maids of honour sent their servants to wait upon him, and secretly put to the test his supposed wonderful powers. His knowledge of the inner life of the Court, and of its scandals and intrigues, enabled him to answer their questions in a way that caused either alarm or diversion, according to circumstances. The curiosity of Miss Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Tyrconnel, and Miss Price, two of the most daring of the court sirens, was so moved that they ventured on the hazardous enterprise of visiting the new magician in person. Disguised as orange-girls they drove thither in a hackney-coach, but when within half a street of the desired goal attracted the attention of the infamous Brouncker—"a pestilent rogue," says Pepys, "an atheist, that would have sold his King and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked a rogue he is by all men's report"—and, to escape his insolent addresses, abandoned their design. "While they were under these alarms," says Count Hamilton, "their coachman was engaged in a squabble with some blackguard boys, who had gathered round his coach in order to steal the oranges; from words they came to blows: the two nymphs saw the commencement of the fray as they were returning to the coach, after having abandoned the design of going to the fortune-teller's. Their coachman being a man of spirit, it was with great difficulty they could persuade him to leave their oranges to the mob, that they might get off without any furthur disturbance: having thus regained their hack, after a thousand frights, and after having received an abundant share of the most low and infamous abuse applied to them during the fracas,

they at length reached St. James's, vowing never more to go after fortune-tellers, through so many dangers, terrors, and alarms, as they had lately undergone."

Rochester was soon afterwards recalled to Court, where he resumed his old course of profligate folly. In his lucid intervals he read a good deal, and it seems that he was specially partial to the study of history. He did not refrain from his ironical comments on his Sovereign's infirmities. Charles was very fond of repeating the story of his adventures in Scotland and Paris, and this he did with such frequency that Rochester said, severely, "He wondered that a man with so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, yet could not remember that he had told it to the same person the very day before." Still sharper was the well-known epigram which penetrated even through the King's easy indifference:—

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
> Whose word no man relies on;
> He never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

The sting of this terse satire lay, no doubt, in its truth. Charles, we are told, never forgave it.

Like Lord Lytton's Gabriel Varney, Rochester possessed a constitution which alcoholic excess could not directly affect. It was a dangerous organisation, and, perhaps, the ruin of his life was partly owing to this physical gift. "He was unhappily made for drunkenness," says Bishop Burnet, "for he had drunk all his friends dead, and was able to subdue two or three sets of drunkards one after another: so it scarce ever appeared that he was disordered after the greatest drinking: an hour or two of

sleep carried all off entirely, that no sign of them remained. He would go about business without any uneasiness, or discovering heat either in body or mind." But a terrible Nemesis dogged the profligate's footsteps. "After he had killed all his friends, he fell at last into such weakness of stomach, that he had perpetual cholic when he was not within, and full of strong liquor, of which he was frequently seized, so that he was always either sick or drunk."

He was not yet thirty when his constitution suddenly gave way, and the brilliant wit found himself overtaken by a premature old age. Feeble and weary, dissatisfied with himself, conscious of the manner in which he had abused his powers, he began to turn his mind to serious thoughts, and with remorse for the past mingled uncertainty as to the future. Might not that religion be true which he had so constantly ridiculed? And if so, then, indeed, he had cause to tremble! About this time he made the acquaintance of Bishop Burnet, and held with him many earnest conversations on those great truths which concern the eternal destiny of man. The Bishop has left a record of these conversations, which it is impossible to read without the liveliest interest. Rochester was not at once converted; but it does not appear that he ever had been a confirmed atheist, and his disbelief was that of the head rather than that of the heart.

In the spring of 1680, Rochester retired to his country seat at Woodstock, and in the fresh country air recovered some small portion of his former health. But the exertion of a long journey on horseback into Somersetshire proved too much for his enfeebled frame, and he returned to Woodstock with the shadow of death upon him.

Suffering acutely from a troubled conscience, he sought the advice of Mr. Parsons, his mother's chaplain; he was also attended by the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Marshall, rector of Lincoln, and Dr. Pierce, President of Magdalen. One day, while Mr. Parsons was reading to the invalid that 53rd chapter of Isaiah, which has ever been expressibly dear to the Christian, a sudden light seemed to break upon his mind, and the darkness of unfaith in which he had hitherto been involved was swept aside. He was not only convinced by the argument which Mr. Parsons founded upon it, but by a Divine power which moved him so effectually that thenceforward he believed as firmly in his Saviour as if, like Thomas, he had seen the wounded side, and the prints of the nails in the hands and feet. The sincerity and completeness of his conversion appear in the letter which, at this time, he wrote to Dr. Pierce:—

"My indisposition renders my intellectuals almost as feeble as my person, but considering the candour and extreme charity your natural mildness hath always shown me, I am assured at once of a favourable construction of my present lines, which can but faintly express the sorrowful character of an humble and afflicted mind: and also those great comforts your inexhaustible goodness, learning, and piety, plenteously afford to the drooping spirits of poor sinners, so that I may truly say,—Holy man! to you I owe what consolation I enjoy, in urging God's mercies against despair, and holding me up under the weight of those high and mountainous sins, my wicked and ungovernable life hath heaped upon me. If God shall be pleased to spare me a little longer here, I have unalterably resolved to become a new man; to wash

out the stains of my lewd courses with my tears, and weep over the profane and unhallowed abominations of my former doings; that the world may see how I loath sin, and abhor the very remembrance of those tainted and unclean joys I once delighted in; these being, as the Apostle tells us, the things whereof I am now ashamed; or, if it be His great pleasure now to put a period to my days, that He will accept my last gasp, that the smoke of my death-bed offering may not be unsavoury to His nostrils, and drive me like Cain from His presence.

"Pray for me, dear Doctor, and all you that forget not God, pray for me fervently. Take heaven by force, and let me enter with you in disguise; for I dare not appear before the dread majesty of that Holy One I have so often offended. Warn all my friends and companions to a true and sincere repentance to-day, while it is called to-day, before the evil day come and they be no more. Let them know that sin is like the Angel's book in the Revelations, it is sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. Let them know that God will not be mocked; that He is an holy God, and will be served in holiness and purity, that requires the whole man and the early man: bid them make haste, for the night cometh when no man can work. Oh that they were wise, that they would consider this, and not with me, with wretched me, delay it until their latter end. Pray, dear sir, continually pray for your poor friend,

"ROCHESTER."

A narrative exists in the British Museum of a visit paid to the dying Earl by one of his boon companions, who seems to have been ignorant of his illness:—

"When Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, lay on his death-bed, Mr. Fanshawe* came to visit him, with an intention to stay about a week with him. Mr. Fanshawe, sitting by the bedside, perceived his lordship praying to God through Jesus Christ, and acquainted Dr. Radcliffe, who attended my Lord Rochester in this illness, and was then in the house, with what he had heard; and told him, that my lord was certainly delirious, for to his knowledge, he said, he believed neither in God nor in Jesus Christ. The doctor, who had often heard him pray in the same manner, proposed to Mr. Fanshawe to go up to his lordship to be further satisfied touching this affair. When they came to his room, the doctor told my lord what Mr. Fanshawe said, upon which his lordship addressed himself to Mr. Fanshawe, to this effect: 'Sir, it is true you and I have been very bad and profane together, and then I was of the opinion you mention. But now I am quite of another mind, and happy am I that I am so. I am very sensible how miserable I was whilst of another opinion. Sir, you may assure yourself that there is a Judge and future state;' and so entered into a very handsome discourse concerning the Last Judgment, future state, &c., and concluded with a serious and pathetic exhortation to Mr. Fanshawe, to enter into another course of life; adding that he (Mr. F.) knew him to be his friend; that he never was more so than at this time: and, 'Sir,' said he, 'to use a Scripture expression, I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness.' Upon this Mr. Fanshawe trembled, and went immediately a-foot to Woodstock, and there hired a horse to Oxford, and thence took coach to London."

* Probably Mr. William Fanshawe, who married Mary, one of Charles II.'s daughters by Mary Walters.

Bishop Burnet was a welcome visitor to the bedside of the dying Earl, who told him, at intervals, for he was in too feeble a condition to hold any prolonged speech, of the remorse with which he looked back upon his misspent life and its wasted opportunities,—of his deep contrition for having so offended his Maker and dishonoured his Redeemer,—and of the longing with which he turned to his God and crucified Saviour. He hoped to obtain the Divine mercy, for he knew and felt that he had sincerely repented; and after the storm and stress in which his mind had been tossed for weeks, he now enjoyed a heavenly calm. At one time he asked Burnet what he thought of the efficacy of a death-bed repentance. At another, he declared that, as for himself, he freely forgave all who had done him wrong; he bore ill will to no man, he had made arrangements for the payment of his debts, and suffered pain with cheerfulness. He was content to live or die, as God pleased; and though it was a foolish thing for a man to pretend to choose whether he would live or die, yet, so far as wishes went, he was fain to die and be at rest. He knew that he could never again recover his health so far that life would leave any comfort for him; and while he was confident he should be happy if he died, he feared that if he lived he might relapse. To his friends he sent affectionate messages, reminding them of the uncertain tenure of life, and enjoining them to publish to the world any circumstances connected with his own life and death which might possibly prove of benefit to others. It was his prayer, he said, that as by his life he had inflicted injury upon religion, he might at least do it some service by his death.

At the Bishop's hands he received the bread and wine

of the Holy Eucharist, his wife, for whom he expressed the most tender affection, participating with him. His children were brought to his bedside; he took leave of them lovingly, and bestowed upon them his solemn blessing. He sent, too, for all his servants, and while they surrounded his bed, declared to them in strong and simple words his regret for his dissolute life and pernicious opinions. At last, the slow decay came to an end; the flickering lamp of life went out; and this man of brilliant parts and rare gifts expired, in the thirty-third year of his age, on the 26th of July, 1680. He was interred by the side of his father in the north aisle of Spilsbury Church, Oxfordshire.

By his Countess, Rochester left four children; Charles, the third Earl, who died on the 12th of November, 1686, and with whom the title became extinct; Anne, whose second husband was Francis, the son of Fulke Greville, Lord Broke; Elizabeth, afterwards wife of Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich; and Mallet, who married John Vaughan, first Viscount Lisburne.

M. Taine's portrait of Rochester is painted in the darkest colours. Byron allows his Corsair "*one* virtue" as a set-off against his "thousand crimes," but Taine deals less mercifully with the dissolute Earl. Here is his incisive sketch:—

"His manners were those of a lawless and wretched mountebank; his delight was to haunt the stews, to debauch women, to write filthy songs and lewd pamphlets; he spent his time between gossipping with the maids of honour, broils with men of letters, the receiving of insults, the giving of blows. By way of playing the gallant he eloped with his wife before he married her. Out of a

spirit of bravado, he declined fighting a duel, and gained the name of a coward. For five years together he was said to be drunk. The spirit within him failing of a worthy outlet, plunged him into adventures more befitting a clown. Once with the Duke of Buckingham he rented an inn on the Newmarket road, and turned innkeeper, supplying the husbands with drink and defiling their wives. He introduced himself, disguised as an old woman, into the house of a miser, robbed him of his wife, and passed her on to Buckingham. The husband hanged himself; they made very merry over the affair. At another time he disguised himself as a chairman, then as a beggar, and paid court to the gutter-girls. He ended by turning a quack astrologer, and vendor of drugs for procuring abortion, in the suburbs. It was the licentiousness of a fervid imagination, which fouled itself as another would have adorned it, which forced its way into lewdness and folly as another would have done into sense and beauty."

All this may be, and, indeed, is true; but on the other side it is only fair to remember that this profligate wit was capable of generous actions, and had the grace, in his soberer moments, to be ashamed of the life he led, and of the waste of powers of which he was guilty. There is this excuse—we do not put it forward as altogether satisfactory—to be made for Rochester and his roistering companions; that with superabundant vitality, and all the energy and ripe vigour of their race, they had absolutely no fitting field of action open to them. Beyond the seas no such outlets for a spirit of adventure were open then as are open now; no great war braced up their manhood, and awakened their loftier impulses. Parliamentary

life offered no generous and elevating career; no healthy public opinion held in check their riotous and exuberant animalism. So they went into the streets and the stews, and there exhausted the gifts and graces which, under happier circumstances, might have done so much for their country and themselves. They were unfortunate in the age into which they were born. A century earlier, and they would have shone among the daring spirits who adorned the times of great Elizabeth. A century later, and their pulses would have been stirred by that inspiration of freedom and humanity which breathed a new life into the dry bones of the European nations. As it was, they came into an atmosphere of corruption and luxurious apathy, and sensual indulgence, the evil influence of which not even a Sidney or a Russell could wholly escape. We may and must condemn them, and yet something of pity may rightly mingle with our anger.

On the literary work of Rochester we are not prepared to say that M. Taine's criticism is wholly just. He makes no attempt to separate the golden grain from the worthless chaff, while he evidently accepts as Rochester's very much which belongs to other and even filthier writers.

"We cannot copy," he says, "even the titles of his poems; they were written only for the haunts of vice. Stendhal said that love is like a dried-up bough cast into a mine; the crystals cover it, spread out into filigree work, and end by converting the worthless stick into a sparkling tuft of the purest diamonds. Rochester begins by depriving love of all its adornment, and to make sure of grasping it, converts it into a stick. Every refined

sentiment, every fancy; the enchantment, the serene, sublime glow which transforms in a moment this wretched world of ours; the illusion which, uniting all the powers of our being, shows as perfection in a finite creature, and eternal bliss in a transient emotion, all has vanished; there remain but satiated appetites and palled senses. The worst of it is, that he writes without spirit, and methodically enough. He has no natural ardour, no picturesque sensuality; his satires prove him a disciple of Boileau. Nothing is more disgusting than obscenity in cold blood. We can endure the obscene works of Giulio Romano, and his Venetian voluptuousness, because in them genius sets off sensuality, and the loveliness of the splendid coloured draperies transforms an orgie into a work of art.* We pardon Rabelais, when we have entered into the deep current of manly joy and vigour, with which his feasts abound. We can hold our nose and have done with it, while we follow with admiration, and even sympathy, the torrent of ideas and fancies which flows through his mire. But to see a man trying to be elegant and remaining obscene, endeavouring to paint the sentiments of a navvy in the language of a man of the world, who tries to find a suitable metaphor for every kind of filth, who plays the blackguard studiously and deliberately, who, excused neither by genuine feeling, nor the glow of fancy, nor knowledge, nor genius, degrades a good style of writing to such work; it is like a rascal who sets himself to sully a set of gems in a gutter. The

* But Giulio Romano, and the writers who write as Romano painted, are infinitely more dangerous than Rochester. Evelyn saw that the insinuated sensuality of "gentle Etherege" and Sedley was more corrupting than Rochester's open lewdness. As for Rabelais, he descends into depths into which even Rochester would hardly have followed him.

end of all is but disgust and illness. While La Fontaine continues to the last day capable of tenderness and happiness, this man at the age of thirty insults the weaker sex with spiteful malignity:—

> 'When she is young, she whores herself for sport;
> And when she's old, she bawds for her support.
> She is a snare, a shamble, and a stews;
> Her meat and sauce she does for lechery choose,
> And does in laziness delight the more,
> Because by that she is provoked to whore.
> Ungrateful, treacherous, enviously inclined,
> Wild beasts are tamed, floods easier far confined,
> Than is her stubborn and rebellious mind . . .
> Her temper so extravagant we find,
> She hates, or is impertinently kind.
> Would she be grave, she then looks like a devil,
> And like a fool or whore, when she be civil. . . .
> Contentious, wicked, and not fit to trust,
> And covetous to spend it on her lust.'

What a confession is such a judgment! what an abstract of life! You see the roisterer stupified at the end of his career, dried up like a mummy, eaten away by ulcers. Amid the choruses, the crude satires, the remembrance of plans miscarried, the sullied enjoyments which are heaped up in his wearied brain as in a sink, the fear of damnation is persecuting; he dies a devotee at the age of thirty-three."

That Rochester's coarse lines embody a libel on woman we readily admit, but Rochester drew from the women he was acquainted with—the shameless harlots, the abandoned adulteresses, who made Charles's Court hideous. See them in the pages of Hamilton and Pepys,* and you feel that the wonder is, not that Rochester wrote of

* One specimen will suffice:—"Here," says Pepys, "I first understood by their talk the meaning of company that were lately called Ballers; Harris telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, where he was among them, and my Lady Burnet and her ladies; and *their dancing naked*, and all the roguish things in the world."

them with such savage cynicism, but that he did not rather curse them as the cause of his indecency. How different might have been his life and death had he but had the good fortune to fall under the purifying influence of some woman worthy of the name! if he had lived among the Violas and Imogens of Shakespeare instead of among the Lucys and Lady Dapperwits of Wycherley!

Rochester was unquestionably a man of versatile genius, who, with wider culture and more knowledge of men and manners, might have added something considerable to his country's literature. As it was, he expended himself, when at his best and sanest, upon trifles. He had no earnest ambition, no lofty purpose; he took no serious view of life; it was enough for him if he pleased a mistress with a dainty love-song or stung a rival with an epigram. Yet his natural vigour and strength were such that epigram and love-song had almost always in them a true poetic touch. Unhappily his writings are stained by the lewdness which then permeated the social life of the English upper classes, and the wit and fancy which were capable of really noble work were degraded to the level of the bagnio. But we must again remind the reader that a large proportion of the coarse and indelicate verses ascribed to Rochester were not written by him, and that the only authentic edition of his works is that which was published in 1691.

When he chose he could write with a grace, a playfulness, and a rhythmical flow worthy of all praise. For instance, the freshness, the tender exaggeration, the simple sweetness of the following song must be felt by every reader, and especially by the reader who is still in the flush of his first true passion:—

"My dear Mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses,
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses;
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder."

He manages double-syllable endings with happy facility. Can anything be more fluent and graceful than this?—

"When on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin,
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or you learn mine of loving;
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure,
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquished dies with pleasure."

In his lyric on "The Bowl" there is evidence of a facile fancy, while the versification is perfect in its musical flow and exquisite choice of words:—

THE BOWL.

"Contrive me, Vulcan, such a cup
As Nestor used of old,
Show all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

Make it so large that, filled with sack
  Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on that delicious lake,
  Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave not battle on his cheek,
  With war I've nought to do,
I'm none of those that took Maestrick,
  Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no name of planets tell,
  Fixed stars or constellations,
For I am no Sir Sindrophel,
  Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine ;
  Then add two lovely boys:
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
  The types of future joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
  May Drink and Love still reign,
With wine I wash away my care,
  And then to love again."

One more specimen of his powers as a lyrist, which we take as foisted by him upon Fletcher's tragedy of "Valentinian." A comparison of it with Fletcher's own lyrics will illustrate the singular change in the spirit and form of English poetry which had been effected in half a century *:—

Nymph.

"Injurious charmer of my vanquished heart,
  Canst thou feel love, and yet no pity know ?
Since of myself from thee I cannot part,
  Invent some gentle way to let me go;
    For what with joy thou didst obtain,
      And I with more did give,
    In time will make thee false and vain,
      And me unfit to live."

* Fletcher died in 1625—twenty-two years before Rochester's birth, and fifty-five before his death.

Shepherd.

"Frail angel, that wouldst leave a heart forlorn,
  With vain pretence Falsehood therein might lie,
Seek not to cast wild shadows o'er your scorn,
  You cannot sooner change than I can die;
    To tedious life I'll never fall,
      Thrown from thy dear-loved breast !
    He merits not to live at all
      Who cares to live unblest."

"With Rochester," says Mr. Gosse, "the power of writing songs died in England until the age of Blake and Burns. He was the last of the Cavalier lyrists, and in some respects the best. In the qualities that a song demands, simplicity, brevity, pathos, and tenderness, he arrives nearer to pure excellence than any one between Carew and Burns. His style is without adornment, and, save in this one matter of song-writing, he is weighed down by the dryness and insufficiency of his age. But by the side of Sedley or of Congreve he seems as fresh as by the side of Dryden he seems light and flowing, turning his trill of song brightly and sweetly, with the consummate artlessness of true art."

His satires are vigorous enough, but so stained with licentiousness that we cannot quote from them. We note, however, a terse and telling allusion to Charles II. as

"A merry monarch, scandalous and poor."

Modern readers will hardly agree with Johnson that the poem "On Nothing" (suggested, perhaps, by the French poet, Passerat's, "Nihil") is "the strongest effort of his muse ;" but it contains some ingenious quips and quiddities:—

"Nothing ! thou elder brother even to shade,
  Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,
  And, well fixed, art alone of ending not afraid. . . .

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee."

Rochester's prose style was excellent. His letters are among the best in the language; they are written with so much clearness, pertinency, force, and such happy terms of expression. Here is one addressed to a reckless man of pleasure, like himself, Sir Henry Saville:—

"Whether Love, Wine, or Wisdom, which rule you by turns, have the present ascendant, I cannor pretend to determine at this distance; but Good Nature, which waits about you with more diligence than Godfrey himself, is my security that you are not unmindful of your former friends. To be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a misfortune I never was criminal enough to merit, since to the black and fair countesses I villanously betrayed the daily addresses of your divided heart. You forgave that upon the first bottle, and upon the second, on my conscience, would have renounced the whole sex. Oh! that second bottle, Henry, is the sincerest, wisest, and most impartial downright friend we have; tells us truth of ourselves, and forces us to speak truth of others; banishes flattery from our tongues and distrust from our hearts; sets us above the mean policy of court prudence, which makes us lie to one another all day, for fear of being betrayed by others at night. And before God I believe the arrantest villain breathing is honest as long as that bottle lives, and few of that tribe dare venture upon him, at least among the courtiers and statesmen. I have seriously considered one thing, that of the three businesses

of this age—women, politics, and drinking, the last is the only exercise at which you and I have not proved ourselves arrant fumblers. If you have the vanity to think otherwise, when we meet next, let us appeal to friends of both sexes, and, as they shall determine, live and die mere drunkards or entire lovers: for, as we mingle the matter, it is hard to say which is the most tiresome creature, the loving drunkard or the drunken lover."

"Bath, the 22nd of June."

But his letters to his wife possess an additional charm; the charm of an affectionate nature. They are tender, playful, and loving. It is impossible to read them without forming a strong impression that their writer had in him the germs of abundant good, and, under happier social conditions, or had his life been fortunately inspired by some noble motive, would have done justice to his rich endowments of mind and person. He was the victim, so far as any man can be, who, after all, has, to a certain extent, his fate in his own hands, of circumstances. It was his misfortune, while young, to be thrown into the midst of a dissolute Court, and to be entangled in a web of temptation from which he never succeeded in extricating himself. His very virtues and engaging qualities—his wit, his high-bred manners, his fascinating conversation, his generosity—helped him on to his ruin. But no severer condemnation of the profligate society cherished by Charles II. can be found, or is needed, than that which is supplied by the wrecked life and dishonoured name of Rochester.

Of his letters to his wife, who, be it said, was fully worthy of them, we give some specimens:—

"WIFE,

"I am very glad to hear news from you, and I think it very good when I hear you are well; pray be pleased to send me word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may show you how good a husband I can be; I would not have you so formal as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of everything that it is as you would have it.

"'Tis not an easy thing to be entirely happy; but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to me; you have practised that so long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget it; but to show that I myself have a sense of what the methods of my life seemed so utterly to contradict, I must not be too wise about my own follies, or else this letter had been a book dedicated to you, and published to the world. It will be more pertinent to tell you, that very shortly the King goes to Newmarket, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury; in the meantime, think of anything you would have me do, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

"Mr. Morgan I have sent on this errand, because he plays the rogue here in town so extremely, that he is not to be endured; pray, if he behaves himself so at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him. Pray, let Ned come up to town; I have a little business with him, and he shall be back in a week.

"Wonder not that I have not written to you all this while, for it was hard for me to know what to write upon several accounts; but in this I will only desire you not to be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of

you, since, being mere imaginations, they will as easily vanish, as they were groundlessly created; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of me in your other letter, shall punctually be performed. You must, I think, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Aylesbury, as I told you in my last letter. I am very dull at this time, and therefore think it pity in this humour to testify myself to you any further. Only, dear wife, I am your humble servant,

"ROCHESTER."

There is a pleasant lively humour in the following:—

"From our tub at Mrs. Forward's, this 18th of Oct.

"WIFE,

"We are now in bed, so that we are not in a condition of writing either according to thy merit or our desert. We therefore do command thy benign acceptance of these our letters, in what way soever by us inscribed or not directed, willing thee therewithal to assure our sole daughter and her issue female, the Lady Anne Tart, of our best respects. This with your care and diligence, in the execution of our firmans, is at present the utmost of our will and pleasure.

"I went away like a rascal without taking leave, dear wife. It is an unpolished way of proceeding, which a modest man ought to be ashamed of. I have left you a prey to your own imaginations amongst my relations, the worst of damnations. But there will come an hour of deliverance, till when, may my mother be merciful unto you. The small share I could spare you out of my pocket

I have sent as a debt to Mrs. Rouse: within a week or ten days I return you more.

"Pray write as often as you have leisure to your

"ROCHESTER."

In the next specimen a little soreness is evident:—

"MY WIFE,

"The difficulties of pleasing your Ladyship do increase so fast upon me, and are grown so numerous, that, to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, it would appear a madness ever to attempt it more. But through your frailties mine ought not to multiply. You may therefore secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can. I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with me; for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust me less and have reserves, it has been out of my power to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them. At a distance, I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering it by word of mouth; if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be useful to you, I will show my readiness as to my own part; and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the fault of your humble servant,

"ROCHESTER."

His letters to his son are not less admirable:—

"I hope, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shown in being obedient and diligent.

You are now grown big enough to be a man, if you can be wise enough; for the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven years, and according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me; dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be so are my constant prayers.

"ROCHESTER."

"Charles, I take it very kindly that you write me, though seldom, and wish heartily you would behave yourself so as that I might show how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you.

"ROCHESTER."

Such was this brilliant man of fashion, in his happier and worthier moods, and under the purifying influence of the sweet Home affections.*

* Dr. Johnson, "Lives of the Poets," *sub voce*; "Poems by Earl of Rochester," ed. 1691; "Some Passages in the Life and Death of John, Earl of Rochester," by Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury (1680); Pepys' "Diary;" Evelyn, "Diary;" etc., etc.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

The pseudo-romance attaching to the career of this splendid but wayward noble has given him a remarkable place in our literature. It has been his strange fortune to have had his memory preserved by the genius of Dryden, Pope, and Scott. It cannot be said that the portraits they have drawn present him in flattering colours, but they have seized the popular imagination, so that it may well be doubted whether George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is not the best known of all the figures that played their parts in the tragi-comedy of Charles the Second's reign. Before we attempt a sketch of his life we shall bring together these skilfully elaborated "characters" of the brilliant Duke, together with some other notices, showing the light in which historians have agreed to regard him.

Everybody knows that he is the Zimri of Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," and in that fine satire no other portrait is drawn with more care or point. It has all the terseness of an epigram; its compact and vigorous couplets *make* themselves remembered; and their irresistible force leaves us no time to doubt their truth:—

"Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:

So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be brief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:*
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

Not less finished is Pope's antithetical description of the mean and obscure death of the once brilliant Duke:—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry King.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more—
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!"

Says Horace Walpole, speaking of the Duke:—"His portrait has been drawn by four masterly hands: Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel—Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finishes while it seems but to sketch—Dryden catched the living likeness—Pope completed the historical resemblance." He has also attempted it himself:—"When this extraordinary man," he says, "with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could

* "Absalom:" the Duke of Monmouth. "Achitophel:" the Earl of Shaftesbury.

equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty King and his solemn Chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots, one laments that such parts should have been devoid of any virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends, contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character."

Bishop Burnet describes him as "a man of noble presence. He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule, with bold figures, and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature, only he was drawn into chemistry; and for some years he thought he was very near the finding of the philosopher's stone, which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship; pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing; for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct; he could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, though then the greatest in England. He was bred about the King, and for many years he had a great ascendant over him; but he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last be became contemptible and poor,

sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects; so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted."

In still blacker colours the unfortunate Duke is painted by Butler, the author of "Hudibras," who thus revenged himself upon a man he hated:—"The Duke of Bucks," he says, "is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His parts are disproportionate to the whole; and, like a monster, he has more of some, and less of others, than he should have. He has pulled down all that nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a model of his own. He has dammed up all those lights that nature made into the noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loop-holes backward, by turning day into night, and night into day. His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that longs to eat that which was never made for food, or a girl in the green sickness, that eats chalk and mortar. Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled his mind with bad and vicious humours (as well as his body with a nursery of diseases), which makes him affect new and extravagant ways, as being sick and tired with the old. Continual wine, women, and music put false values upon things, which, by custom, become habitual, and debauch his understanding so, that he retains no right notion nor sense of things. And as the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much used to it; so his pleasures require a larger proportion of excess and variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the new style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great

observer of the Tartar customs, and never eats till the Great Cham, having dined, makes proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not dwell in his house, but haunts it like an evil spirit, that walks all night, to disturb the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time as men do their ways in the dark: and as blind men are led by their dogs, so is he goverened by some mean servant or other, that relates to his pleasures. He is as inconstant as the moon which he lives under; and although he does nothing but advise with his pillers all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the rest of the world. His mind entertains all things very freely that come and go, but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors, who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus, with St. Paul, though in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. He deforms nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less patience than other men do their pains." *

In his "Memoirs of Count Grammont," Count Hamilton, whose touch is exact and incisive, light as it appears, in his scandalous chronicle of Frances Stewart, says:—"The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the King; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to

* Butler, "Posthumous Works," ii., 72,

insinuate himself with Miss Stewart," who was very childish in her behaviour and amusements, and delighted in building houses of cards, "as playful children do." She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. Now, according to Hamilton, the Duke "who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; and the Duke was both the father and the mother of scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he could act all parts with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable. . . He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was. Although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were bestowed only on his wit and drollery."

The master-hand of Scott has portrayed the splendidly wayward Duke with wonderful power and fidelity in his romance of "Peveril of the Peak." The reader will remember the scene in which the pretended Mauritanian sorceress addresses the Duke with so much boldness. "What are you?" she says. "Nay, frown not; for you must hear the truth for once. Nature has done its part, and made a fair outside, and courtly education hath added its share. You are noble, it is the accident of birth—handsome, it is the caprice of nature—generous, because to give is more easy than to refuse—well-ap-

parelled, it is to the credit of your tailor—well-natured in the main, because you have youth and health—brave, because to be otherwise were to be degraded—and witty, because you cannot help it. . . . I have neither allowed you a heart nor a head. . . . Nay, never redden as you would fly at me. I say not but nature may have given you both; but folly has confounded the one, and selfishness perverted the other."

With these estimates before us of his complex character, we proceed to sketch the career of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

George Villiers, son of the first Duke of Buckingham of that family, was born at Wallingford House, St. James's Park, on the 30th of January, 1627. His mother was Lady Catherine Manners, and the daughter and heiress of the wealthy Earl of Rutland. Thus, while to his father he owed the proudest title of any subject in England, he was indebted to his mother for the greatest estate. He was only a year and a half old when his father fell beneath the knife of Felton, and public wrongs were avenged by individual enmity. His younger brother, Lord Francis Villiers, was a posthumous child. The two brothers were educated with the children of Charles I., and at an early age entered Trinity College, Cambridge. But the outbreak of the Civil War kindled their loyal and chivalrous sympathies; and, suddenly abandoning their studies, they left the University and repaired to the royal camp, just before the attack upon Lichfield. For this imprudent exhibition of fidelity they were punished by the confiscation of their estates; which, however, the Parliament very soon returned them in generous recognition of the fact that they were young and inexperienced. They

were then sent to travel abroad, under the care of their tutor, a Mr. Aylesbury, and the young Duke dazzled the nobles of France and Italy by the splendid state which he maintained. Their chief stay was made at Florence and at Rome, where the Duke studied mathematics under Abraham Woodhead, the Roman Catholic controversialist. When, at a later period, Woodhead was ejected from his fellowship in University College, Oxford, by the influence of the dominant faction, his former pupil generously lodged him at York House.

The two brothers returned to England in 1648, when the Civil War was in its last throes. Though the King's cause was hopeless, they gallantly joined the small force assembled by Lord Holland, who appointed the Duke his master of the horse. Closely pressed by the Commonwealth soldiers, under Colonel Rich, the little band of cavaliers fell back towards Kingston in Surrey; but at Nonsuch, near Ewell, were overtaken and defeated (July 7th). This was the last stroke struck on behalf of Charles I. Lord Holland was taken prisoner; Lord Francis Villiers slain, while, with his back to a tree, and refusing quarter, he fought against overwhelming numbers. On this elm (says Aubrey), which was cut down in 1680, was carved an ill-shaped V for Villiers, in memory of the brave young noble.*

* Two different versions of the circumstances of his death are on record. Brian Fairfax, in his "Memoirs of the Duke of Buckingham" (p. 17), says:—"My Lord Francis, at the head of his troop, having his horse slain under him, got to an *oak* tree in the highway about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it, defending himself, scorning to ask quarter, and they barbarously refusing to give it; till with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the two first letters of his name, F. V., cut in it to this day." On the other hand, Ludlow, in his "Memoirs" (i. 256), tells a more scandalous story:—"The Lord Francis, presuming perhaps that his beauty would have charmed the soldiers, as it had done Mrs. Kirke, for whom he had made a splendid entertainment the night before he left the

Meanwhile, the Duke made his way towards St. Neot's, attended by Tobias Rustat;* but the house in which he took refuge was presently surrounded by the enemy, and perceiving that only in a desperate measure lay any means of safety, he dashed through the leaguer, sword in hand, and effected his escape. By way of London he gained the sea coast, and embarking in a fishing-boat, joined Prince Charles, who, with a small squadron, was cruising in the Downs. The Parliament called upon him to surrender within forty days; but he gallantly adhered to the royal cause, and was accordingly deprived of his vast estates. This, we must own, was a trial of loyalty which few young men of twenty would have been able to withstand, and that there was something noble in the Duke's nature we may fairly argue from his loyalty under such harsh conditions.

Something was saved for the young Duke out of the wreck of his fortunes. An old servant, one John Trailman, who had been allowed to remain at York House, succeeded, by the exercise of great pains and ingenuity, in forwarding to him at Antwerp the valuable collection of pictures formed by the first Duke during his travels in Italy. By the sale of these pictures Buckingham supported himself while in exile.

When the Scots invited Charles II. to take possession of his Northern Kingdom, Buckingham was the only Englishman of quality they permitted to accompany him; and many lively stories are told of the ridicule which, in

town, and made her a present of plate to the value of a thousand pounds, stayed behind his company, when unseasonably daring the troopers, and refusing to take quarter, he was killed, and after his death there was found upon him some of the hair of Mrs. Kirke sewed in a piece of ribbon that hung next his skin."

* Afterwards groom of the bedchamber to Charles II.

private, he and the young monarch lavished on the sour faces, canting language, and rigid tenets of the Covenanters. At Worcester Field he fought bravely by the King's side (September 3, 1656); and after the battle was lost, accompanied him in his flight as far as Boscobel House. There he parted from him; and, with Lords Derby and Lauderdale, went northward, in the hope of overtaking General Lesley, with the main body of the Scottish horse. After dispersing a small body of the Commonwealth troops under Colonel Blundel, they were encountered, near Newport, by Colonel Lilburn's regiment, and the two Earls were taken prisoners. Buckingham, and half-a-dozen other Cavaliers, abandoning their horses, crept along the lanes and fields to a wood at Blowe Park, where the Duke, having placed his George (given him by Queen Henrietta Maria) in safe custody, exchanged clothes with a labourer, and was conveyed by Nicholas Matthews, a carpenter, to Bilstrop, in Nottinghamshire. There he was hospitably entertained by a "hearty cavalier" named Hawley, and after rest and refreshment, proceeded to his kinswoman, Lady Villiers, at Brooksby, in Lincolnshire. Finally, after enduring many hardships, he reached London in safety.

The strain of waywardness in his nature which did so much to neutralise the value of his gifts of mind and person here first showed itself. It might have been thought that, at the very head-quarters of his enemies, he would have lived in privacy and chosen some obscure retreat; but, if a gossiping chronicler of the times may be credited, he attired himself as a mountebank, and played his antics in the most public places. "He caused himself to be made a Jack Pudding's coat, a little hat with a fox's tail in it, and adorned with cock's

feathers. Sometimes he appeared in a wizard's mask; sometimes he had his face bedaubed with flour, sometimes with lamp-black, as the fancy took him. He had a stage erected at Charing Cross, where he was attended by violins and puppet-players. Every day he produced ballads of his own composition upon what passed in town, wherein he himself often had a share. These he sung before several thousands of spectators, who every day came to see and hear him. He also sold mithridate and his galbanum plaister in this great city, in the midst of his enemies, whilst we were obliged to fly, and to conceal ourselves in some hole or other." It is impossible that Buckingham's proceedings can have been unknown to the authorities; but the Commonwealth Government were probably content to ignore the freaks of a young man of twenty-three, so long as he abstained from political intrigues.

Growing weary of this amusement, Buckingham suddenly left London, and hastened to cross over to France. Incapable of rest or repose, he joined the French army as a volunteer, and won distinction by his gallantry at the sieges of Arras and Valenciennes.

About this time Parliament conferred on Sir Thomas Fairfax a large portion of the Buckingham estates, some of which, however, the Puritan general had the grace to restore to the Duchess. Then to the excitable imagination of the young Duke occurred an idea worthy of a Don Quixote or any of the heroes of the old chivalry. He proposed to himself to recover his patrimonial inheritance by the simple process of wedding Mary Fairfax, the General's only daughter and heiress. To be sure, as a preliminary it was needful to see and be seen; which was

no easy matter in the case of an exile. And further, if the youny lady's consent were obtained, the sanction of the father was indispensable, and that this would be forthcoming was by no means a certain result. But to triumph over difficulties was Buckingham's great delight, and at length, in the summer of 1657, he boldly crossed over to England, and appeared before Fairfax as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The young lady was charmed, no doubt, by the romance of the adventure, and speedily won by the graceful manners and lively conversation of her handsome gallant. Nor was her father averse to the match. He was somewhat troubled in conscience by the possession of the confiscated estates, which would thus return to their legitimate owner in a natural and facile manner; and as he was himself of aristocratic descent, he was by no means unwilling that his daughter should occupy the highest position in the English nobility. The marriage accordingly took place on the 7th of September, 1657, at Fairfax's seat of New Appleton, near York. Cromwell, when he heard of it, committed Buckingham to the Tower, and refused his release when petitioned for it by Fairfax. The following is the purport of the reply to the General's memorial:—

"At the Council at Whitehall.

"Tuesday, 17th November, 1657.

"His Highness having communicated to the Council that the Lord Fairfax made address to him, with some desires on behalf of the Duke of Buckingham: Ordered, that the resolves and Act of Parliament, in the case of the said Duke, be communicated to the Lord Fairfax, as the grounds of the Council's proceedings touching the said

Duke; and that there be withal signified to the Lord Fairfax, the Council's civil respects to his lordship's own person. That the Earl of Mulgrave, the Lord Deputy Fleetwood, and the Lord Strickland, be desired to deliver a message from the Council to the Lord Fairfax, to the effect aforesaid.

"HENRY SCOBELL, Clerk of the Council."

On the accession of Richard Cromwell, in 1658, the Duke was removed to Windsor Castle, and allowed to enjoy the company of the poet Cowley, whose acquaintance he had made while a student at Cambridge. Early in the following year he obtained his release, through the influence of his powerful friends. In the *Mercurius Politicus* for February 21st, 1658-9, is the following entry:—

"The humble petition of George Duke of Buckingham was this day read. Resolved, That George Duke of Buckingham, now prisoner at Windsor Castle, upon his engagement upon his honour at the bar of this House, and upon the engagement of Lord Fairfax, in twenty thousand pounds, that the said Duke shall peaceably demean himself for the future, and shall not join with, or abet, or have any correspondence with, any of the enemies of the Lord Protector, and of this Commonwealth, in any of the parts beyond the sea, or within this Commonwealth, shall be discharged of his imprisonment and restraint; and that the Governor of Windsor Castle be required to bring the said Duke of Buckingham to the bar of this House on Wednesday next, to engage his honour accordingly. Ordered, that the security of twenty thousand pounds to be given by the Lord Fairfax, on the behalf of the Duke of Buckingham, be taken in the name of his Highness the Lord Protector."

After his release the young Duke retired to his father-in-law's seat at New Appleton, where, with his wonderful faculty for adapting himself to the most novel conditions, he lived the quiet and orderly life of a country squire of the old school, and gained the esteem of Fairfax by his Puritanical professions. This was a happy time for the Duchess, who was afterwards to suffer so much from his gross infidelities. It was her misfortune that nature had not fitted her to retain the affections of her volatile husband. Her person was far from prepossessing—she is spoken of as "lean, brown, and little"—while she had neither the fascination of manner nor the vivacity of conversation in which the absence of physical attractions is forgotten. All that can be said of her—and it is no mean praise—is that she was pure and amiable; but purity and amiability were not the womanly qualities most admired by George, Duke of Buckingham.

At the Restoration Buckingham recovered his estates, and was appointed a member of the Privy Council, as well as Master of the Horse, a Lord of the Bedchamber, and Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire. At once he plunged into the career of profligacy and pleasure by which his name is best remembered. For shining in a Court like Charles II's., he possessed every qualification. High birth, rank, and abundant wealth; a handsome countenance and well-knit figure; while the charm of his address was irresistible, and no one excelled him in pointing an epigram or turning a compliment. He moved with an easy elegance, which drew all eyes upon him as he sauntered into the presence chamber or aired his graces in the Mall. "No man," says Madame Dunois, "was ever handsomer, or more nicely made; and there was such an attraction in his conversation that he

pleased more by his wit than even by his person. His words subdued every heart; he seemed borne for gallantry and magnificence, and in both respects surpassed all the lords of the English Court."

Buckingham's pursuits were as various as his talents. He dabbled in alchemy, and amused himself with the vain dream of discovering the philosopher's stone; he scribbled with careless fluency lampoons and love-songs; he lavished large sums of money in building—an amusement as fascinating and as dangerous as gambling, in which he also indulged; he patronised poets and made love to frail beauties; he led the fashion in gay and gorgeous costumes; and at Court he was foremost in every intrigue and the moving spirit in every startling exploit. In this way he contrived to get rid of his vast income, until to meet his expenditure he was compelled to mortgage his estates, and borrow money at usurious rates from the Jews. Of the buffoonery with which he at times condescended to divert the king an instance will suffice. On one occasion he entered the royal presence attired as the Lord Chancellor—whom he hated—mimicking his stately gait and his habit of puffing out his cheeks; a pair of bellows hanging before him for the purse, while Colonel Titus, as mace-bearer, preceded him with a fire-shovel on his shoulders. The imitation was so perfect that the spectators were convulsed with laughter.

It would not be interesting, and assuredly it would be far from profitable, to dwell upon the amours of this volatile man of pleasure. He was by no means the most profligate of Charles's profligate Court, but one of his engagements was attended with consequences which has given it a sinister importance. Among the beautiful women

of the time a foremost place was held by Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, whose name had already figured in many a *chronique scandaleuse* before she became the mistress of Buckingham. As both parties were notorious for their fickleness, it was generally believed that the intrigue would be of brief duration; nevertheless it lasted for years, and it may be doubted whether the frail Countess was not the only woman for whom Buckingham felt a real attachment.

"The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury," says Hamilton, "remained for a long period both happy and contented: never before had her constancy been of so long a duration; nor had he ever been so submissive and respectful a lover. This continued until Lord Shrewsbury, who never before had shown the least uneasiness at his lady's misconduct, now chose to resent it: true, it was public enough, but less dishonourable to her than any of her former intrigues. Poor Lord Shrewsbury, too polite a man to make any reproaches to his wife, was resolved to have redress for his injured honour. He accordingly challenged the Duke of Buckingham; and the Duke of Buckingham, as a reparation for his honour, having killed him upon the spot, remained a peaceable possessor of this famous Helen" (January 16th, 1667).*

* Pepys has the following entry in his Diary, January 17th, 1667:—"Much discourse of the duel yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one Jenkins on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard, on the other side; and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barn Elms, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his arms; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good counsellors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemaine do

Lord Shrewsbury was not killed on the spot, but, having been run through the body from the right breast to the shoulder, died of the wound on the 16th of March. The affair is tragical enough in this brief statement of it, and supplies a moral which anyone may read; but we may possibly dismiss as invented embellishments the stories that the shameless woman for whom so much blood was shed held the Duke's horse during the combat, attired as a page, and that afterwards the Duke passed the night with her in his bloody shirt. For the credit of human nature let us hope that these horrible circumstances are not true. Without them the narrative is dark enough, and fills the mind with wonder that the chief characters who figure in it were not overwhelmed with the anger and detestation of society. Parliament, it is true, took some slight notice of the double adultery and murder, faintly remembering the maxim that "Noblesse oblige." Buckingham was called to the bar of the House of Peers for "scandalously living with Lady Shrewsbury as man and wife, he being a married man; and for having killed my Lord Shrewsbury, after he had debauched his wife;" but it does not appear that any public censure was pronounced upon him.

Two months after the death of her husband, the Duke installed the Countess in his own house. For the first time in her married life the Duchess found courage to

rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham: though this is a time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the King had some notion of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord General to confine the Duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the general trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it; and the King trusted to the general. And it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too; and that may make it much worse for the Duke of Buckingham: and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government."

protest against the dishonour done her, and angrily protested that it was impossible she could live under the same roof with her husband's paramour. "So I thought, Madam," said the Duke, coldly, "and have therefore ordered your coach to convey you to your father." It has been stated that the Duke was married to the Countess by his chaplain, Dr. Sprat; but as the illegal act would have placed him in the power of his enemies, we may dismiss the tale as without foundation. He had a son by the Countess, to whom the King was weak enough and shameless enough to stand godfather. Buckingham bestowed on him his second title of Earl of Coventry; but the child died at an early age.

There can be no question that the Countess, by her wit and beauty, exercised over the fickle Duke a very considerable influence. The French Ambassador thought it worth his while to secure her good offices for political purposes, and it is on record that he presented her with a gratuity of 10,000 livres. A pension was afterwards settled upon her by the French Court, and she then undertook that "she would make Buckingham comply with King Charles in all things."

That he was capable of better things, and, if he had concentrated his powers, could have done some worthy work in English literature, was shown by his amazingly clever burlesque of "The Rehearsal," produced at the King's Theatre in 1671. Its merits are very great: it is original in design, is witty, decent, well written, and skilfully constructed. Its vigorous protest against the extravagance and lewdness of the Caroline drama was urgently needed, for Dryden and Sir Robert Howard had flooded the stage with nonsensical and indecent rant.

It was in just ridicule of this hyperbolical absurdity that Buckingham wrote his "Rehearsal,"* produced at the Theatre Royal on 7th of December, 1671. Its success was immediate, "the very popularity of the plays ridiculed aiding," as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, "the effect of the satire, since everybody had in their recollection the originals of the passages parodied;" and the heroic drama eventually sank under the effectual blows levelled at it by the satirist.

"The Rehearsal" is, of course, in five acts, but it has no plot; the characters come and go without any interdependence upon each other's actions. These characters are Bayes,† Johnson, and Smith; the Two Kings of Brentford (an allusion, perhaps, to Charles II. and his brother, the Duke); Prince Prettyman, Prince Volscius; Gentleman Usher; Physician; Drawcansir (to rhyme with Dryden's Almanzor); General and Lieutenant-General; Cordelia, Tom Thimble, Fisherman, Sun, Thunder, Players, Soldiers, Two Heralds, Four Cardinals, Mayor, Judges, Sergeants-at-Arms; Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, Pallas, Lightning, Morn, Earth. The scene is laid at Brentford, and the first act opens with a dialogue between Smith, a countryman, and Johnson, a citizen, upon plays. To them enters Bayes, who presently informs them that the last rehearsal of a new play of his is fixed for that very morning, and invites them to attend. They are well pleased to do so, and thenceforth Bayes, throughout the piece, acts as a kind of Chorus, explaining

* In conjunction, it is said, with Martin Clifford, Master of the Charter House, Dr. Sprat, Butler, and others.

† At first Sir Richard Howard, under the name of Bilboa, was the hero. Then Davenant was substituted, and as he was poet laureate, Bayes was substituted for Bilboa. Finally, Dryden, as the chief author of heroic plays, was selected as the object of ridicule.

everything that takes place on the stage. There is a little joke about Amarillis: as she wears armour, Bayes will call her Armarillis, and then he proceeds:—

"Look you, sir, the chief hinge of the play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the thing in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two Kings to be of the same place: as, for example, at Brentford; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these Kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree (I know not whether I make myself well understood).

John.—I did not observe you, sir; pray say that again.

Bayes.—Why, look you, sir (nay, I beseech, you be a little curious in taking notice of this; or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing); the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the Sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people, make a certain kind of a—you understand me—upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that— In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[*Exit to call the Players.*

Smith.—I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Enter BAYES.

Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either; that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue* (do you mark?); nay, they may both serve too, I'gad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith.—Very well; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes.—And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue? For, you must know there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues: the one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to—a—in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors; the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hawk upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherwise, I'gad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furred cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, that if out of good nature they will not like my play, I'gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping—a—

* An allusion to the two Prologues to the "Maiden Queen."

Smith.—Ay, but suppose they don't.

Bayes.—Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, sir; I'gad, not one jot, sir. Suppose quoth a!—ha, ha, ha! [*Walks away.*"

The dialogue then turns on the various devices contrived for securing the applause of an audience; and with the introduction of Thunder and Lightning to speak the Prologue, the first act ends. A lively parody occurs in this part of the scene:—

"*Bayes.*—I have made too, one of the most delicate dainty similes in the whole world, I'gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith.—Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes.—'Tis an allusion to Love.

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky:
Boar beckons Sow to trot in chestnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinished loves.
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snort and gruntle to each other's moan."*

The second act introduces the Gentleman Usher and Physician of the two Kings, who converse in whispers—a hit at Davenant's "Play-house to be Let" and at "The Amorous Prince"—on matters of State, and then go off, without having in any way advanced the action. The two Kings enter, hand-in-hand—"speak French to show their breeding"—and quickly exeunt. Prince Prettyman next appears:—

"*Prince.*—How strange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
My love, I cannot; that is too divine:
And against fate what mortal dares repine?

*Of Dryden's "Conquest of Granada," part ii., a. i., s. 2.:—

"So two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gathering in the sky.
Each call his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving in murmurs their unfinished loves.
Perched on some drooping branch they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's moan."

Enter CLORIS.

But here she comes.
Since 'tis some blazing Count, is it not? [*Lies down.*

Bayes.—Blazing Count! mark that. I'gad, very fine.

Pret.—But I am so surprised with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*Sleeps.**

Bayes.—Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep just in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swop falls asleep, as you see. Now here she must make a *simile*.

Bayes.—But she's surprised.† That's a general rule: you must ever make a simile when you are surprised; 'tis the new way of writing.

Cloris.—As some tall Pine which we on Etna find
I have stood the rage of many a boisterous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away;
He spreads his wasted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears. [*Exit.*

Bayes.—I am afraid, gentlemen, this scene has made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smith.—No, truly, sir, my spirits are almost exhaled too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

PRINCE PRETTYMAN *starts up, and says*—

Pret.—It is resolved. [*Exit.*

Smith.—Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you a question, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes.—O Lord, sir, you may ask me what you please. I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, sir.

Smith.—Then, pray, sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolved in his sleep?

Bayes.—Why, I must confess, that question is well enough asked, for one that is not acquainted with this our way of writing. But you must know, sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-writers, whereas they keep their *intrigs* secret till the very last scene before the dance; I now, sir, do you mark me?—a—

Smith.—Begin the play, and end it, without ever opening the plot at all?

Bayes.—I do so, that's the very plain truth on't: ha, ha, ha; I do, I'gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes, I warrant you. But here now, is a scene of business: pray observe it; for I daresay you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill-argued."

In this scene of business, the Gentleman Usher and

* In ridicule of an incident in Sir W. Berkeley's "The Lost Lady."
† Dryden's "Indian Emperor," a. iv., s. 4.

Physician seat themselves on the thrones of the Two Kings, and then march out, flourishing their swords. Smith naturally asks, "how they came to depose the Kings so easily?" but expresses himself satisfied when Bayes replies, that "they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now; and, to tell you true," he adds, "that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first."

At the end of the scene Mr. Bayes accidentally injures his nose—an allusion to Sir William Davenant's damaged feature—so that in Act iii. he appears with a paper on it. Prince Prettyman enters with Tom Thimble, and the two are made to caricature Dryden's comic writing in "The Wild Gallant." The second scene brings on the two Usurpers, to whom Cordelia brings news from Prince Volscius; and afterwards enters Amarillis, "with a book in her hand." By a mysterious turn of fate, Prince Prettyman is revealed as a fisherman's son —

"A secret, great as is the world,
In which I, like the Soul, am tossed and hurled"—

and having disclosed this secret, goes out, in order that Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, and Harry "with a riding cloak and boots" (in ridicule of James Steward's "English Musician") may enter; with Parthenope afterwards. While Prince Volscius is pulling on his boots, to join his army at Kightsbridge, he sees Parthenope, and falls in love with her.

VOLSCIUS *sits down.*

"How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff!
This hasty boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies, with amorous design
To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.
My legs, the emblem of my various thought,
Show to what sad distraction I am brought.

Sometimes, with stubborn Honour, like this boot,
My mind is guarded, and resolved to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Disarméd, like this other Leg does prove.

Johnson.—What pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself! *

Smith.—Aye, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Volscius.—Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both boots on;
But softer Love does whisper, put on none.
What shall I do? what conduct shall I find
To lead me through this twilight of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Exit with one boot on, and the other off.*

Johnson.—By my troth, sir, this is as difficult a combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determined on neither side.

Bayes.—Ay, is't not, I'gad,† ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I'gad. But, sirs, you cannot make any judgment of this Play, because we are come but to the end of the second Act. Come, the Dame."

The fourth act opens with the usual conversation between the dramatist and his visitors, in which Buckingham takes occasion to ridicule the absurd custom then in vogue of writing plays in several parts—as, for instance, Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes,"—making Bayes say—"Whereas every one makes five acts to one play, what do me I but make five plays to one plot; by which means the auditors have every day a new thing. And then, upon Saturday, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a Monday), I make you, sir, a sixth play that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it." He has also a satiric allusion to the horrors accumulated in Dryden's "Conquest of Granada."

* An allusion to Dryden's bad mode of reading.
† A favourite expletive with Dryden.

"*Bayes.*—I make a male person to be in love with a female.

Smith.—Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

Bayes.—Yes, sir, as I have ordered it. You shall hear. He having passionately loved her through my five whole plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his mother had appeared to him like a ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he loved her, she kills herself."

A funeral now comes upon the stage, with the two Usurpers and attendants.

"*King Usher.*—Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief
Receive, from its embraces, some relief.

King Physician.—Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?
The world discovers now its emptiness,
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

Bayes.—Is not that good language now? is not that elevate? It's my *non ultra*, I'gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

Smith.—With her? with whom?

Bayes.—Why, this is Lardella's funeral.

Smith.—Lardella! I, who is she?

Bayes.—Why, sir, the sister of Drawcansir. A lady that was drowned at sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.*

King Usher.—Lardella, O Lardella, from above,
Behold the tragic issue of our love.
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the main.

Bayes.—Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smith.—Aye, sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

Bayes.—Ay, I'gad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr. —a— you will not have patience.

Johnson.—Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?†

Bayes.—Why, sir, a fierce hero, that frights his mistress, snubs up kings, baffles armies, and does what he will without regard to good manners, justice, or numbers.

Mr. Bayes then snatches from the coffin a copy of verses

* So in "The Conquest of Granada":—
"For my winding sheet, a wave
I had; and all the ocean for my grave."

† Almanzor, in the same play. "I have found a hero," says Dryden, in his Dedication; "I confess, not absolutely perfect; but of an excessive and over boiling courage. Both Homer and Tasso are my precedents. Both the Greek and the Italian poet had well considered that a tame hero who never transgresses the bounds of moral virtue, would shine but dimly in an epic poem."

which Lardella composed, just as she was dying, with the view that it should be pinned upon her coffin, and so read by one of the Usurpers, who was her cousin. Bayes is at much pains to explain that Lardella, in this paper, makes love "like a Humble Bee." The whole passage is in close and exquisite parody of Dryden's "Tyrannic Love," Act iii, s. 1.

"Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.
With silent wings, I'll follow you, dear couz;
Or else, before you, in the sunbeams buz.
And when to melancholy groves you come,
An airy ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;
For sound, being air, a ghost does well become.

[Dryden:—My earthly part . . .
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove,
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
Or else before you, in the sunbeams, play.
I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.]

At night, into your bosom I will creep,
And Buz but softly if you chance to sleep:
Yet, in your dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

[Dryden:—At night I will within your curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And sweep along before your closing eye.]

Your bed of love from dangers I will free;
But most from love of any future Bee.
And when, with pity, your heart-strings shall crack,
With empty arms I'll bear you on my back,
Then at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged archer hence I'll fly,
And teach you your first flutt'ring in the sky.

[Dryden:—All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future love.
And when, at last, in pity, you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality:
Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair;
And teach you your first flight in open air.]"

The two Usurpers are about to kill themselves on Lardella's tomb, when Pallas enters; forbids the sacrifice; informs them that Lardella lives; and that from these funeral obsequies shall arise a nuptial banquet. The coffin opens and discovers the promised banquet. While the two Usurpers are partaking of it, enters Drawcansir:—

"*King Physician.*—What man is this that dares disturb our feast?
Draw.—He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.*
Johnson.—That is as much as to say, that though he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.
Bayes.—Right; that's the conceipt on't.
Johnson.—'Tis a marvellous good one; I swear.
King Usher.—Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go.
Bayes.—Is not that now like a well-bred person, I'gad? So modest, so gent!
Smith.—Oh, very like.
Draw.—You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take my bowls away.†
[*Snatches the bowls out of the King's hands, and drinks 'em off.*
Smith.—But, Mr. Bayes, is that (too) modest and gent?
Bayes.—No, I'gad, Sir, but its great.
King Usher.—Though, Brother, this grum stranger be a clown,
He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.
Draw.—Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,
I'll stare away his very power to drink.
[*The two Kings sneak off the Stage with their Attendants.*
I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare." ‡

The next persons involved in this amazing mystery, which reminds us of Pope's famous line—"a mighty maze,

* Dryden, "Conquest of Granada":—
Almahide.—"My Light will sure discover those who talk;
Who dares to interrupt my private walk?
Almanzor—He who dares love; and for that love must die,
And knowing this, dares yet love on, am I."
† "I will out now, if thou would'st beg me, stay:
But I will take my Almahide away."
Dryden, "Conquest of Granada," pt. i, a. v.
‡ *Almanzor.*—Spite of myself I'll stay, fight, love, despair,
And I can do all this, because I dare.
"Conquest of Granada," part ii., a. ii.

yet not without a plan"—are the two princes, Prettyman and Volscius. Bayes explains that, according to another new conceit, he makes them fall out because they are *not* in love with the same woman. The dialogue between them is carried on in sonorous "heroic couplets," because, says Bayes, "the subject is too great for prose," and he interrupts at almost every line to express his admiration of his own work. "Oh, I'gad," he says, "that strikes me . . . Now the Rant's a coming . . . Ah, Godsookers, that's well writ! . . . Well, gentlemen, this is that I never yet saw any one write but myself. . . Here's true spirit and flame all through, I'gad." And amid this self-laudation the curtain drops.

Act the fifth opens with the usual introductory words on the part of Bayes. "Now, gentlemen," he says, "I will be bold to say, I'll show you the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I do not value; but for state, show, and magnificence." It is to surpass the great scene in *Henry VIII.*, for instead of ten bishops, he brings in four cardinals. Here is the stage direction:—"The curtain is drawn up, and the two Usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Prettyman, Prince Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c., before them Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces." The two Princes contend who shall speak first, each wishing the other to take precedence, but at last they give priority to Amarillis. Just as she is on the point of addressing the company, "soft music" is heard, and the two right kings of Brentford descend in the clouds, singing, in white garments, with three fiddlers sitting before them in green. At this unexpected sight the two Usurpers steal away; and the two rightful monarchs join in a duet,

which as well as "the descent in clouds," is parodied from Dryden's "Tyrannic Love." We print the original and the travesty side by side that the spirit and fun of the latter may be better appreciated :—

From "The Rehearsal."

"1 *King.*—Haste, brother King, we are sent from above.
2 *King.*—Let us move, let us move:
Move to remove the Fate
Of Brentford's long united State.
1 *King.*—Tara, tara, tara, full East and by South;
2 *King.*—We sail with thunder in our mouth,
In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller strays,
Busy, busy, busy, busy, we hustle along.
Mounted upon warm Phœbus his rays,
Through the heavenly throng,
Haste to those
Who will feast us, at night, with a pig's pretty toes.
1 *King.*—And we'll fall with our pate
In an ollio of hate.
2 *King.*—But now supper's done, the servitors try,
Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon pie.

1 *King.*—They gather, they gather hot custard in spoons,
Alas, I must leave these half-moons,
And repair to my trusty dragoons.

From "Tyrannic Love."

"*Nakar.*—Hark, my Damilear, we are called below.
Damilear.—Let us go, let us go!
Go to relieve the care
Of longing lovers in despair!
Nakar.—Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East.
Half tippled at a rainbow feast.
Damil.—In the bright moonshine while winds whistle loud,
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud:
And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling star.

Nakar.—And drop from above
In a jelly of love!

Damil.—But now the sun's down, and the elements red,
The spirits of fire against us make head!
Nakar.—They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air,
Alas! I must have thee, my fair,
And to my light horsemen repair.

2 *King.*—O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;
The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play.
Like maggots in filbirds, we'll snug in our shell;
We'll frisk in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,
And farewell.

1 *King.*—But the ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green frogs croak out a corants of France.

2 *King.*—Now, mortals, that hear
How we tilt and career,
With wonder will fear,
The want of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King.*—Stay you to fulfil what the gods have decreed;

2 *King.*—Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King.*—So firmly resolved is a true Brentford King
To save the distressed and help to 'em bring,
That ere a full pot of good ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a hollow."

Damil.—O stay, for you need not to fear 'em to-night;
The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight:
And o'er the wide ocean we fight!
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down;
And hiss in the water—
Both.—And hiss in the water and drown!
Nakar.—But their men lie securely entrenched in a cloud:
And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud.
Damil.—Now mortals that spy
How we tilt in the sky
With wonder will gaze;
And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass!
Nakar.—Stay you to perform what the man will have done.
Damil.—Then call me again when the battle is won.
Both.—So ready and quick is a spirit of air
To pity the lover and succour the fair,
That, silent and swift, the little soft god
Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod."

The two Kings descend from the cloud and occupy their thrones after this flow of lyrical nonsense. Says King No. 1, "Come now, to serious counsel we'll advance." The 2nd King replies, "I do agree; but first, let's have a

dance." The dance is interrupted by the entrance of two Heralds, who announce that

> "The Enemy's at the door, and in disguise,
> Desires a word with both your Majesties:
> Having, from Knightsbridge, hither march'd by stealth."

King No. 2 bids them attend a while, and "drink our health." With two guineas in their pockets—"we have not seen so much the Lord knows when"—the two Heralds retire, and Amarillis resumes her address. It is immediately interrupted by the appearance of a soldier with his sword drawn, who warns the two Kings to save their royal persons, the army having quarrelled among themselves. Here Bayes explains that to avoid indecorum and tediousness he sums up "his whole battle in the representation of two persons only." "I make 'em both come out in armour, *cap-a-pee*, with their swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet ribbon at their wrists (which, you know, represents fighting enough) each of 'em holding a lute in his hand." "How, sir," says Smith, "instead of a buckler?" "O lord, O lord! instead of a buckler? Pray, sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em, sir, play the battle in recitative." [A parody on "The Siege of Rhodes."] "Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, sir, recovers you his sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertained with music, and good language, and your eye satisfied with the garb and accoutrements of war."

> "*Enter, at several doors, the* GENERAL *and* LIEUTENANT-GENERAL *armed 'cap-a-pee,' with each of them a lute in his hand, and his sword drawn, and hung, with a scarlet ribbon at his wrist.*
> *Lieut.-Gen.*—Villain, thou liest.
> *Gen.*—Arm, arm, Gonzalvo, arm; what No
> The lie no flesh can brook, I trow.

> *Lieut.-Gen.*—Advance, from Acton, with the Musqueteers.
> *Gen.*—Draw down the Chelsea cuirassiers.
> *Lieut.-Gen.*—The band you boast of, Chelsea cuirassiers,
> Shall, in my Putney pikes, now meet their peers.
> *Gen.*—Chiswickians, aged, and renowned in fight,
> Join with the Hammersmith brigade.
> *Lieut.-Gen.*—You'll find my Mortlake boys will do their right,
> Unless by Fulham numbers over-laid.
> *Gen.*—Let the left wing of Twick'nam foot advance,
> And line that eastern hedge.
> *Lieut.-Gen.*—The horse I raised in Petty France
> Shall try their chance,
> And scour the meadows over-grown with sedge.
> *Gen.*—Stand: give the word.
> *Lieut.-Gen.*—Bright Sword.
> *Gen.*—That may be thine,
> But 'tis not mine.
> *Lieut.-Gen.*—Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
> And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire.
> *Gen.*—Pursue, pursue; they fly
> That first did give the lie.
>
> [*Exeunt.*"

But every battle must come to an end. And how does Bayes effect this? "By an eclipse, which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of, but by myself, and one person more, that shall be nameless."

> "*Enter the* LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.
>
> What midnight darkness does invade the day,
> And snatch the victor from his conquered prey?
> Is the sun weary of his bloody sight,
> And winks upon us with his eye of light?
> 'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,
> To clap between me and the Sun so soon,
> Foolish Eclipse! thou this in vain hast done;
> My brighter honour had eclipsed the sun,
> But now behold eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*"

Bayes goes on to explain his "conceit" for representing an eclipse, the first hint of which, he says, was derived from the dialogue between Phœbus and Aurora

in [Sir R. Stapylton's comedy of] "The Slighted Maid":—

"*Bayes.*—You have heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the Moon is nothing else but an interposition of the Earth between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your eclipse of the Sun is caused by an interlocution of the Moon betwixt the Earth and Sun?

Smith.—I have heard so, indeed.

Bayes.—Well, Sir; what do me I but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey * hum? And, of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and the Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses. That is new, I'gad, ha?

Johnson.—That must needs be very fine, truly.

Bayes.—Yes, there is some fancy in it. And then, Sir, that there may be something in it of a joke, I make the Moon sell the Earth a bargain. Come, come out, Eclipse, to the tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter LUNA.

Luna.—*Orbis*, O *Orbis*,
Come to me, thou little rogue *Orbis*.

Enter the EARTH,

Orbis.—What calls *Terra-firma* pray?
Luna.—*Luna*, that ne'er shines by day.
Orbis.—What means *Luna* in a veil?
Luna.—Luna means to show her tail.†

Enter SOL.

Sol.—Fie, sister, fie; thou mak'st me muse,
Derry, derry down.
To see thee, Orb, abuse
Luna.—I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I did it out of love.
Hey down, derry down.
Orb.—When shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
Luna.—To-morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On Mount Vesuvius.
Sol.—Then I will shine.

* Hey, or Hay: a dance borrowed from the French. In Sir John Davies's poem of "The Orchestra" we read:—

"He taught them rounds and winding hays to tread."

† In Sir R. Stapylton's "Slighted Maid" we read:—

"*Phœb.*—Who calls the world's great light?
Aur.—Aurora, that abhors the night.
Phœb.—Why does Aurora, from her cloud,
To drowsy Phœbus cry so loud?"

Orb.—And I will be fine.

Luna.—And we will drink nothing but Lipary wine.*

Omnes.—And we, &c., &c.

Bayes.—So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

[*A battle is fought between foot and great Hobby-horses. At last,* DRAWCANSIR *comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the battle is fighting,* BAYES *is telling them when to shout, and shouts with 'em.*

Drawc.—Others may boast a single man to kill;
But I, the blood of thousands, daily spill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest horseman my swift rage controls,
And from their bodies drives their trembling souls.
If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,
I would pursue, and beat 'em through the sky:
And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see
This single arm more dreadful is than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes.—There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. I have read of your Hector, your Achilles, and a hundred more; but I defy all your histories, and your romances too, I gad, to show me one such conqueror as this Drawcansir.

Johnson.—I swear, I think you may.

Smith.—But, Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes.—Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs; how should they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very silly, Mr. Johnson, I'gad he is. Come, Sir, I'll show you go off. Rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr. Ivory.† Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit.*

Johnson.—Will you so? Then we'll be gone.

Smith.—I, prithee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One battle more would take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BAYES *and* PLAYERS.

Bayes.—Where are the gentlemen?

1 *Player.*—They are gone, Sir.

Bayes.—Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

3 *Player.*—Stay, here's a foul piece of paper of his. Let's see what 'tis.

* "What can make our figures so fine?
Drink, drink, Wine Lippari-wine."—SIR R. STAPYLTON.

† "Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable actor of women's parts; but afterwards stupified himself so far with drinking strong waters, that, before the first acting of this farce, he was fit for nothing but to go of errands; for which, and mere charity, the Company allowed him a weekly salary."—*From* "The Key to the Rehearsal," 1704.

[*Reads.*]

The Argument of the Fifth Act.—Cloris, at length, being sensible of Prince Prettyman's passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince Prettyman meeting, by chance, with old Joan the Chandler's widow, and remembering it was she that brought him acquainted with Cloris, out of a high point of honour, breaks off his match with Cloris, and marries old Joan. Upon which, Cloris, in despair, drowns herself: and Prince Prettyman, discontentedly, walks by the river side.

1 *Player.*—Pox on't, this will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BAYES.

Bayes.—A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat to run after 'em. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner * than see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come, Mr. —a— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter PLAYERS *again.*

Players.—Sir, they are gone to dinner.

Bayes.—Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Players.—Why an't please your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

Bayes.—How? are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: the Players gone to dinner! I'gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grained persons, and all that. I'gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I'gad, I'll be revenged on 'em, I'll sell this play to the other House.

Player.—Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the Town, that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

Bayes.—That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to myself, my Book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I'gad, the Town has used me as scurvily as the Players have done: but I'll be revenged on them too: I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, I'gad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a satirist I am. And so farewell to this Stage for ever, I'gad. [*Exit.*

1 *Player.*—What shall we do now?

2 *Player.*—Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play: We shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Player.*—I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see Haynes and Shirley practice the last Dance; for that may serve for another Play.

2 *Player.*—I'll call 'em: I think they are in the tyring-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Player.*—Come, come; let's go away to dinner. [*Exeunt* OMNES."

* The fashionable time of dining, when this play was written, was twelve o'clock. "The Rehearsal" is, therefore, supposed to take place in the morning.

"The Rehearsal" is Buckingham's chief literary work; but he was also the author of a farce entitled "The Battle of Sedgmoore," which possesses no claim on the attention of posterity, and he adapted from Beaumont and Fletcher the comedy of "The Chances." His unquestionable talent is seen to some advantage in the religious tracts which he wrote in his maturer years. In these he argues with considerable vigour for entire freedom of conscience as the surest safeguard for the principles of the Reformation; and seeks to demonstrate the truth of the Christian religion by ingenious logical conclusions.*

Buckingham's political career is a part of the history of his time, and cannot, therefore, be examined in these pages. He carried into it his characteristic levity; but had he combined with his brilliant parts a steady resolution and a calm judgment, with reticence of speech and tenacity of purpose, he might surely have taken a foremost place among English statesmen. Unfortunately he touched nothing which his wayward temper did not mar, and he took up politics not as a serious business, but as a gamester's speculation, not with any regard for the interests of his country, but either as a means of increasing his personal influence or gratifying his spirit of adventure. In 1666 we find him intriguing against Clarendon, and playing with projects which verged close upon the borders of treason. Though detected, and deprived of all his commissions, in the following year he again basked in the sunshine of the royal favour. After discharging with some success an embassy to the French Court, he was gratified by the downfall of Clarendon, and took the lead in the council of Ministers to which was applied the famous epithet of "The Cabal" from the

* "Discourse upon Reasonableness of Men's having a Religion."

initials of its principal members, Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, Lauderdale. In 1672 he was again sent on an embassy to Louis XIV., who was then at Utrecht. Landing at the Hague, he had an interview with the Princess of Orange. Eulogizing with his usual fluent eloquence the admirable qualities of the Dutch, he referred to the deep interest which England felt in the prosperity of the Commonwealth. "We do not use Holland like a mistress," he said, "we love her as a wife." "Aye, in truth," replied the Princess, "I believe you love us as you love your own."

On the death of Charles II., Buckingham retired from Court and from public life, and spent the brief remainder of his wasted years on his Yorkshire estate. He died on the 16th of April, 1688, after a three days' illness. Having over-heated himself while hunting, he sat down on the wet grass, and the result was a violent inflammation which his enfeebled constitution was unable to withstand. His last breath was not drawn, as Pope represents, "in the worst inn's worst room," but in the house of one of his own tenants at Kirby-Moorside; and the Earl of Arran, Lord Fairfax, and others, stood by his death-bed. He professed himself at the last a member of the Church of England, and received the Sacrament, according to the Anglican rite, "with all the decency imaginable." His body, having been embalmed, was removed to Westminster Abbey. The principal authority for the private life of the Duke is Brian Fairfax. In almost all the histories and correspondence of his time, he necessarily figures; and his character has been drawn by Bishop Burnet, Warburton, Butler, Walpole, Macaulay, Scott, Count Hamilton, Dryden, and Pope. A brief but interesting memoir occurs in Mr. J. Heneage Jesse's "England under the Stuarts."

THE PROSE WRITERS.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor.
Dr. Robert South.
Dr. Isaac Barrow.
Bishop Beveridge.
Dr. Ralph Cudworth.
Benjamin Whichcote.
John Bunyan.
Thomas Hobbes.
Abraham Cowley.
Izaak Walton.
John Dryden.
Sir William Temple.
Thomas Rymer.
Dr. Henry More.
Valentine Greatrakes.
Dr. Theophilus Gale.
James Harrington.
Sir Robert Filmer.
Bishop Cumberland.
Bishop Wilkins.
Bishop Sprat.
Earl of Clarendon.
Bishop Burnet.
Anthony à Wood.
Sir William Dugdale.
Elias Ashmole.
Archbishop Leighton.
Bishop Ken.
Richard Baxter.
George Fox.
William Penn.
Sir Roger L'Estrange.
Robert Boyle.
John Ray.
Thomas Sydenham.
Sir Isaac Newton.
Sir Thomas Browne.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROSE WRITERS OF THE RESTORATION.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor—Dr. Robert South—Dr. Isaac Barrow—Bishop Beveridge—Dr. Ralph Cudworth —Benjamin Whichcote — John Bunyan — Thomas Hobbes—Abraham Cowley—Izaak Walton—John Dryden—Sir William Temple—Thomas Rymer—Dr. Henry More—Valentine Greatrakes—Dr. Theophilus Gale—James Harrington—Sir Robert Filmer—Bishop Cumberland — Bishop Wilkins — Bishop Sprat—Earl of Clarendon—Bishop Burnet —Anthony à Wood—Sir William Dugdale—Elias Ashmole — Archbishop Leighton — Bishop Ken — Richard Baxter — George Fox — William Penn — Sir Roger L'Estrange—Robert Boyle—John Ray —Thomas Sydenham — Sir Isaac Newton — Sir Thomas Browne.

Charles II. had been seven years on the throne when Jeremy Taylor died. Chronologically, therefore, we may claim the English Chrysostom as one of the Prose Writers of the Restoration; but, with a single exception, his great works had all been written in the reign of Charles I., or during the Commonwealth, and in style they are related to those of the Elizabethan rather than to those of the Caroline school. The exception is his great treatise on casuistical divinity, the "Ductor Dubitantium" on which he himself based his hopes of fame. This was issued in the year of the Restoration; and in the same year he published his tractate on the Lord's Supper, entitled, "The Worthy Communicant," and received his episcopal preferment. His sermon, "Via Intelligentiæ," was published in 1662. Also, the three sermons which he dedicated to the Duchess of Ormond; and the "Dissuasive

from Popery," which he wrote at the request of the Irish Bishops. On the strength of these post-Restoration publications, we include the great bishop in our list of "Worthies," thankful that the lustre of his name lights up the dark pages of Charles's reign.

Jeremy Taylor, who, by the consent of all, ranks as the greatest orator the English Church has produced, was the son of a Cambridge barber, or barber-surgeon, and first saw the light in his father's house about the 13th of August, 1613. He came of a reputable family, which for generations had held lands in Gloucestershire, but had been reduced to honourable poverty after the martyrdom of Dr. Rowland Taylor,* the courageous and learned rector of Hadleigh, by the confiscation of his estates.

The barber, or barber-surgeon, had education enough to be able to ground his son, as the son informs us, "in grammar and the mathematics." At the early age of three he had begun to attend Parse's Grammar School, then recently founded; and it was probably some indications of more than ordinary capacity which led his father to enter him, when only thirteen years of age, at Caius College, in the University of his native town, as a "poor scholar." It is pleasant to remember that he was the contemporary of John Milton, who entered Christ's College in 1625, and it is not an unreasonable conjecture that sympathy of tastes and intellectual power united in friendly relations the future author of "Holy Living and Dying" and the future poet of the "Paradise Lost." "Though in after life," remarks Prebendary Humphreys, "a wide gulf was interposed between the poet and the divine, the one becoming secretary to the Protector, the other chaplain to the King, at this

* In the third year of Queen Mary."

time they might be friendly opponents in the dreary exercises of the schools; they might well be companions in lighter and more congenial studies; they might go up to the house of God together; they might be compared for their poetical temperament, for their love of ancient learning, for the beauty of their souls, and for their outward comeliness." During his University career Taylor must also have heard of George Herbert, the "sweet singer" of "The Temple;" nor is it unlikely that he was familiar with the name of Oliver Cromwell, then an undergraduate of Sidney Sussex College.

The course of study then in vogue at Cambridge was not adapted to develop Taylor's imaginative faculties. His Alma Mater did not nourish him with satisfying food; she was still teaching that old scholastic philosophy which Bacon censured for its "unprofitable subtlety and curiosity," while Millar characterised its "ragged notions and brabblements" as "an asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles." Duns Scotus and Avicenna still perplexed their students with intricate speculations and vain hypotheses. To a genius so subtle as Taylor's it was easy, perhaps, to detect some grains of gold even in sandy wastes of Ockham, Lauretus, and Suarez; but we can fancy with what delight he turned from this disappointing pursuit to the study of the great masters of the Greek and Roman literature.

In 1631 Taylor took his Bachelor's degree, and soon afterwards was elected to a Fellowship. Before proceeding to his degree of M.A. he received holy orders, though, like the illustrious Usher, he wanted two years of the canonical age of twenty-three. He quickly became celebrated for his pulpit eloquence; but his future career seems to have been decided by one of those

opportunities which always occur to men capable of making use of them. At the request of a college friend he preached for him in St. Paul's Cathedral; where by his "florid and youthful beauty, his sweet and pleasant air, and his sublime and learned discourses," he at once secured the attention of the public. They took him, says Bishop Rust, for some young angel, newly descended from the visions of glory. The repute of his great excellence as a preacher soon spread to Lambeth; and Archbishop Laud, who, whatever his faults and failings, was always quick in the detection and recognition of merit, summoned him to preach before him. The singular promise of the brilliant young genius he at once acknowledged; and thinking it more to the advantage of the world that such mighty parts should be afforded better opportunities of study and improvement than a course of constant preaching would allow of, he secured for him the nomination to a fellowship of All Souls, Oxford—a distinction of no ordinary kind, which carried with it, moreover, a considerable income. During his residence at Oxford the sweet courtesy of his manners and the wide range of his powers made him the object of general esteem and admiration (1635-7). In 1637, Bishop Juxon, at the instigation of the Primate, promoted the splendid young divine to the rectory of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire. In the following year, he was selected to preach at St. Mary's, in that famous pulpit since occupied by so many illustrious men; and in connection with the sermon which he preached on that occasion old Anthony à Wood tells a strange story of Taylor's intended secession to the Roman Church, affirming that the Vice-Chancellor interpolated certain passages in the sermon with the view of inducing the Romanists to

reject his advances. As if Taylor would have adopted such interpolations! The whole fabrication was suggested probably by Taylor's intimacy with the learned Franciscan, À Sancta Clara, the queen's chaplain. In Jeremy Taylor's writings ample evidence exists of his strong repudiation of the erroneous doctrines of Rome; and that he did not favour the Roman discipline was demonstrated by his marriage, on the 27th of May, 1639, to Phœbe Landisdale. By this lady he had three sons, one of whom, William, died in May, 1642, and was soon afterwards followed to the grave by his mother.

At Uppingham, Jeremy Taylor spent five years in peaceful seclusion, until the storm and stress of civil war broke over the country. He must have felt very keenly the committal of his friend and patron, Archbishop Laud, to the Tower (in 1640), and he no doubt accepted it as a sign and a warning of sorrowful days darkening over the afflicted Church. He did not hesitate as to the side it was his duty to support; and when, after the final rupture between Charles and his Parliament, the King retired to Oxford, Taylor hastened thither to join him, and was appointed his domestic chaplain. It was by the royal command that he published, in 1642, his first work, "Episcopacy Asserted," in which he presents with great force and clearness the arguments in favour of the episcopal government of the Church. Charles rewarded the author with the diploma of Doctor of Divinity. His learned manifesto aroused much enthusiasm among Churchmen; being "backed and encouraged by many petitions to His Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament, not only from the two Universities whom it most concerned, but from several counties of the Kingdom.

It is uncertain whether he joined the Royal army at Nottingham; but his living at Uppingham was sequestrated in the earliest months of the Civil War; his rectory-house was plundered and despoiled; and his family expelled. In these circumstances he was free to follow the King in his various marches; and it is noticeable that he gathered a knowledge of military affairs which afterwards provided him in his sermons with numerous forcible illustrations: He accompanied the royal army to Wales in the beginning of 1664; and at the siege of Cardigan Castle was taken prisoner. With the treatment he received he had, however, no fault to find. He was speedily released; and then for some time gained a laborious livelihood as a schoolmaster at Llanvihangel Aberbythic. "In this great storm," he writes to Lord Halton, "which hath dashed the vessel of the Church all to pieces, I have been cast upon the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which, in England, in a greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed on with so impetuous violence that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor; and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons. And but that He Who stilleth the raging of the sea and the noise of His waves, and the madness of His people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study. But I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy; for 'the barbarous people showed us no little kindness; for, having kindled a fire, they received us all because of the present rain and the cold.' And now

since I have come ashore, I have been gathering a few sticks to warm me; a few books to entertain my thoughts, and divert them from the perpetual meditation of my private troubles and the public dyscrasy; but those which I could obtain were so few and so impertinent, and unuseful to any great purposes, that I began to be sad upon a new stock, and full of apprehension that I should live unprofitably, and die obscurely, and be forgotten, and my bones thrown into some common charnel-house, without any name or note to distinguish me from those who only served their generation by filling the number of citizens."

It was about this time that he found a second wife in a Mistress Joanna Bridges, a lady of good means, reputed to have been an illegitimate daughter of Charles I.; and a friend in Lord Carbery, whose seat of Golden Grove was situated in the vicinity of Taylor's pleasant retreat. Another and still more valuable friend was the learned, pious, and liberal-handed John Evelyn. He continued to carry on his school, assisted by William Nicolson, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, and William Wyatt, afterwards Prebendary of Lincoln. For the use of their scholars Taylor and Wyatt composed a "Grammar," which was published in 1647. And though he was without books, "except so many," he says, "as a man may carry on horseback," it was now that he wrote his great work, "The Liberty of Prophesying," in which he proposes to enlarge the limits of comprehension and narrow the bounds of controversy by the adoption of the Apostles' Creed as the standard and exposition of Evangelical Truth—a proposition similar, as Melissom remarks, to one put forward by Erasmus. He who traces its close-linked reasoning, observes its fertility of allusion,

and warms himself in the glow and fervour of its poetical imagery, will surely join in the admiration with which Coleridge always regarded it. In itself it justifies his eulogy of its author as "the most eloquent of divines, I had almost said, of men; and if I had, Demosthenes would nod approval and Cicero express assent." Bishop Heber says:—"On a work so rich in intellect, so renowned for charity, which contending sects have rivalled each other in approving, and which was the first, perhaps, since the earliest days of Christianity, to teach those among whom differences were inevitable, the art of differing harmlessly, it would be almost impertinent to enlarge in commendation." Had he written no other book, the Christian Church, as Canon Farrar remarks, would have owed him a debt that could never be repaid. The grand cause of religious tolerance has had no mightier champion; and though his attack failed in its immediate object, it eventually succeeded in establishing religious freedom on an impregnable basis.

In plan this famous treatise is exceedingly simple. Taking the Apostles' Creed as embodying the principal articles of the Christian faith, he declares that all subsidiary dogmas are superfluous or indifferent, and not to be required of believers as indispensable to their salvation. This bold position, Taylor, with some slight misgivings when vexed by the uncompromising hostility of Irish Presbyterianism, maintained throughout his life. "I thought," he wrote in his Epistle Dedicatory, "it might not misbecome my duty and endeavours to plead for peace and charity and forgiveness and permissions mutual; although I had reason to believe that, such is the iniquity of men,

and they so indisposed to receive real impresses, that I had as good plough the sands, or till the air, as persuade such doctrines which destroy men's interests, and serve no end but the great end of a happy eternity, and what is in order to it. But because the events of things are in God's disposition, and I knew them not—and because, if I had known, my good purposes would be totally as ineffectual as to others—yet my own designation and purpose would be of advantage to myself, who might, from God's mercy, expect the retribution which He is pleased to promise to all pious intendments; I resolved to encounter with all objections, and to do something to each. I should be determined by the consideration of the present distemperatures and necessities, by my own thoughts, by the questions and scruples, the sects and names, the interests and animosities, which at this day, and for some years past, have exercised and disquieted Christendom."

We have not at our command adequate space to unfold the various links of the chain of argument which he has wrought out of the purest gold, and embellished with the most precious stones. But we may venture to introduce a specimen or two of his style and method, which, we hope, will send the reader to study the original, if haply he be unacquainted with it. The essence of his reasoning, or, perhaps, we should rather say, the aim and motive of it, may be seen in the following most beautiful parable, or allegory, which comes from the Persian poet Saadi, through the medium of Grotius in his "Historia Judaica":—

"When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old

man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down, but observing that the old man sat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night in an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured Me; and couldst not thou endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. "Go thou and do likewise," adds Taylor, "and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham."

That generous breadth of sympathy and that fine spirit of liberal piety which inspired our great English divine are seen in his remarks on the practice of Christian Churches towards persons who do not accept their formularies.

"In St. Paul's time," he says, "though the manner of heretics were not so loose and forward as afterwards, and all that were called heretics were clearly such and highly criminal, yet, as their crime was, so was their censure, that is, spiritual. They were first admonished, once at least, for so Irenæus, Tertullian, Cyprian, Ambrose, and Jerome,

read that place of Titus iii. But since that time all men, and at that time some read it, 'after a first and second admonition,' reject a heretic. 'Rejection from the community of saints after two warnings,' that is the penalty. St. John expresses it by not 'eating with them,' not 'bidding them God speed,' but the persons against whom he decrees so severely, are such as denied Christ to be come in the flesh, direct Antichrists. And let the sentence be as high as it lists in this case, all that I observe is, that since in so damnable doctrines nothing but spiritual censure, separation from the communion of the faithful was enjoined and prescribed, we cannot pretend to an Apostolical precedent, if in matters of dispute and innocent questions, and of great uncertainty and no malignity, we shall proceed to sentence of death.

"Well, however zealous the Apostles were against heretics, yet none were by them, or their dictates, put to death. The death of Ananias and Sapphira, and the blindness of Elymas the sorcerer, amount not to this, for they were miraculous inflictions, and the first was a punishment to vow-breach and sacrilege, the second of sorcery and open contestation against the religion of Jesus Christ; neither of them concerned the case of this present question. Or if the case were the same, yet the authority is not the same; for he that inflicted these punishments was infallible, and of a power competent, but no man at this day is so. But as yet people were not converted by miracles, and preaching, and disputing, and heretics by the same means were endangered, and all men instructed, none tortured for their opinion. And this continued till Christian people were vexed by disagreeing persons, and were impatient and peevish by their own too much confidence, and the luxuriancy of a pros-

perous fortune; but then they would not endure persons that did dogmatize anything which might intrench upon their reputation or their interest. And it is observable that no man nor no age did ever teach the lawfulness of putting heretics to death, till they grew wanton with prosperity; but when the reputation of the governors was concerned, when the interests of men were endangered, when they had something to lose, when they had built their estimation upon the credit of disputable questions, when they began to be jealous of other men, when they overvalued themselves and their own opinions, when some persons invaded bishoprics upon pretence of new opinions, when they, as they thrive in the favour of emperors, and in the success of their disputes, solicited the temporal power to banish, to fine, to imprison, and to kill, their adversaries.

"So that the case stands thus: In the best times, among the best men, when there were fewer temporal ends to be served, when religion and the pure and simple designs of Christianity only were to be promoted, in those times and amongst such men no persecution was actual nor persuaded, nor allowed towards disagreeing persons. But as men had ends of their own and not of Christ, as they receded from their duty, and religion from its purity, as Christianity began to be compounded with interests and blended with temporal designs, so men were persecuted for their opinions."

Admirable both in thought and expression is the following:—

"As it was true of the martyrs, as often as we die, so often we are born, and the increase of their troubles was the increase of their confidence and the establishment of

their persuasions; so it is in all false opinions; for that an opinion is true or false is extrinsical or accidental to the consequents and advantages it gets by being afflicted. And there is a popular pity that follows all persons in misery, and that compassion breeds likeness of affections, and that very often produces likeness of persuasion; and so much the rather because there arises a jealousy and pregnant suspicion that they who persecute an opinion are destitute of sufficient arguments to confute it, and that the hangman is the best disputant. For if those arguments which they have for their own doctrine, were a sufficient ground of confidence and persuasion, men would be more willing to use those means and arguments, which are better compliances with human understanding, which more naturally do satisfy it, which are more human and Christian, than that way which satisfies none, which destroys many, which provokes more, and which makes all men jealous. To which add, that those who die for their opinion have in all men great arguments of the heartiness of their belief, of the confidence of their persuasion, of the piety and innocency of their persons, of the purity of their intention and simplicity of purposes, that they are persons totally disinterested, and separate from design. For no interest can be so great as to be put in balance against a man's life and his soul; and he does very imprudently serve his ends, who, simply and foreknowingly, loses his life in the persuasion of them. Just as if Titus should offer to die for Sempronius upon condition he might receive twenty talents when he had done his work. It is certainly an argument of a great love, and a great confidence, and a great sincerity, and a great hope, when a man lays down his life in attestation of a proposition. 'Greater

love than this hath no man, than to lay down his life,' saith our blessed Saviour. And although laying of a wager is an argument of confidence more than truth; yet laying such a wager, staking of a man's soul, and pawning his life, give a hearty testimony that the person is honest, confident, resigned, charitable, and noble. And I know not whether truth can do a person or a cause more advantages than those can do to an error. And, therefore, besides the impiety, there is great imprudence in canonizing a heretic, and consecrating an error by such means, which were better preserved as encouragements of truth and comforts to real and true martyrs. And it is not amiss to observe, that this very advantage was given by heretics, who were ready to show and boast their catalogues of martyrs; in particular the Circumcillinis did so, and the Donatists; and yet the first were heretics, the second schismatics. And it was remarkable in the scholars of Priscillian, who, as they held their master in the reputation of a saint while he was living, so, when he was dead, they held him in veneration as a martyr; they, with reverence and devotion, carried him and the bodies of his slain companions to an honourable sepulture, and counted it religion to swear by the name of Priscillian. So that the extinguishing of the person gives life and credit to his doctrine, and when he is dead, he yet speaks more effectually."

That is a fine saying of Taylor's, that God places a watery cloud in the eye, so that when the light of heaven shines on it it may produce a rainbow to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the sons of men do not love to see a man perish. Such rainbows often shone across the clouds of Taylor's life. He experienced many seasons

of adversity, but they never failed to be lighted up by the glory of a true friendship. "When the north wind blows," he says, "and it rains sadly, none but fools sit down in it, and cry; wise people defend themselves against it with a warm garment, a good fire, and a dry roof." All these he found at Golden Grove, Lord Carberry's beautiful seat. Green woods, and the songs of birds, and the ripple of the Torvy combined their enchantments for his pleasure, and helped to stimulate his imagination. The fine metaphors and apposite similes with which he so freely ornamented his luxuriant prose were suggested to him by the broad uplands and the leafy hollows of the valley between Carmarthen and Llandovery. Conspicuous in the green landscape rose the wavy crest of Grongar Hill, which Dyer has celebrated in his pleasant pastoral poem. The picture was just such an one as Taylor, who, though he wrote in prose, was a true poet, loved to contemplate:—

"I am fallen," he writes, "into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me; what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate. I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the variety of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself."

In the works which Jeremy Taylor composed at Golden Grove we trace the perceptible influence of the scenery that surrounded and delighted him. Their frequent passages of rural description are redolent with the sweet odours of poetry. Our readers will probably be familiar with his beautiful comparison of a Christian's prayer to the heavenward songful flight of a lark:—

"So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the vibration and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature sat down to pant and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministering here below. So is the prayer of a good man."

It will be seen that, as is the case with every great writer, Taylor's style is peculiarly his own, and is distinguished by a kind of stately music, like the harmonious peal of an organ. The imagery is rich and exquisite; the rhythm sustained and dignified. Here are a few specimens:—

"The love of the Divine Architect has scattered the firmament with stars, as a man sows corn in his fields."

"So have I seen a rose newly-springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb-fleece; but, when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and

dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces."

"The sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, first opening a little eye of heaven, and sending away the spirits of darkness, and giving light to a cock, and calling up the lark to matins, and by-and-bye gilding the fringes of a cloud, peeping over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brow of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God?"

"For so doth the humble ivy creep at the foot of the oak, and leans upon its lowest base, and begs shade and protection, and to grow under its branches, and to give and take mutual refreshment, and pay a friendly influence for a mighty patronage; and they grow and dwell together, and are the most remarkable of friends and married pairs of all the leafy nation."

It is easy, when we read such swallow-flights of poetical expression, to understand why Mason called Jeremy Taylor "the Shakespeare of English prose;" and why Mr. Lecky, with much more felicity, has compared his style to "a deeply-murmuring sea with the sunlight on it."

The love of nature which filled his soul rejoiced in "the breath of heaven, not willing to disturb the softest stalk of a violet;" in "the gentle wind shaking the leaves with a refreshment and cooling shade;" in "the rainbow, half made of the glory of light, and half of the moisture of a cloud;" and in "the fountain, swelling over the green

turf." In the Divine handiwork he found a continual inspiration of praises and thanksgiving; and he was one of the very first of our writers who endeavoured to lead the soul through Creation up to Creation's God: "Let everything you see represent to your spirit the excellency and the power of God, and let your conversation with the creatures lead you unto the Creator; and so shall your actions be done more frequently with an eye to God's presence, by your often seeing Him in the glass of the creation. In the face of the sun you may see God's beauty; in the fire you may feel His heart warming; in the water His gentleness to refresh you; "it is the dew of heaven that makes your field give you bread."

In the tranquil retirement of Golden Grove Taylor's genius reached its maturity. It was there that he wrote his "Holy Living and Holy Dying," his "Life of Christ," some of his finest "Sermons," his "Treatise on the Real Presence," and the volume of devotional exercises which he affectionately entitled "The Golden Grove." And now we may pause to glance at the distinctive marks of Jeremy Taylor as a divine, a writer, a preacher, and a theologian. In all four capacities we are struck by the fulness and solidity of his thought, the breadth of his observation, the living nature of his sympathies, as well as by those minor but special characteristics, the richness of his imagery and the opulence of his diction. In all he exhibited the same well-balanced judgment, the same judicious avoidance of extremes; the moderate wisdom which sometimes induced him, after the utterance of a strong statement, to qualify it in a later work. In all, we observe the same liberal and enlightened spirit, and the same large-souled disregard of forms and formularies when

set against the eternal verities. We have already commented on his style, in which "the mind, the music" that inform it compel our warmest admiration. When every deduction has been made that a cold and severe critic can claim—when we have admitted his occasional exuberance, the over-amplitude of his images, the infrequent lapse into what, to our modern taste, seems grotesque and objectionable—it still remains true that he is unquestionably one of the three or four greatest masters of English prose. His style, more animated and plastic than that of Gibbon, is more sweeping and harmonious than that of Hooker, more majestic than that of South. While Sir Thomas Browne approaches nearer to him than any other writer, he falls short of Taylor in the matter of picturesque allusiveness and poetical sensibility. To this allusiveness we have not failed to direct the reader's attention. From the accumulated treasures of reading, observation, experience, and reflection he draws without stint image and simile, metaphor and illustration. Not less conspicuous is the grandeur of his conceptions, which are those of a man living always in the pure serene air of spiritual thought. The greatest ideas were his ordinary food. He dealt with them as freely and easily as smaller minds deal with their paltry commonplaces. Pathos, terror, sublimity, tenderness—he struck each chord of the manifold lyre with even skill. He handled with equal felicity the radiant pencil of a Claude Lorraine and the powerful brush of a Salvator Rosa. He could paint scenes with the graciousness of a Spenser or the lurid power of a Dante.

We must venture on a few more quotations in illustration of this many-sidedness:—

"All the successions of time, all the changes of nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man and to every creature, doth preach one funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity."

"When persecution hurls a man down from a large fortune to an even one, or from thence to the face of the earth, or from thence to the grave, a good man is but preparing for a crown, and the tyrant does but just knock off the fetters of the soul, the manacles of passion and desire, sensual lives and lower appetites; and if God suffers him to finish the persecution, then he can but dismantle the soul's prison, and let the soul fly to the mountains of rest. And all the intermediate evils are but like the Purian punishments: the executioner tore off their hairs, and rent their silken mantles, and discomposed their curious dressings, and lightly touched the skin; yet the offender cried out with most bitter exclamations, while his fault was expiated with a ceremony and without blood. So does God to His servants: He rends their upper garments, and strips them of their unnecessary wealth, and ties them to physic and salutary discipline; and they cry out under usages which have nothing but the outward sum and opinion of evil, not the real substance."

"The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness

and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer; if it moves upon the pit of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not till it dwells at the foot of the Throne, where Mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment. I deny not but some little drops will turn aside, and fall from the full channel by the weakness of the banks and hollowness of the passage; but the main course is still continued; and although the most earnest and devout persons feel and complain of some looseness of spirit and unfixed attentions, yet their love and their desire secure the main portions, and make the prayer to be strong, fervent, and effectual."

"Because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen among the worthiest persons, that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other; and though in equal worthiness I may choose by my eye, or ear, that is, into the consideration of the essential I may take in also the accidental and extrinsic worthinesses; yet I ought to give everyone their just value; when the internal beauties are equal, thou shalt help to weigh down the scale, and I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all,

and profit me no more; but yet I will not weigh the gayest of flowers, or the wings of butterflies, against wheat; but when I am to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. I had rather see thyme and roses, marjoram and July flowers (gilli-flowers), that are fair, sweet, and medicinal, than the prettiest tulips, which are good for nothing; and my sheep and kine are better servants than race-horses and greyhounds; and I shall rather furnish my study with Plutarch and Cicero, with Livy and Polybius, than with Cassandra and Ibrahim Bassa;* and if I do give an hour to these for divertisement or pleasure, yet will I dwell with those than can instruct me, and make me wise and eloquent, severe and useful to myself and others. I end this with the saying of Lalius in Cicero: 'Friendship ought not to follow utility, but utility friendship.' When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness; but I will choose such an one as can do me many if I need them; but I mean such kindnesses which make me wise, and which make me better; that is, I will, when I choose my friend, choose him that is the bravest, the worthiest, and the most excellent person; and then your question is soon answered. To love such a person, and to contract such friendships, is just as authorized by the principles of Christianity, as it is warranted to love wisdom and virtue, goodness and beneficence, and all the impresses of God upon the spirits of brave men."

In 1648 Taylor published "The Life of Christ; or, The Great Exemplar;" the preface to which breathes his usual liberality of view and is rendered especially valuable by its vigorous generalisations. It seeks to prove that the per-

* Two of Mademoiselle de Scuderi's interminable romances.

ceptive part of true religion, the moral law, as taught by Nature, by Moses, and our Lord, is in all its parts absolutely "reasonable;" in other words, eminently and peculiarly fitted to subserve the purpose for which man was made, of "living happily." The work itself is thoroughly practical; it elucidates the teaching of the labours and character of Christ, and applies it to the reader's benefit. Chronological order is not strictly observed; and, of course, Taylor does not anticipate the "negative criticism" which, of late years, has been applied so perseveringly to the Gospel narrative. Defects of plan are obvious, and to topics of comparative unimportance an undue space is sometimes allotted; but these and other faults are as nothing compared with the beauty and splendour of the composition as a whole, and the spiritual insight, the knowledge of the human heart, and the deep pathos which underlies particular passages.

Of the "Holy Living and Holy Dying," the most popular of Jeremy Taylor's works, and probably the most popular, as it seems to us incomparably the best, of all English devotional writings, it would be as superfluous as presumptuous to speak in praise. How many aching hearts, how many weary minds have sought and found consolation in its pages! How many consciences have they awakened—how many souls have they moved, purified, exalted! When John Wesley had read the chapter "On Purity of Intention," he was so deeply touched by it, so overcome, that he thenceforth resolved to devote his whole life to God, all his thoughts, and words, and deeds—"being thoroughly convinced that there was no medium, but that every part of life must

either be a sacrifice to God or to one's self." It has been said that the "Holy Living and Dying" are the "Paradise Lost and Regained" of devotional literature, with their sublime strains softened by the singular beauty of the Christian "Allegro and Penseroso." With Keble we are ready to exclaim—"*Audiamus jam illum bene beateque vivendi ac moriendi Antistitem.*" To the depressed, the feeble, the weary—to the broken spirit and the fainting heart, as to the trusting, undoubting soul; to the eagerness of youth, the aspiration of manhood, the contentedness of old age—these consecrated pages come with a balm and a benediction; for their writer speaks as if his lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar of God. They glow with the sweet pure sunshine of heaven; in each eloquently musical period we seem to catch the echoes of angelic songs. "All images of rural delight; the rose and the lily; the lark at heaven's gate; the various incidents of sun and shade; the shadows of trees; the gilding of clouds, the murmuring of waters —whatever charms the eye, or comforts the heart, or enchants the ear, is collected in these pictures of the religious character." The rare excellence of Taylor's manual is most manifest when we compare it with the devotional treatises of the Roman Church; and the comparison is the more valuable from the way in which it brings out the sober teaching and the manly moderation of the Church of England. For with all Taylor's sweetness, there is no effeminacy; with all his strictness of discipline, no asceticism. While appealing to the heart, the soul, the conscience, he appeals also to the intellect and the understanding. He never fails to be practical and self-reliant; his earnestness is governed

by good sense, and never dreams itself away in a sensuous sentimentalism. In this one sentence, which, we think, only an English Churchman, or at all events only an English Christian, could have written, you find the quintessence of Jeremy Taylor's theory of the true regimen of life:—"God hath given every man work enough to do, that there should be no room for idleness, and yet hath so ordered the world that there shall be place for devotion. He that hath the fewest businesses in the world is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul; and he that has the most affairs may so order them that they shall be a service of God."

In the preface to the volume of prayers to which he gave the title of "The Golden Grove," Taylor warmly expresses his regret at the overthrow of the English Church, and his deep affection for "her sacraments so adorned and ministered," and "her circumstances of religion so useful and apt for edification." He states with much freedom his opinion of the harsh and un-Christian conduct of the Puritan preachers. At a time when Taylor stood almost alone in his advocacy of religious tolerance, his language not unnaturally excited the prejudices of the dominant party; and Taylor was arrested and thrown into prison. He was quickly released; but seems again to have offended the ruling powers, and to have been committed to Chepstow Castle, where, however, he was not uncourteously treated. He used his pen to good purpose, adding twenty-five discourses to the collection previously published, and producing his "Unum Necessarium; or, The Doctrine and Practice of Repentance, describing the Necessities and Measures of a Strict, a Holy, and a Christian Life, and

rescued from Popular Errors." This theological manifesto involved him in new troubles; for by attacking the Calvinistic doctrine of Original Sin, and other related dogmas, it provoked not only the anger of the Calvinistic and Puritan preachers, but the censure of some of the Catholic divines of his own Church. The moderate Warner, Bishop of Rochester, expressed his disapproval; while the admirable Sanderson complained, even with tears, of Taylor's departure from the cautious and Scriptural teaching of the Church of England. In a strain which showed that he was no convert to the tolerant sins of the "Liberty of Prophesying," he lamented the misery of the times, so that it was not possible to suppress by authority such "perilous and unseasonable novelties." Taylor's theories, which may be traced to his dislike to the Augustinian theology, are probably much more acceptable in the present day than they were in his own. That they were not wholly consistent in themselves, however, Coleridge has shown in the "Aids to Reflection."

On his return from imprisonment, he still continued his residence in Wales, diversifying it by occasional visits to London and its neighbourhood—more particularly to Evelyn, at Sayes Court, where he met with Robert Boyle, the philosopher, the theoretical Watkins, and Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne. In reference to one of these visits, in 1655, he writes to Evelyn:—"I did believe myself so very much bound to you for your so kind, so friendly reception of me in your *Tuscalanum*, that I had some little wonder upon me when I saw you making excuses that it was no better. Sir, I came to see you and your lady, and am highly pleased that I did

so, and found all your circumstances to be an heap and union of blessings. But I have not either so great a fancy and opinion of the prettiness of your abode, or so low an opinion of your prudence and piety, as to think you can be anyways transported with them. I know the pleasure of them is gone off from their light before one month's possession; and that strangers, and seldom (*i.e.*, occasional) seers, feel the beauty of them more than you who dwell with them. I am pleased, indeed, at the order and the cleanness of all your outward things; and look upon you not only as a person, by way of thankfulness to God for His mercies and goodness to you, especially obliged to a great measure of piety, but also as one who, being freed in great degrees from secular cares and impediments, can, without excuse and alloy, wholly intend what you so passionately desire, the service of God."

We cannot wonder that such a man as Taylor drew towards him the hearts of many friends. We have seen on what terms of affectionate intercourse he lived with Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carberry. When the first Lady Carberry died, he preached her funeral sermon, and painted a portrait of her in glowing colours which, as Heber says, belongs rather to an angelic than a human character. The second Lady Carberry was the original of "the Lady" in Milton's "Comus;" she, too, bestowed on Taylor her confidence and regard. His relations to Evelyn were of the pleasantest description. Evelyn would fain have had him settle in London that he might be nearer to him; but Taylor was content with occasional visits, when he officiated to private congregations of Churchmen, and enjoyed the graceful hospitality of

Sayes Court. In 1657, Evelyn granted his friend a pension, which must have been welcome exceedingly; "since he was sorely inconvenienced by the *res angustæ domi*, and suffered much from family troubles, losing two of his sons through an attack of smallpox."

In 1658, the Earl of Conway, another of Taylor's influential friends, induced him, by enlisting Evelyn's influence, to accept a lectureship at Lisburn, or, as it was then called, Lisnagarvy, in the north of Ireland. As the stipend was small, and the duty to be shared with a Presbyterian, Taylor at first felt some reluctance; but it was overcome, and in the summer he crossed to Ireland, and settled with his family at Portmore, within about eight miles of Lisburn. There, in full view of the broad expanse of Lough Neagh, and with the silent shadows of grim mountains gathering round him, he enjoyed the seclusion so dear to a contemplative mind. "My retirement to this solitary place," he wrote to Evelyn, "hath been, I hope, of some advantage to me as to this state of religion, in which I am yet but a novice, but, by the goodness of God, I see fine things before me whither I am contending. It is a great, but a good work, and I beg of you to assist me with your prayers, and to obtain of God for me that I may arrive at the height of love and union with God, which is given to all those souls who are very dear to God." The tradition runs, that he was wont to retire for study or devotion to some of the picturesque islets which repose amid the shining waters of the lake.

In 1660, he issued, as we have already noted, his great casuistical work, the "Ductor Dubitantium," and also, "The Worthy Communicant," in which he expatiates upon the blessings to be derived from the holy receiving

of the Lord's Supper, and furnishes the minister with useful directions for dealing with difficult cases of conscience. It is not without traces of the affluence and power of Taylor's earlier writings. One of the most striking passages is that in which he speaks of the Sacramental mystery as having been made intricate, like a doctrine of philosophy, and difficult by the assertion and dissolution of distinctions. "So we sometimes espy a bright cloud formed into an irregular figure; which, as it is observed by unskilful and fantastic travellers, looks like a curtain to some, and as a castle to others; some tell that they saw an army with banners, and it signifies war; but another, wiser than his fellows, says it looks like a flock of sheep, and foretells plenty; and all the while it is nothing but a shining cloud, by its own mobility and the activity of a wind cast into a contingent and artificial shape; so it is in this great mystery of our religion, in which some copy strange things which God intended not; and others see not what God hath plainly told."

To this great English divine, and greatest of English ecclesiastical orators, no higher preferment was given at the Restoration than the Bishopric of Down and Connor, to which he was nominated on the 6th of August, 1660. Shortly after, he was elected Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. His consecration took place on the 27th of January, 1661, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The sermon which he preached on the occasion won the attentive admiration of his hearers by its force of argument and brilliancy of style. "The whole ceremony was conducted without any confusion or the least clamour heard, save many prayers and blessings from the people, although the throng was great, and the windows throughout the

Sayes Court. In 1657, Evelyn granted his friend a pension, which must have been welcome exceedingly; "since he was sorely inconvenienced by the *res angustæ domi*, and suffered much from family troubles, losing two of his sons through an attack of smallpox."

In 1658, the Earl of Conway, another of Taylor's influential friends, induced him, by enlisting Evelyn's influence, to accept a lectureship at Lisburn, or, as it was then called, Lisnagarvy, in the north of Ireland. As the stipend was small, and the duty to be shared with a Presbyterian, Taylor at first felt some reluctance; but it was overcome, and in the summer he crossed to Ireland, and settled with his family at Portmore, within about eight miles of Lisburn. There, in full view of the broad expanse of Lough Neagh, and with the silent shadows of grim mountains gathering round him, he enjoyed the seclusion so dear to a contemplative mind. "My retirement to this solitary place," he wrote to Evelyn, "hath been, I hope, of some advantage to me as to this state of religion, in which I am yet but a novice, but, by the goodness of God, I see fine things before me whither I am contending. It is a great, but a good work, and I beg of you to assist me with your prayers, and to obtain of God for me that I may arrive at the height of love and union with God, which is given to all those souls who are very dear to God." The tradition runs, that he was wont to retire for study or devotion to some of the picturesque islets which repose amid the shining waters of the lake.

In 1660, he issued, as we have already noted, his great casuistical work, the "Ductor Dubitantium," and also, "The Worthy Communicant," in which he expatiates upon the blessings to be derived from the holy receiving

of the Lord's Supper, and furnishes the minister with useful directions for dealing with difficult cases of conscience. It is not without traces of the affluence and power of Taylor's earlier writings. One of the most striking passages is that in which he speaks of the Sacramental mystery as having been made intricate, like a doctrine of philosophy, and difficult by the assertion and dissolution of distinctions. "So we sometimes espy a bright cloud formed into an irregular figure; which, as it is observed by unskilful and fantastic travellers, looks like a curtain to some, and as a castle to others; some tell that they saw an army with banners, and it signifies war; but another, wiser than his fellows, says it looks like a flock of sheep, and foretells plenty; and all the while it is nothing but a shining cloud, by its own mobility and the activity of a wind cast into a contingent and artificial shape; so it is in this great mystery of our religion, in which some copy strange things which God intended not; and others see not what God hath plainly told."

To this great English divine, and greatest of English ecclesiastical orators, no higher preferment was given at the Restoration than the Bishopric of Down and Connor, to which he was nominated on the 6th of August, 1660. Shortly after, he was elected Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. His consecration took place on the 27th of January, 1661, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The sermon which he preached on the occasion won the attentive admiration of his hearers by its force of argument and brilliancy of style. "The whole ceremony was conducted without any confusion or the least clamour heard, save many prayers and blessings from the people, although the throng was great, and the windows throughout the

whole passage of the procession, to and from the cathedral, filled with spectators." In the following April the adjacent diocese of Dromore was added to that of Down and Connor, in acknowledgment of the good bishop's "virtue, wisdom, and industry." He had previously been made a Privy Councillor; and in May, 1661, he was appointed to preach at the opening of the two Houses of Parliament.

His wise and energetic administration of the University of Dublin laid the foundation of that repute which it has enjoyed down to our own time. In his own diocese he displayed a similar vigour. Having found the cathedral of Dromore in a dilapidated condition, he rebuilt the choir at his own expense. He underwent no small anxiety and vexation from the Presbyterian clergy who, during the sway of the Commonwealth, had been intruded into the benefices of the Church; but the majority eventually yielded to his force of character, while the laity received him always with admiring regard. His celebrated sermon, *Via Intelligentiæ*, published in 1662, showed that his faith in his own great doctrine of toleration was still unshaken, though he seems to have arrived at the conclusion that it can hardly be applied to those who deny its validity or will not avail themselves of its operation.

Taylor's later literary labours comprised three sermons, dedicated to the Duchess of Ormond, and a "Discourse on Confirmation." He also preached the funeral sermon for Archbishop Bramhall, and published his "Dissuasive from Popery," a work, undertaken at the request of the Irish Bishops, which met with immediate and extensive success. He had projected, and was actually engaged in

preparing, a treatise on the Beatitudes, when he was seized, though still in the very maturity of manhood, with what proved to be a mortal disease (1667). It has been conjectured that his health had already been affected by his grief at the misconduct of his two surviving sons, one of whom had perished in a duel, while the other had joined in the excesses of the Earl of Rochester. Symptoms of fever appeared on the 3rd of August, and ten days later, in the 55th year of his age, and the seventh of his episcopate, he passed away. His remains were interred in the choir of the cathedral church of Dromore; his name lives in the hearts of all English Churchmen who know how to appreciate the splendour of a genius devoted to God's service, and the beauty of a holy and blameless life.

"To sum up all in a few words," says Bishop Rust, "this great prelate had the good humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the promptness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a counsellor, and the piety of a saint."

At the Restoration the Church of England, recovering from its severe depression, seemed suddenly endowed with a new vitality, and produced a growth of eminent divines and teachers, distinguished by their intellectual vigour. Bishops Pearson, Bull, and Beveridge; Doctors South and Barrow; Baxter and Howe, who had not yet left her communion; these all came into the foremost rank in the early years of Charles II.'s reign: while a new school of eminent men arose, of whom Tillotson, Burnet, and Stillingfleet were the chief representatives—men who, in close sympathy with the bold and independent thinkers at Cambridge, became the founders of the Moderate party in the Church.

Conspicuous in this illustrious group as a rhetorician and a thinker, a scholar and a divine, was Dr. Robert South. The son of a prosperous London merchant, he was born in 1633. His early education he received at Westminster School, which was then a perfect hotbed of royalist principles of the most advanced kind. As South afterwards said, in a sermon preached to a later generation of Westomonasterians, "in the very worst of times, when it was my lot to be a member of a school untaintedly loyal, we were *really* King's soldiers, as well as called so;" and he adds that on that very day, "that eternally black and infamous day, of the King's murder, I myself heard the King publicly prayed for"—it is said, by South himself—"but an hour or two at most before his sacred head was struck off." At Christ Church, Oxford, South soon attained distinction as a scholar and a wit. His strong prejudices against Puritanism were so openly expressed that Dr. John Owen, whom Cromwell had appointed Dean of the College, rebuked him publicly as "one who sat in the seat of the scornful;" a rebuke to which South replied, with interest, in his earliest sermon on "The Professors of Godliness, but Workers of Iniquity, with their Sad Countenances and Hypocritical Groanings," preached in 1659.

At the Restoration he was immediately recognised as the great preacher of the University; and on the occasion of the issue of a Commission to expel from Oxford its Puritan professors and principles, he delivered a remarkable sermon (July 29, 1660) in favour of a learned clergy, and in severe denunciation of his opponents. He spoke with great fervour of the eloquence of Scripture, commending it for imitation to the ministers of the Church.

"Where," he said, "where do we ever find sorrow flowing in such a naturally prevailing pathos as in the Lamentations of Jeremiah? One would think that every letter was wrote with a tear, every word was the noise of a breaking heart; that the author was a man compacted of sorrows; disciplined to grief from his infancy; one who never breathed but in sighs, nor spoke but in tears and groans. So that he who said he would not read the Scripture for fear of spoiling his style, showed himself as much a blockhead as an atheist, and to have as small a gust of the elegancies of expression as of the sacredness of the matter." He adds that, "Questionless when Christ says that a Scribe must be stocked with things new and old, we must not think that He meant that he should have a hoard of old sermons (whosoever made them), with a bundle of new opinions; for this certainly would have furnished out such entertainment to his spiritual guests, as no rightly-disposed palate could ever relish."

Rewards and dignities poured in upon the brilliant and uncompromising orator. Though only 28 years of age, he was chosen Public Orator, and in this capacity congratulated Clarendon on his installation as Chancellor in a speech of rare eloquence; was made one of his chaplains, and appointed to preach before the King at Whitehall. It was during the sermon he then delivered that he was obliged, according to the Puritans, by his sudden qualms of conscience while inveighing against the Great Rebellion, to quit the pulpit. If so, his conscience was speedily quieted, for in almost all his sermons at this period he is found denouncing Cromwell and Milton, the Puritans and the Nonconformists, and this with a violence of language and an amplitude of misrepresentation which are very

deplorable. He was soon afterwards appointed a Prebendary of Westminster and Canon of Christ Church, and the remainder of his long life was spent either at Westminster or Oxford, except when, in 1674, he accompanied Lawrence Hyde's embassy to Poland, to congratulate King John Sobieski on his accession.

"South," says Dean Lake, "was the great University preacher, and his subsequent career might be easily tracked by his Sermons." He, no doubt, supported Dr. Jane in the famous decree of Passive Obedience which passed Convocation on the day of the execution of Lord Russell, against "certain damnable doctrines, destructive of the sacred persons of Princes," and we may be sure that all the bitterest Acts of Parliament against the Dissenters—the two Acts of Uniformity, the Conventicle Act, the Five Mile Act, which drove 2,000 clergy out of the Church of England and imprisoned Baxter and Bunyan—received his hearty approbation. He even carried his hatred of novelties so far that, in the true old style of Oxford, he denounced the newly-formed Royal Society, of which the ancient Bishop Ward of Salisbury was the second President, in a speech, as Public Orator. It would be very curious if we could ascertain what were his relations with his old school-fellow Locke, at Christ Church, in whose expulsion he must have borne a part. He declared himself ready to put on a buff coat against Monmouth; and would take no part whatever against James II., though he did not become a Nonjuror. But he, of course, opposed every act of toleration or comprehension during the reign of William, and was a warm supporter of Sacheverel in 1706; and one of his last acts was a hearty adhesion to Lord Arran (whose brother, the

Duke of Ormond, had been just before impeached for high treason), who was elected by the Chapter to the High Stewardship of Westminster—an office still in their gift—with the words, "Heart and hand for my Lord Arran."

South died, at the age of 83, in 1716. Years had not taught him tolerance or moderation; and to the very last he breathed fiery invectives against all with whom he disagreed. To what extremes his passionate genius carried him you may see in his controversy with Sherlock on the doctrine of the Trinity. Still, with all abatements, he was a man of great intellectual power, a master of analysis and method, endowed with great gifts of expression, and possessed of a sharp and ready wit. With a little more moral enthusiasm, more self-control, and something of the poet's divine faculty of imagination, South would have taken, not the first place among English preachers, for that would still have had to be allotted to Jeremy Taylor, but, at all events, the second; which must now, we think, be given to Barrow.

Of the copiousness and fine humour of his method, and its occasional pomp of rhetoric, we have no space for illustration. But a few brief specimens of his style may be welcome to the reader:—"He who owes all his good nature to the pot and pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good-nature overnight, but then he will sleep it all away again before the morning."

"Love is the great instrument and engine of Nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul as the soul to be in that."

"The understanding arbitrated upon all the reports of sense and all the varieties of imagination, not like a drowsy judge only hearing, but directing the verdict."

"It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing, who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend."

"'I speak the words of soberness,' says St. Paul,' and I preach the Gospel, not with the enticing words of man's wisdom.' This was the way of the Apostles, discoursing of things sacred. Nothing here of the fringes of the North Star; nothing of 'Nature's becoming unnatural;' nothing of 'the down of angel's wings, or the beautiful locks of cherubims;' no starched similitudes, introduced with a 'Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion.'* No, these were sublimities above the rise of the Apostolic spirit, for the Apostles, poor mortals! were content to take lower steps . . . and to use a dialect which only pierced the conscience, and made the hearers cry out, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' It tickled not the ear, but sunk into the heart; and when men came from such sermons, they never commended the preacher for his taking voice or gesture; for the fineness of such a simile, or the quaintness of such a sentence; but they spoke like men conquered by the overpowering force and evidence of the most concerning truths, much in the words of the two disciples going to Emmaus, 'Did not our hearts burn within us while He opened to us the Scriptures?'"

* This is an obvious allusion to Jeremy Taylor's prodigality of ornament.

In 1677, ten years after the death of Jeremy Taylor, died Dr. Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity College, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, whom Charles II. is said to have described as "the best scholar in England." He demands attention here, however, not as scholar or mathematician, but as one of the most eminent of the Anglican divines and theologians, in whom are shown the best growth and fruit of the English Church. His works, as lately edited, occupy nine moderate-sized volumes; the old edition, familiar to us in our youth, was in three ponderous folios. The theological portion consists chiefly of "Sermons." Generally speaking, sermons are a very fugitive kind of literature; have as brief a life as political pamphlets—those swiftest of birds of passage—or poems "published at the request of friends" but the "discourses" of Dr. Barrow have a place among our standard classics. Charles II. said of Barrow, that he was an unfair preacher, because he exhausted every subject he touched, and left nothing for any person to say who came after him; and this exhaustiveness is, no doubt, one of his special marks. He examines the subject from every possible point of view; looks around it and about it and into it; surveys it in all its various aspects, all its lights and shades of difference and distinction. "Every sermon," says a recent critic, "is exhaustive, in the sense of being a comprehensive discussion of all the compound parts of his subject. He goes through them all, one by one, step by step, and places each in its right position. The process, it must be owned, is sometimes tedious, but it must also be allowed that the result, in the hands of a strong and laborious workman like Barrow, is vastly impressive. When the quarry is

exhausted, and all the stones are in their appointed places, we have a massive and a solid edifice before us, complete from its foundations to its roof, and strongly compacted in every part." We do not think that Barrow's sermons, with all their massiveness and solidity of thought, are ever dull or tedious reading; their style is so strong, clear, exact, and decisive. It is that of a man who feels perfectly master of his theme and of himself; who knows that he has attempted nothing which he cannot easily accomplish. It lacks the splendid opulence of Taylor's richly-coloured diction, but then it exhibits a wonderful transparency; the current is strenuous and full, but you can see to the bottom of it.

As a theologian, Barrow concerns himself little about Dogma, nor does he deal with any of those subtler questions—the why, the whence, and the whither—which perplex inquiring and restless minds. He is the preacher, *par excellence*, of a practical religion, the religion of every-day life. He says himself:—"Religion consisteth not in fair profession and glorious pretences, but in real practice; not in a pretentious adherence to any sect or party, but in a sincere love of goodness and dislike of naughtiness; not in a nice orthodoxy, but in a sincere love of truth, in a hearty approbation of, and compliance with, the doctrines fundamentally good and necessary to be believed; not in harsh censuring and virulently inveighing against others, but in a carefully amending our own ways; not in a furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscionable practising the substantial facts of religion." This is the very essence of Barrow's teaching, the character of which is evident even in the titles of his sermons: as, for instance, "Upright Walking sure Walking," "The

Folly of Slander," "Not to Offend in Word," "Against Foolish Talking and Jesting," "Of Contentment," "Of Industry," "Of being Imitators of Christ."

Barrow was born in 1630. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He travelled extensively on the Continent from 1655 to 1659; returned to England, took holy orders, and was appointed Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and also of Geometry at Gresham College. He held the post of Lucasian Mathematical Lecturer at Cambridge until 1669, when he was succeeded by his friend and pupil, Sir Isaac Newton. Charles II. appointed him Master of Trinity, in 1672; and he was Vice-Chancellor of the University when he died, in 1677, at the early age of 47.

Bishop Beveridge was born in February, 1637, in the parish of Barrow-upon-Soar, in Leicestershire, of which parish his father was Vicar. He was a boy of twelve when Charles I. perished on the scaffold at Whitehall. His father had died some time previously; but the family seem to have had substance enough to be able to send the lad, in 1653, to Cambridge, where he entered St. John's, and came under the influence of its head, Dr. Tuckney, a distinguished Puritan and Calvinist. The influence of this able divine did not suffice to separate Beveridge from the Church of his fathers, but it modified to some extent his religious convictions. He became a hard student, and applied himself with much energy to the study of the early history of the Church, and of the languages and literature of the East. Before he was twenty he compiled a Syrian Grammar. The result of his patristic and ecclesiastical researches were given to the world in 1672 and

1679, in "The Pandectæ" and "The Canones,"—books of no small value and merit in their time, though since superseded by the labours of more fortunate scholars.

In the year following the Restoration, Beveridge was ordained deacon and priest, and instituted to the Vicarage of Ealing. Thence, in 1672, he removed to the living of St. Peter's, Cornhill, where he toiled with unabating diligence for a period of thirty years. "He applied himself," we are told, "with the utmost labour and zeal to the discharge of his ministry in several parts and offices; and so instructive was he in his discourse from the pulpit, so warm and affectionate in his private exhortations, so regular and uniform in the public worship of the Church, and in every part of his pastoral functions, and so remarkably were his labours crowned with success, that as he himself was justly styled 'the great reviver and restorer of primitive piety,' so his parish was deservedly proposed as the best model and pattern for the rest of its neighbours to copy after."

While Rector of St. Peter's, he was successively preferred Prebendary of St. Paul's (1674), Archdeacon of Colchester (1681), and Prebendary of Canterbury (1684). He carried into his archidiaconal work the same spirit of thoroughness he had infused into his parochial—personally visiting every parish, and obtaining an exact knowledge of its condition and necessities. At Canterbury his rigorous Churchmanship was somewhat unpleasantly displayed. James II. had ordered that a brief should be read for the relief of the persecuted French Protestants. Whether because he thought it illegal, which could hardly have been the case, or because, which is more probable, he did not sympathise with its purpose,

he objected that it was not sanctioned by the rubrics. It was then that Tillotson epigrammatically replied—"Doctor, doctor, Charity is above rubrics!"

At the Revolution he took the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, and in 1690 was appointed one of the King's chaplains. In 1704 he was promoted to the see of St. Asaph. He died on the 5th of March, 1707, leaving behind him a hundred and fifty published sermons, distinguished by their earnest eloquence and their kind exposition of Divine truth.

To the Cambridge School of Moderate or Rational Theologians—perhaps we might more fitly call them Religious Liberals—belonged Dr. Ralph Cudworth, who was born in 1617, at Aller, in Somersetshire. In 1644 he was appointed Master of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and in the following year, Regius Professor of Hebrew. He became D.D. in 1651, and in 1654 Master of Christ's College. He died in 1688. We owe to this judicious thinker and profound scholar a vigorous refutation of Atheism, Hobbism, and other forms of scepticism, entitled, "The True Intellectual System of the Universe." The principles which he lays down are these:—First, "That all things in the world do not float without a head and governor, but that there is a God, an omnipotent, understanding Being, presiding over all." Second, "That this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust, and not by arbitrary law, will, and command only." And, lastly, "That we are so far first principals or masters of our own actions as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly."

Another illustrious member of this School, which concerned itself more with the essentials than the accidentals of religious faith, was Benjamin Whichcote, 1610-1683, who, as Provost of King's College, strongly impressed his own mode of thought and form of belief both upon the rising generation of students and his own colleagues in the administration of the University. Principal Tulloch speaks of him, in slightly exaggerated language, as the founder of "the new school of philosophical theology," though this school is known chiefly by the works of more copious writers. "Like many eminent teachers, his personality and the general force of his mental character were obviously greater than his mental productiveness. A few volumes of his sermons are nearly all that survive of his labours to help us to understand them. Yet his sermons, comparatively neglected as they have been, are among the most thoughtful in the English language, pregnant with meaning, not only for his own, but for all time." They are comprised in four volumes, and undoubtedly deserve the reader's most careful attention; but of higher interest, we think, are the gems of crystallised thought which are known as his "Moral and Religious Aphorisms."

Tillotson, in his funeral sermon, thus draws his character:—

"A godlike temper and disposition (as he was wont to call it) was what he chiefly valued and aspired after, that universal charity and goodness which he did continually preach and practise. His conversation was exceeding kind and affable, grave and winning, prudent and profitable. He was slow to declare his judgment, and modest in delivering it. Never passionate, never peremptory—so

far from imposing upon others that he was rather apt to yield. And although he had a most profound and well-poised judgment, yet he was of all men I ever knew the most patient to hear others differ from him, and the most easy to be convinced when good reason was offered; and, which is seldom seen, more apt to be favourable to another man's reason than his own. Studious and inquisitive men," he adds, "at such an age (at forty or fifty, at the utmost) have fixed and settled their judgments on most points, and, as it were, made their last understanding—supposing that they have thought, or read, or heard what can be said on all sides of things; and after that they grow positive and impatient of contradiction. But our deceased friend was so wise as to be willing to leave to the last, knowing that no man can grow wise without some change of his mind—without gaining some knowledge which he had not, or correcting some error which he had before. He had attained so perfect a mastery of his passions that for the latter and greater part of his life he was hardly ever seen to be transported with anger, and, as he was extremely careful not to provoke any man, so as not to be provoked by any; using to say, 'If I provoke a man, he is the worse for my company; and if I suffer myself to be provoked by him, I shall be the worse for his.' He was a great encourager and kind director of young divines, and one of the most candid hearers of sermons, I think, that ever was. . . He never spoke well of himself, nor ill of others. . . In a word, he had all those virtues, and in a high degree, which an excellent temper, great condescension, long care and watchfulness over himself, together with the assistance of God's grace (which he continually implored and mightily relied upon) are apt

to produce. Particularly he excelled in the virtues of conversation, humanity and gentleness and humility, a prudent and peaceable and reconciling temper."

We quote a few specimens of Whichcote's aphorisms:—

"Heaven is first a temper, and then a place."

"The reason of our mind is the best instrument we have to work withal."

"There is nothing more unnatural to religion than contentions about it."

"It is not good to live in jest, since we must die in earnest."

"It is inconsistent with any kind of honesty and virtue to neglect and despise all kind of religion."

"Nothing is more specific to man than capacity of religion, and sense of God."

"We are all of us at times in a fool's paradise, more or less, as if all were our own, all as we would have it."

"Let him that is assured he errs in nothing, take upon him to condemn every man that errs in anything."

"I have always found that such preaching of others hath most commanded my heart which hath most illuminated my head."*

The Restoration brought small gain to the "inspired tinker," John Bunyan, whose influence on the religious mind of England has been infinitely greater than that of all the divines at whom we have thus briefly glanced. He was committed to prison in November, 1660, on the charge of preaching in several conventicles in the country, to the great disparagement of the government of the Church of England. For three months he lay in Bedford gaol, and at the end of that time, as he refused to conform, was re-imprisoned. Owing to his contumacy, he was left out of the general gaol-delivery which marked the coronation of Charles II. His wife made three appeals on his behalf to the Judges, pleading that she had four small children, unable to help themselves, one of whom

* Whichcote's "Aphorisms" seem to have suggested the "Guesses at Truth."

was blind, and that she and they had nothing to live upon but the charity of good people. It was in vain. "I found myself," said Bunyan, "encompassed with infirmities. The parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling of the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all besides. Oh, the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces. 'Poor child,' thought I, 'what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee.'"

For eleven years Bunyan lay in Bedford gaol, not obtaining his release until March, 1672, when, by royal proclamation, Nonconformists were allowed to assemble for worship under their licensed ministers. His imprisonment, however, bore glorious fruit. The solitude of his dungeon was peopled by his fervid genius and all-absorbing devotion with a crowd of immortal figures, which he arranged in such a manner as to represent the successive scenes of a new and striking allegory. Transferring his visions to paper, he produced for the eternal delight and instruction of his fellows (in 1678) the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come, delivered under the similitude of a Dream, wherein is discovered the Manner

of his Setting Out, his Dangerous Journey, and Safe Arrival at the Desired Country." That such a book should be written, and eagerly received by the people, in the Restoration period, is a convincing proof that the national heart remained sound at the core, in spite of the baleful influences of a profligate Court.

There is a Shakespearian touch about "The Pilgrim's Progress" in the multiplicity of the characters introduced, their variety, their distinct individualisation, and the appropriateness of the language and sentiments allotted to them. No one who has read the book will ever forget the sharp portraiture and vivid presentment of Mr. Facing-both-Ways, Mr. Pliable, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Talkative, Hopeful, and half a hundred other actors in the stirring drama. As Macaulay says, in his well-known criticism, "The mind of Bunyan was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. All the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, illfavoured ones, and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hategood, Mr. Talkative, and Mr. Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete." But to criticise "The Pilgrim's Progress" now-a-days would be an impertinence. It has become a part of the living literature of the people, and much of it has entered

into and been incorporated with their daily talk. "In the wildest parts of Scotland the Pilgrim's Progress is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the Pilgrim's Progress is a greater favourite than Jack the Giant-Killer. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should lessen the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turnstile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house and all its fine shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant arbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street."

Bunyan's allegory of "The Holy War," less human than "The Pilgrim's Progress," but grander in conception, and more poetical, was published in 1682; and in 1684, the year before Charles II.'s death, appeared the second (and inferior) part of "The Pilgrim's Progress," in which is described the heavenward progress of the Pilgrim's wife and seven children. Bunyan died on the

31st of August, 1688. His autobiographical work, "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners," is a curiously interesting study in psychology, which must carefully be read by all who would know what manner of man John Bunyan really was.

One of the greatest literary names of the period is that of Thomas Hobbes. He was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, in April, 1588, the year of the Spanish Armada. His long life covered three generations, and was protracted through the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Charles II.; he died on the 4th of December, 1679. It was seventy-six years since, a lad of fifteen, he had entered Magdalene Hall, Oxford. In 1608, a young man of high promise, he became tutor to the eldest son of the Earl of Devonshire, and travelled with him in France and Italy. On his return to England, with a mind enlarged and matured by experience of men and manners, he made the acquaintance of Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. In 1628 he published a translation of Thucydides, designed as a counterblast against the evils of popular government. From 1634 to 1636 he was abroad with the young Earl of Devonshire, the son of his former pupil; and from 1636 to 1641, when he retired to Paris, he was domesticated with the Devonshire family in their stately home at Chatsworth. In 1642 appeared his first great philosophical work, "Elementa Philosophica de Cive," a defence of absolutism as the best form of government. Five years later he was made tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. During the Commonwealth his genius reached its ripest; and he published, in 1651, his *magnum opus*, the celebrated "Leviathan;

or, The Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil," which he caused to be transcribed on vellum for presentation to his royal pupil. He was afterwards involved in a hot controversy with Dr. John Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, who made short work of Hobbes's pretension to have squared the circle, and proved that a "great philosopher" may be a sorry mathematician. In 1675, Hobbes himself demonstrated that he may also be an indifferent poet, by publishing a dull and tedious translation of the Iliad and Odyssey into English verse. In the year of his death, the indefatigable nonagenarian gave to the world his "Behemoth; or, The History of the Civil Wars of England, and of the Counsels and Artifices by which they were carried on, from the year 1640 to the year 1660." It may be noted, in passing, that in this book Hobbes recommends to the reader the popular religious manual, which, under the title of "The Whole Duty of Man laid down in a Plain and Familiar Way," was first published in 1659. Its authorship has been attributed to a dozen different persons.

"The Leviathan" is one of those classic masterpieces which everybody admires and few people read. It is divided into four parts—1. Of Man; 2. Of a Commonwealth; 3. Of a Christian Commonwealth; 4. Of the Kingdom of Darkness. In the first part "man's nature" is defined as "the sense of his natural powers;" while his mental powers are classified as "cognitive," "imaginative," or "conceptive," and "motive." Our senses receive impressions from external objects, with which they deal by means of the cognitive faculty. According as they are produced by the senses our conceptions rise in

quick succession, and we give names to them as an assistance to our memory. All knowledge is of two kinds: *original*, which we owe to memory and observation; and *science*, which is the knowledge of names and propositions derived from understanding. Both, in reality, amount to nothing more than experience; the experience which we obtain from external objects, the experience which we acquire from the proper use of names in language.

Hobbes goes on to contend that truth and a true proposition are absolutely identical, and that knowledge is the evidence of truth; while he defines conscience as a man's belief in the veracity of that which he asserts. The motive powers are, he says, those of the heart, acted upon and influenced by the impressions received through the senses. All conceptions are brain-motives originating without. When they encourage and stimulate the vital movement, they are called, and the objects producing them are called, pleasant; when they retard or depress it, they are described as painful. The former are objects of love or liking; the latter, of dislike or aversion; and every man calls that which pleases him good, and that which he dislikes evil. Absolute goodness, that is, goodness without relation or proportion, is impossible. Things can only be relatively good; even the goodness of God being His goodness to us simply as we understand and receive it.

Upon these cardinal principles or hypotheses, Hobbes erects what is known as the Selfish system of philosophy, which makes our notions of right or wrong depend upon our views of self-interest—assuming that every man's self-love is the mainspring of his thoughts, feelings, and actions. Pity is "imagination or fiction of future

calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity; that when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also that men pity the vices of some persons at the first sight only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinions of their own exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men." A similar exposition is furnished of the other passions. To love, for example, is ascribed a purely selfish motive; it is simply the desire of a certain object for our own gratification. And when we laugh, it is from a sense of our superiority to somebody.

It must be confessed that this is a mean and servile philosophy, which strikes at the root of all that is purest, brightest, best in human nature. In his work, "De Corpore Politico," Hobbes applies it to the body politic. He affirms the natural equality of men, and their right to an equal possession of all things, as distinctly as the most ardent Socialist. But he goes on to argue that, differing as they do in strength and passions—and each thinking well of himself, though detesting the same egotism when it is manifested in others—they necessarily fall into contention. In his natural liberty the state of man is a state

of war, and irresistible might becomes right. Self-defence compels him to the adoption of civil institutions; and he sacrifices some of his rights in order to preserve the others. Might being right in the state of nature, one man might acquire the right of conquest over another, just as men have done over the lower animals. Conquest, or else mutual agreement, has led to the establishment of various systems of government, such as the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical. To Hobbes the monarchical seemed to offer the most advantages, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, the fewest disadvantages.

The philosophy of Hobbes, with its materialistic tendencies in morals and its absolutist deductions in politics, has been attacked by numerous able controversialists, from Cudworth and Lord Shaftesbury to Bishop Butler, Lord Kaimes, and Dugald Stewart. Its unsoundness is now admitted; but all critics agree in admiring the strength and clearness with which Hobbes has developed it in his writings. Believing that these exercised an injurious influence, we do not think Hume was too severe in his condemnation of them. Their politics, he said, were fitted only to encourage tyranny; their ethics to encourage licentiousness. He adds, however, that "though an enemy to religion, Hobbes partakes nothing of the spirit of scepticism, but is as positive and dogmatical as if human reason, and his reason in particular, could obtain a thorough conviction on these subjects. Clearness and propriety of style are the chief excellences of Hobbes's writings." Let it be noted, moreover, that the philosopher's mind was essentially strong, independent, and original; that he owed nothing to any predecessor; that all his coin was stamped in his own mint. The metal was

not without grievous alloy, but the die was sharply wrought and the impression clean cut. It is one of the special merits of a book like "The Leviathan" that it forces its readers to think for themselves; since we are apt to degenerate into a sleepy and languid state of mind if we read always to acquiesce and never to dispute.

That form of literary composition known as "The Essay" Bacon was the first to introduce and popularise. It was adopted in the early days of the Restoration by Abraham Cowley, the poet, whose "Essays," in style and matter, are inferior only to those of his great predecessor. Readers acquainted with Cowley's poems, and their elaborate and involved diction, overloaded with conceits, inversions, and ellipses, will certainly be surprised by the direct and forcible simplicity of his prose, which he manages with masterly ease. Among the essays we should select those on Solitude, Liberty, the Garden, and the Uncertainty of Riches, as the best.

In this connection may be mentioned Izaak Walton's charming work, "The Compleat Angler; or, Contemplative Man's Recreation," which is simply a collection of short essays on rural scenes and enjoyments, on Nature and the delights of Nature, thrown into conversational form. Deservedly, it is one of the most popular books in the language; one of those which establish themselves in a permanent place in our literature by right of their individuality. The style is exquisitely harmonious and transparent; the descriptions are not less vivid than accurate; the illustrations picturesque; the reflections spontaneous, just, and healthy; while the book is everywhere saturated with a deep, warm, unaffected love of Nature, which bubbles up in almost every sentence and

brims over in every page. "What would a blind man give," he says, "to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains that we have met with since we met together! I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world would present to him. And this and many other like blessings *we* enjoy daily." To one in city pent, Walton's book will bring the fresh sweet odours of the hawthorn hedges, and the meek beauty of the cowslips, and the music of the murmuring stream.

For manly, vigorous, and affluent English prose, a better model could hardly be desired than that which Dryden furnishes in his "Critical Essays" and "Prefaces." It is to be remembered that Fox, the statesman, when writing his "History of England," would employ no word which Dryden had not used; and that Burke speaks of his style with warm approval. English criticism, as an act, dates from 1668, when Dryden published his "Essay on Dramatic Poesy." The sharpness of his perception and the solidity of his judgment may be seen in his "Discourse on the Original and Progress of Satire," and in his critical dissertations generally. Here is a specimen:—"I looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his name into as narrow a compass as possibly he

could; for which reason he is so figurative that he requires—I may almost say—a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears, yet the numbers are perpetually varied to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together."

In Macaulay's opinion, Sir William Temple (born in 1628) was one of those men "whom the world has agreed to praise highly without knowing much about them, and who are therefore more likely to lose than to gain by a close examination. Yet," he adds, "he is not without fair pretensions to the most honourable place among the statesmen of his time. A few of them equalled or surpassed him in talents; but they were men of no good repute for honesty. A few may be named whose patriotism was purer, nobler, and more disinterested than his; but they were men of no eminent ability. Morally, he was above Shaftesbury; intellectually, he was above Russell. . . . A temper not naturally good, but under strict command; a constant regard to decorum; a rare caution in playing that mixed game of skill and hazard, human life; a disposition to be content with small and certain winnings rather than to go on doubling the stake; these seem to us to be the most remarkable features of his character."

His diplomatic and political services belong to the province of the historian; we shall here consider him only as the man of letters. Johnson, with exaggerated praise, refers to him as "the first writer who gave cadence to English prose;" an assertion implying the greatest possible ignorance of, or want of sympathy with,

Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Cowley, and Dryden. He was, however, a regular, fluent, and perspicuous writer, who adopted the fashionable essay form for the presentment of his sound and generally judicious observations on subjects which he had carefully studied. His "Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning," in which he took the side of the Ancients, provoked a long and bitter controversy, from an unfortunate allusion to the supposed literary merits of the Greek "Epistles of Phalaris." Bentley immediately pounced upon the mistake, proved with ease that the Epistles were a forgery, and terribly mauled Temple for his unhappy display of ignorance. Temple, to be sure, found ingenious and capable defenders in Pope, Conyers Middleton, Dr. Garth, and Swift, the last of whom came to his patron's assistance with his celebrated satire, "The Battle of the Books." But if the wits had the temporary advantage, the eventual victory, and the honour of it, were with the scholar. This famous literary quarrel, however, occurred after the Revolution.

In Dryden's preface to his best tragedy, "All for Love," he remarks, that in this play he had endeavoured to follow the practice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observed, are, and ought to be, our masters. Thomas Rymer, to whom this flattering allusion is made, was born about 1638; educated at Northallerton Grammar School and at Cambridge; studied law; and became a member of Gray's Inn. He was one of the first and ablest of the critics who endeavoured to restrain the exuberant genius of English literature within the trammels of the French methods; and in 1678 he published "The Tragedies of the last Age Considered and

Examined by the Practice of the Ancients, and by the Common Sense of all Ages." In this critical essay he proposes to consider and examine Shakespeare's "Othello" and "Julius Cæsar," Ben Jonson's "Catalina," and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rollo," "King and No King," and "Maid's Tragedy;" but his remarks are really confined to the three last-named, and the spirit in which they are conceived may be inferred from the writer's crudely impertinent assertion that "our poetry of the last age" was "as rude as our architecture," and his reference to Milton's great epic as "that 'Paradise Lost' of Milton which some are pleased to call a poem." His "Short View of Tragedy," marked by equal ineptitude, appeared in 1693. Had he done no worthier work than these mistaken criticisms and a bad play ("Edgar; or, the English Monarch"), he would not be noticed here; but he rendered an important service to historical literature by the diligence and care with which he carried out the design of Montague and Lord Somers for collecting and publishing, under the title of "Fœdera, Conventiones, et cujuscunque generis Acta Publica inter Reges Angliæ et Alios Principes," the official documents relating to the transactions between England and other States. Seventeen folio volumes of this valuable work were edited by Rymer between 1703 and 1714, the year in which he died.

The English representative of Neo Platonism, Dr. Henry More, belongs to the Restoration period. He was born at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, in 1614; received his earlier education at Eton; and was thence removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship. Reading Plato eagerly, he followed up this line of study by devouring the so-called "New Platonists,"

Plotinus and Iamblichus, with their refined mysticisms, and the Florentine Platonists, until he completely saturated his mind with the form of religious philosophy now known as Christian Platonism. He was only twenty-eight when he published his "Ψυχώδια Platonica; or, a Platonical Song of the Soul," in four books, which he re-issued, in 1647, with prefaces and interpretations, under the title of "Philosophical Poems." These are four in number:—1. "Psychozia;" or, "The Life of the Soul;" 2. "Psychathanasia;" or, "The Immortality of the Soul;" to which is annexed a metrical "Essay upon the Infinity of Worlds out of Platonical Principles;" 3. "Antipsychopannychia; a Confutation of the Sleep of the Soul after Death," to which is appended "The Pre-Existency of the Soul,"* and 4. "Antimonopsychia; a Confutation of the Unity of Souls," with a "Paraphrase upon Apollo's Answer concerning Plotinus his Soul departed this life."

These poems are written throughout in the Spenserian stanza, but, unfortunately, are destitute of the exquisite Spenserian imagery and music. There are occasional fine passages; but the verse is generally rugged, involved, and barren, while the meaning could hardly be got at but for the notes and interpretations supplied by More himself. His aim, however, as stated in his opening stanzas, was lofty enough:—

> "Not ladies' loves, nor knights' brave martial deeds,
> Ywrapt in rolls of live antiquities;
> But th' inward fountain, and the unseen seeds,
> From whence are these, and what so under eye
> Dost fall, or is record in memorie,

* "The fanciful theory which suggested Wordsworth's grand ode on 'The Intimations of Immortality in Childhood.'"

> *Psyche*, I'll sing. Psyche! from thee they spring.
> O life of Time and all Alterity!
> Thy life of lives instil his nectar strong,
> My soul t' inebriate while I sing Psyche's song.
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . My task is not to try
> What's simply true. I only do engage
> Myself to make a fit discovery,
> Give some fair glimpse of Plato's hid Philosophy.
>
> What man alive that hath but common wit
> (When skilful limner seeing his intent
> Shall fairly well portray and wisely hit
> The true proportion of each lineament,
> And in right colours to the life depaint
> The fulvid eagle with her sun-bright eye),
> Would waxen wroth with inward choler brent
> Cause 'tis no buzzard or discoloured Pie?
> Why man? I meant it not: cease thy fond obloquie.
>
> So if what's consonant to Plato's school
> (Which will agree with learnèd Pythagore,
> Egyptian Trismegist, and th' antique roll
> Of Chaldee wisdom, all which Time hath tore,
> But Plato and deep Plotin do restore),
> Which is my scope, I sing out lustily:
> If any twitten me for such strange lore,
> And me all blameless brand with infamy,
> God purge that man from fault of foul malignity."

Occasionally a genuine pearl gleams among More's elaborate imitations, and we come upon a happy thought not unhappily expressed. As in the following examples:—

> "If light divine we know by divine light,
> Nor can by any other means it see,
> This ties their hands from force that have the sprite."
>
> "By this the sun's bright waggon 'gain ascend
> The western hill, and draw on cheerful day;
> So I full fraught with joy do homeward wend
> And fend myself with what that Nymph did say,
> And did so cunningly to me convey,
> Resolving for to teach all willing men
> Life's mystery, and quite to chase away
> Mind-mudding mist sprung from low fulsome fen,
> Praise my good will, but pardon my weak falt'ring pen."

"I saw portrayed on this sky-coloured silk
Two lovely lads with wings fully dispread
Of silver plumes, their skin more white than milk,
Their lily limbs I greatly admirèd,
Their cheery looks and lusty livelihed:
Athwart their snowy breast a scarf they wore
Of a pure hue."

"But yet, my Muse, still take a higher flight,
Sing of Platonic faith in the first Good,
The faith that doth our souls to God invite
So strongly, tightly, that the rapid flood
Of this swift-flux of things, nor with foul mud
Can stain, nor strike us off from th' unity,
Wherein we steadfast stand, unshaked, unmoved,
Engrafted by a deep vitality,
The prop and stay of things in God's benignity."

At one period of his life More deceived himself into the belief that he had had a singular vision, which, under the name of Bathynous, he afterwards described in his "Divine Dialogues." He is discussing with his companions the subject of the Divine goodness, when he informs them that in his youth he had a strange dream of "an old man with a grave countenance speaking to him in a wood." He is urged to tell his dream, and does not object:—

"You must know, then, of what an anxious and thoughtful genius I was from my very childhood, and what a deep and strong sense I had of the existence of God, and what an early conscientiousness of approving myself to Him; and how, when I had arrived to riper years of reason, and was imbued with some slender rudiments of philosophy, I was not then content to think of God in the gross only, but begun to consider His nature more distinctly, accurately, and to contemplate and compare His attributes; and how, partly from the natural sentiments of my own mind, partly from the countenance

and authority of Holy Scripture, I did confidently conclude that infinite power, wisdom, and goodness were the chiefest and most comprehensive attributes of the Divine Nature, and that the sovereign of those was His goodness, the summit and power, if I may so speak, of the Divinity. In the meantime, being versed in no other natural philosophy nor metaphysics, but the vulgar, my mind was for a long time charged with inextricable puzzles and difficulties, to make the phenomena of the world and vulgar opinions of men in any tolerable way to comport or suit with these two chiefest attributes of God, His wisdom and His goodness. These meditations closed mine eyes at night; these saluted my memory at first in the morning; these accompanied my remote and solitary walks into fields and woods, sometimes so early as when most of other mortals keep their beds.

"It came to pass, therefore, that one summer morning having rose much more early than ordinary, and having worked so long in a certain wood (which I had a good while frequented) that I thought fit to rest myself on the ground, having spent my spirits partly by long motion of my body, but mainly by want of sleep, and over-anxious and solicitous thinking of such difficulties, as Hylobares [one of the interlocutors] either has already, or, as I descried at first, is likely to propose; I straightway reposed my weary limbs amongst the grass and flowers at the foot of a broad-spread and flourishing oak, where the gentle fresh morning air played in the shade on my heated temples, and with unexpressible pleasure refrigerating my blood and spirits, and the industrious bees busily humming round about me upon the dewy honeysuckles; to which nearer noise was most melodiously

joined the distant singing of the cheerful birds re-echoed from all parts of the wood; these delights of nature all conspiring together, you may easily fancy, would quickly charm my weary body into a profound sleep. But my soul was then as much as ever awake, and, as it seems, did most vividly dream that I was still walking in these solitary woods with my thoughts more eagerly intent upon those usual difficulties of providence than ever. But while I was in this great anxiety and earnestness of spirit, accompanied (as frequently when I was awake) with vehement and devout suspirations and ejaculations towards God, of a sudden there appeared at a distance a very grave and venerable person walking slowly towards me. His stature was greater than ordinary. He was clothed with a loose silk garment of a purple colour, much like the Indian gowns that are now in fashion, saving that the sleeves were something longer and wider; and it was tied about him with a Levitical girdle also of purple; and he wore a pair of velvet slippers of the same colour, but upon his head a Montero of black velvet, as if he were both a traveller and an inhabitant of that place at once.

"While he was at any distance from me, I stood fearless and unmoved; only, in reverence to so venerable a personage, I put off my hat, and held it in my hand. But when he came up closer to me, the vivid full force of his eyes that shone so piercingly bright from under the shadow of his black Montero, and the whole air of his face, though joined with a wonderful deal of mildness and sweetness, did so of a sudden astonish me, that I fell into an excessive trembling, and had not been able to stand if he had not laid his hand upon my head, and spoken comfortably to me, which he did in a paternal manner, saying,—'Blessed be thou of God, my son; be of good courage, and fear not; for I am a messenger of God to thee for thy good. Thy serious aspires and breathings after the true knowledge of thy Maker and the ways of His providence (which is the most becoming employment of any rational being), have ascended into the sight of God; and I am appointed to give into thy hands the two keys of Providence, that thou mayest thereby be able to open the treasures of that wisdom thou so anxiously and yet so piously seekest after!' And where withal he put his right hand into his left sleeve, and pulled out two shining bright keys—the one silver, the other of gold, tied together with a sky-coloured ribbon of a pretty breadth—and delivered them into my hands, which I received of him, making low obeisance, and professing my thankfulness for so great a gift."

By this time, he continues, he had acquired a confidence and familiarity which enabled him to converse with the venerable figure that had appeared to him. Having received into his hands the silver key, he was instructed to observe the letters written on it, which, arranged in an intelligible order, proved to be *Claude frustras, ut luceat domus*. Then, gasping in his hand the lower part of the key, he pulled at the handle with his right, and behold, a silver tube came forth, with a scroll of thin paper—thin, but as strong as vellum, and as white as driven snow. On this scroll was drawn a representation of the motions of the planetary bodies round the sun, and of the starry hemispheres, on the principles of the Copernican system. His attention was next drawn to the motto of the golden key, which was a "treasurer of itself,"

namely, *Amor Dei Lux Animæ*. A golden tube with a similar scroll presented itself when the handle of the key was pressed a second time; and on this scroll was written twelve sentences, in letters of gold, to the following effect:—"Divine Goodness is commensurate with Divine Providence or Infinite; Time and Space—'the thread of time and the expansion of the universe'—proceed from a benevolent Deity; Intellectual Spirits rejoiced with God before creation; in a world of free agents, sin must be a possibility; but happiness exceeds sin and misery 'as much as the light exceeds the shadows.'" He was proceeding with his analysis of these divine sentences, when he was rudely interrupted by the braying of two asses—an unconscious touch of satire!—and the radiant vision of the grave and aged person, the keys of silver and gold, and the glorious parchment suddenly disappeared, leaving him seated at the foot of the oak, where he had fallen asleep, with an ass on each side of him!

"We confess," says Tulloch, "that we are somewhat at a loss to understand the moral of this singular interruption of his vision, the ludicrous absurdity of which strikes us at first more than anything else; unless it be intended, as he himself half hints, to signify the indifferent noisiness with which the world, and even the Church, often receive and interrupt the speculations of a higher thoughtfulness, striving to read, from the characteered scroll of nature and life, the mysteries of being. More professes that the completed vision would have been too much for him, and that he was more gratified at things happening as they did than if he had been all at once put in possession of truth—the continued search for which had been to him a repeated and prolonged pleasure.

"One of the speakers, 'a zealous but airy-minded Platonist and Cartesian, or Mechanist,' suggests that the object of the vision was not merely to attest the Copernican system of the world, but the truth of Descartes' principles. But More, in the name of Bathynous, repudiates this view on the ground that he espied in one of the sentences, or aphorisms of the golden key, which he had not time to read in full, the statement, 'That the primordials of the world are not mechanical, but spermatical, or vital, which,' he adds, 'is diametrically and fundamentally opposite to Descartes' philosophy.' He is convinced further, that, if he had had full conference with the divine sage he would have found his philosophy 'more Pythagorical, or Platonical, than Cartesian. For there was also mention of the senimal soul of the world, which some modern writers call the spirit of nature.' The aphoristic revelations, both of the silver and the golden key, gave rise to a great deal more discussion amongst the friends assembled in Caphophron's 'philosophical bower'—a delightful retreat of the 'airy-minded Platonist'—with the cool evening summer air 'fanning itself through the leaves of the harbour,' and a 'frugal collation' spread—'a cup of wine, a dish of fruit, and a manchet.' The rest was made up with 'free discourses in philosophy.' The picture is a pleasant one, if the dialogue is sometimes tiresome; and the whole vision and description are strikingly illustrative of the dreamy ideal and enthusiasm with which the young Platonist pursued his studies and inquiries."

More's poems, as we have said, were first published in 1642. Three years before—that is, in 1639—he had taken his Master's degree, and immediately afterwards

was chosen Fellow of his college. He was offered the mastership in 1654, but declined it in favour of Cudworth. In the lettered seclusion of Christ's College, this profound, if somewhat visionary, thinker lived and died. His noble friends, and he had many, begged of him to accept preferment, but he refused. "Pray not be so morose," said one of these would-be patrons; "pray be not so morose or humoursome as to refuse all things you have not known so long as Christ's College." One day his friends led him with much persuasion as far as Whitehall, in order that he might kiss the King's hand; but when he understood that the condition of his so doing was the acceptance of a bishopric, "he was not on any account to be persuaded to it."

Among More's most intimate friends was a former pupil of his, Lady Conway, and at her seat at Rugby, in Warwickshire, he spent much of his leisure. There he made the acquaintance of two remarkable men, who must not be omitted from our picture of the men of the Restoration—Baron Von Helmont and Valentine Greatrakes. The former, the son of the famous Flemish chemist and necromancer, inherited much of his father's genius, but more of his enthusiasm and wild extravagance. He devoted himself, heart and soul, to the occult studies which had such an attraction for the inquirers of his time, and lived for a while in Lady Conway's family as her physician. Greatrakes was a man of more mark. His wonderful cures were the talk of the seventeenth century; they were formally investigated by the Royal Society, and seem to have convinced men like Henry More and Judge Glanville, both of whom have specially adverted to them. Greatrakes was an Irish gentleman,

who at first used his singular powers with reluctance, but becoming convinced of their efficacy tried them upon all who sought his healing aid. His mode of operation consisted merely in laying his hands upon the sick, and "stroking" them. In January, 1666, the Earl of Orrery invited him to England to attempt the cure of Lady Conway of the chronic headache from which she suffered, but he did not succeed; however, while at Rugby he healed many other persons. From Rugby he removed to Worcester, and thence to London, where he practised his strange art for many months. "At the coffee-houses and everywhere," wrote a friend ("a person of great veracity and a philosopher") to Glanville, "the great discourse now is about Mr. G., the famous Irish stroker. He undergoes curious censures here; some take him to be a conjurer, and some an impostor, but others, again, adore him as an apostle. I confess, I think the man is free from all design, of a very agreeable conversation, not addicted to any vice, nor to any sect or party; but is, I believe, a sincere Protestant. I was three weeks together with him at my Lord Conway's, and saw him (I think) lay his hands upon a thousand persons; and really there is something in it more than ordinary; but I am convinced 'tis not miraculous. I have seen pains strangely fly before his hand till he hath charmed them out of the body; dimness cleared and deafness cured by his touch; twenty persons at several times, in fits of the falling-sickness, were in two or three minutes brought to themselves, so as to tell where their pain was; and then he hath pursued it till he hath driven it out at some extreme part; running sores of the king's evil dried up, and kernels brought to a puration by his hand."

In 1666 was published "A brief account of Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, and divers of the strange cures by him performed; written by himself, in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, Esq., whereunto are arranged the testimonials of several eminent and worthy persons of the chief matters of fact there related." Thereafter he passed away into oblivion.

To return to More. For thirty-five years, or from 1642 to 1687, his literary activity was immense, and he produced so large a number of pamphlets and treatises, small and great, that we have not room enough for their titles. We may mention his "Threefold Cabbala," a triple interpretation of the three first chapters of Genesis; his "Antidote against Atheism," his essay on the "Immortality of the Soul," and his treatises on the "Grand Mystery of Godliness," and the "Mystery of Iniquity." But the only attractive one, according to modern ideas, is the "Divine Dialogues," which Dr. Blair has rightly described as animated "by a variety of character and a sprightliness of conversation beyond what we commonly meet with in writings of this kind." Principal Tulloch says of them that they are upon the whole the most interesting and readable of all More's works. "The current of thought runs along smoothly, with less tendency than in any of his other writings to digressive absurdity and wearisome subdivisions; the style is here and there fresh and powerful; and there is not only some liveliness of movement in the successive conversations, but an attempt is made, as Blair implies, to impart a definite portraiture to the several speakers, and to preserve throughout their individuality and consistency. . . . The 'Divine Dialogues,' moreover, possess for the common

reader the advantage of condensing his general views in philosophy and religion. In fact, most of his principles may be gathered from them."

Our English Platonist lived to a good old age. He died on the 1st of September, 1687, having numbered three-and-seventy years. For ourselves, we should say that there is much more to interest the student in his character than in his writings, which never exerted any influence on the national mind, or his theosophistical system, which we can regard only with a languid curiosity. As a man, he was well fitted to engage the attention of the psychologist. Devout mystics of his exalted type have been rare in England, the home of an eminently practical religion; and the idiosyncrasies of our race are opposed to the cultivation of an ascetic pietism. But More lived always in an atmosphere of pure devotion and serene contemplation. So great was his spiritual happiness that at times he seems to have been almost overwhelmed by it. He told a friend that he was sometimes nearly mad with pleasure; and this excitement he felt in the simplest circumstances. "Walking abroad after his studies, his sallies towards Nature would be often inexpressibly ravishing, beyond what he could convey to others."

His love of rural sights and sounds, his delight in the beauty of God's visible world, is manifested in several passages in his writings, and more particularly in his "Dialogues." He often said that he wished he could always be "sub dio"—"he could study abroad with less weariness by far to himself than within doors." His mental excitation, the rapture he felt in his own thoughts, sometimes prevailed over his judgment. He felt, to use

his own words, as if his mind went faster than he almost desired, and all the while he seemed, as it were, to be in the air.

It was "this mystical glow and devotion" which distinguished his mind and character; "a certain transport and radiancy of thought which carried him beyond the common life, without raising him to any false or artificial height." His contemporaries noted that there was something "angelical" in his very air. "He seemed to be full of introversions of light, joy, benignity, and devotion at once—as if his face had been overcast with a golden shower of love and purity." The marvellous "lustre and irradiation" in his eyes and countenance were noticed even by strangers. "A divine gale," as he himself phrased it, inspired his life not less than his written utterances; but it purified while it elevated him, and he was never a victim to spiritual pride. Dr. Outram said "that he looked upon Dr. More as the holiest person upon the face of the earth." Not less conspicuous than his piety was his charity and humility. "His very chamber-door was a hospital to the needy." "When the winds were ruffling about him, he made it his utmost endeavour to keep low and humble, that he might not be driven from that anchor." It is pleasant to remember that such a man as this was the contemporary of Rochester, and Buckingham, and Sedley. He restores our pride and confidence in the higher qualities of our race, and shows that even in the reign of Charles II. the honour of England was sound at the core.

It is not within our province to explain his system, if system it can be called, of Christian theosophy, or to attempt a detailed criticism of his writings. This has

been done with admirable care and success by Principal Tulloch in his "Rational Theology in England in the Seventeenth Century." We confess that *le jeu* does not seem worth *la chandelle*. There are beautiful thoughts and bright, radiant passages; but to arrive at these, the weary student has to find his way through dreary tracts of involved and barren mysticism. As Dr. Tulloch avers, More's works "do not exhibit any clear growth or system of ideas, unfolding themselves gradually, and maturing to a more comprehensive rationality. This lack of method is more or less characteristic of the school; but the multifarious character of More's writings render it more conspicuous in him than in the others. Not only so. In his later productions there is rather a decay than an increase and enrichment of the rational element. To enter into any exposition of his Cabbalistical studies—of his discovery of Cartesianism in the first chapters of Genesis, and his favourite notion of all their philosophy descending from Moses through Pythagoras and Plato; and still more to touch his prophetical reveries—the divine science which he finds in the dream of Ezekiel or the visions of the Apocalypse—would be labour thrown away, unless to illustrate the weakness of human genius, or the singular absurdities which beset the progress of knowledge, even in its most favourable stages. The supposition that all higher wisdom and speculation were derived originally from Moses and the Hebrew Scriptures, and that it was confirmatory both of the truth of Scripture and the results of philosophy to make out this traditionary connection, was widely prevalent in the seventeenth century. It was warmly supported and elaborately argued by some of its most acute and learned

intellects. Both Cudworth and More profoundly believed in this connection. But this was only one of many instances of their lack of critical and historical judgment. Historical criticism, in the modern sense, was not even then dreamed of; and it is needless to consider forgotten delusions which have perished, rather with the common growth of reason than by the force of any special genius or discovery." *

A philosophical work of some learning which appeared in 1669-1675 was the "Court of the Gentiles" of the Nonconformist divine, Dr. Theophilus Gale (1628-1678), written with a view to prove that all heathen philosophy, whether barbaric or Greek, was borrowed from the Scriptures, or at least from the Jews. The first part is entitled "Of Philosophy," and traces the same leading principle by means of language; the second, "Of Philosophy;" the third, of "The Vanity of Philosophy;" and the fourth, of "Reformed Philosophy," wherein "Plato's moral and metaphysic or prime philosophy is reduced to an usual form and method." Gale has been included among the Platonic philosophers, and, indeed, he himself affirms that his philosophy bears a close resemblance to that of Plato. But he is in all respects a rigid Calvinist,

* "More," says Hallam, "fell not only into the mystical notions of the later Platonists, but even of the Cabalistic writers. His metaphysical philosophy was borrowed in great measure from them; and though he was in correspondence with Descartes, and enchanted with the new views that opened upon him, yet we find that he was reckoned much less of a Cartesian afterwards, and even wrote against parts of the theory. The most peculiar touch of More was the extension of spirit; acknowledging and even striving for the soul's immateriality, he still could not conceive it to be unextended. Yet it seems evident that if we give extension as well as figure, which is implied in finite extension, to the single self-conscious nomad, qualities as heterogeneous to thinking as material impenetrability itself, we shall find it in vain to deny the possibility at least of the latter. Some indeed might question whether what we call matter is any real being at all, except as extension under peculiar conditions."—Hallam, "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," iv., 68.

and does not hesitate to say, "Whatever God wills is just, because He wills it;" and again, "God willeth nothing without Himself because it is just, but it is therefore just because He willeth it. The reasons of good and evil extrinsic to the Divine essence are all dependent on the Divine will, either decurrent or legislative." This is not writing which Plato would have endorsed.

The political romance of "Oceana" was published in 1656, but its author, James Harrington, lived far into the reign of Charles II. Born in 1611, he died in 1677. He was a native of Northamptonshire, and studied at Oxford, where he came under the direction of the celebrated Chillingworth. Afterwards he travelled on the Continent for several years, and during his residence at the Hague and at Venice became a convert to the theory and practice of Republican government. While at Rome he attracted attention by his refusal, at some public ceremony, to kiss the Pope's toe; but he afterwards excused himself to Charles I. on the ingenious plea that "having had the honour of kissing his Majesty's hand, he thought it a degradation to kiss the toe of any other monarch."

His "Oceana" is based on the lines of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," and is designed to present the model of a commonwealth so constructed as to secure the completest freedom for every individual member of it. He maintains that all power depends upon property, and more particularly upon landed property. He would, therefore, have the balance of lands fixed by an agrarian law, and the government established on an equal agrarian basis, rising into the superstructure, or three orders—the senate, which would debate and propose; the people, who would resolve and decide; and the magistracy, who would

execute—the said magistracy being elected by an equal rotation through the suffrage of the people given by ballot. After the Restoration Harrington's measures for the establishment of a Republican propaganda awakened the hostility of Charles II.'s government. He was arrested on a charge of treasonable practices, and thrown into prison; from which he was released on showing signs of mental derangement. Though a Republican, Harrington was not a democrat; his "Commonwealth of Oceana" is, in fact, based on the principle of a moderate aristocracy, and he himself was a great admirer of the Venetian oligarchy. "If I be worthy," he says, "to give advice to a man that would study politics, let him understand Venice; he that understands Venice right, shall go nearest to judge, notwithstanding the difference that is in every policy, right of every government in the world."

As a counterfoil to the "Oceana," we may take the "Patriarcha" of Sir Robert Filmer, published in 1680, but written in the reign of Charles I. It is an uncompromising defence and vindication of the absolute power of things; denying the right of natural government, and the power of the people to choose their own rulers; and affirming that positive laws cannot infringe or limit the natural and fatherly power of Kings. In his "Two Treatises of Government," published in 1689 and 1690, Locke demolished Sir John's feeble arguments. Algernon Sidney was also the author of a refutation, which he entitled "Discourses on Government," but they were not published until 1698. His theory is sufficiently indicated in the following passage:—"No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security, whilst every one has an equal right

to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so many and great, that mankind cannot bear them. Therefore . . . . there is nothing of absurdity in saying, that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another; and whilst they are all equal, none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments; for violence or fraud can create no right; and the same consent gives the power to them all, how much soever they differ from each other. Some small numbers of men, living within the precincts of one city, have, as it were, cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and, by common consent, joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole; and this men call perfect democracy. Others choose rather to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue; and this, according to the signification of the word, was called aristocracy; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting those simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, which commonly received their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

"It were a folly hereupon to say, that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery,

and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into a society without resigning it; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us while we form governments, that we ourselves are judges how far it is good for us to recede from our natural liberty; which is of so great importance, that from thence only we can know whether we are freemen or slaves; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or every exercise of that power."

One of the most famous of the philosophical books of the Restoration period is the "De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica," published by Richard Cumberland, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, in 1672. Its theory or system of ethics, which has been in vogue for nearly two centuries, differs essentially from that of the theologians, who referred all moral distinctions to Revelation; that of the Plutonic philosophers, who sought them in eternal and intrinsic relations; and that of Hobbes and Spinosa, who degraded them to a matter of selfish prudence. An abstract of Cumberland's great treatise is given by the Rev. John Hunt, in his valuable "History of Religious Thought;" but in the few remarks which follow we are indebted to Hallam's analysis.

A diligent observation of all propositions which can safely be regarded as general moral laws of nature reduces them all to one, the pursuit of the common good of all rational agents, which tends to our own good as part of the whole, just as its opposite tends not only to the misery of the whole system, but to our own. At first sight, he says, this scheme may seem to want the two primary requisites

of a law, a legislator and a sanction. But whatever elicits the natural assent of our minds must spring from the Author of Nature. God must necessarily be the author of every proposition proved to be true by the constitution of nature, of which He Himself is the Author. Nor is a sanction wanting in the rewards, that is, the happiness which attends the observance of the law of nature, and in the opposite efforts of its neglect; and in a lax sense, though not that of the jurists, reward as well as punishment may be included in the word sanction. But benevolence, that is, love and desire of good towards all rational beings, includes piety towards God, the greatest of them all, as well as humanity. Cumberland does not rely for support on arguments founded on revelation; and Mr. Hallam is, perhaps, quite justified in describing him as the founder of the Utilitarian school.

The "common good," and not that portion of it which belongs to the individual man, is the great end of the legislator, and of him who obeys his will. Those actions which by their natural tendency promote it may be called naturally good, more than those which tend only to the good of any one man, by how much the whole is greater than this small part. And whatever is directed in the shortest way to this end may be called right, as a right line is the shortest of all. And as the whole system of the universe, when all things are arranged so as to produce happiness, is beautiful, being aptly disposed to its end, which is the definition of beauty, so particular actions contributing to this general harmony may be called beautiful and becoming.

"Cumberland acutely remarks," says Hallam, "in

answer to the objection to the practice of virtue from the evils which fall on good men, and the success of the wicked, that no good or evil is to be considered, in this point of view, which arises from mere necessity, or external excuses, and not from our virtue or vice itself. He then shows that a regard for piety and peace, for mutual intercourse, and civil and domestic polity, tends to the happiness of everyone; and in reckoning the good consequences of virtuous behaviour we are not only to estimate the pleasure intimately connected with it, which the love of God and of good men produces, but the contingent benefits we obtain by civil society, which we promote by such conduct. And we see that in all nations there is some regard to good faith and the distribution of property, some respect to the obligation of oaths, some attachments to relations and friends. All men, therefore, acknowledge, and to a certain extent perform, those things which really tend to the common good. And though crime and violence sometimes prevail, yet these are like diseases in the body which it shakes off; or if, like them, they prove sometimes mortal to a single community, yet human society is immortal; and the conservative principles of common good have in the end far more efficacy than those which dissolve and destroy states.

"We may reckon the happiness consequent on virtue as a true sanction of natural law annexed to it by its author, and thus fulfilling the necessary conditions of its definition. And though some have laid stress on these sometimes, and deemed virtue its own reward, and gratitude to God and man its best motive, yet the consent of nations and common experience show us that the observance of the first end, which is the common good, will

not be maintained without remuneration or penal consequences.

"By this single principle of common good we simplify the method of natural law, and arrange its secondary precepts in such subordination as best conduces to the general end. Hence moral rules give way in particular cases, when they come in collision with others of more extensive importance. For all ideas of right or virtue imply a relation to the system and nature of all rational beings. And the principles thus deduced as to moral conduct are generally applicable to political societies, which in their two leading institutions, the division of property and the coercive power of the magistrate, follow the steps of natural law, and adopt these rules of polity, because they perceive them to promote the common weal."

Only one of the ingenious and fanciful works of Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, was published during the Restoration period,—namely, his "Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language," which bears the date of 1668,—the year in which he was promoted to the Episcopal Bench. Of this man of lively imagination Bishop Burnet speaks with unusual warmth:—"He was a man," he says, "of as great mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul as any I ever knew. Though he married Cromwell's sister, yet he made no other use of that alliance but to do good offices, and to cover the University of Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin. At Cambridge, he joined with those who studied to propagate better thoughts, to take men off from being in parties, or from narrow notions, from superstitious conceits and fierceness about opinions. He was also a great observer and promoter of

experimental philosophy, which was then a new thing, and much looked after. He was naturally ambitious; but was the wisest clergyman I ever knew. He was a lover of mankind, and had a delight in doing good."

His most famous work has had many imitators; namely, "The Discovery of a New World; or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon; with a discourse concerning the possibility of a Passage thither." In its lively pages he starts the proposition "that it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world, and if there be inhabitants there, to have commune with them." To the natural inquiry, how we are to ascend beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, he answers:—"1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates. 2. If there be such a great ruck (roc) in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can swoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle. 3. Or, none of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion into it as shall convey him through the air. And this, perhaps, might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat."

"This engine," he adds, "may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle."

Bishop Wilkins also wrote a defence and exposition of the Copernican system under the title of a "Discourse concerning a new Planet, tending to prove 'tis probable our Earth is one of the Planets." He died in 1672.

Dr. Thomas Sprat was another of the literary bishops of the Restoration. He was born in 1636, and died in 1713. Lord Macaulay describes him as "a very great master of our language, and possessed at once of the eloquence of the orator, the controversialist, and the historian." His birthplace was Tallaton, in Devonshire, where his father was vicar. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford; took his degree of M.A. in 1656; and was elected to a fellowship in 1657. On the death of Oliver Cromwell he eulogised his virtues and his greatness in a Pindaric Ode; but this did not prevent him from developing into a fervent loyalist after the Restoration, and having taken holy orders, he became chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he assisted in his production of "The Rehearsal." He was afterwards made one of the King's chaplains. His close friendship with Dr. Wilkins led him to compile and publish a "History of the Royal Society," in 1667, of which he had been elected a Fellow. Ecclesiastical promotion now attended him rapidly: he became a prebend of Westminster in 1668,

Dean of Westminster and incumbent of St. Margaret's in 1683, and Bishop of Rochester in 1684. In 1685 he wrote, by command of the King, a far from impartial narrative of the Rye House Plot, under the title of "A True Account and Declaration of the Horrid Conspiracy against the late King, his present Majesty, and the present Government." But after the Revolution he had the grace, or found it convenient, to publish an apology for the injustice and misrepresentation that disfigured it. An attempt was made, in 1694, to implicate him in a conspiracy for restoring James II.; but it was easily detected, and the authors were duly punished. The Bishop died at Bromley, in Kent, on the 30th of May, 1713. He is best remembered now by his "Life of Cowley."

Among the historians of the Restoration period we must give the first place to the Earl of Clarendon.

Edward Hyde, the son of a Wiltshire gentleman of good estate, was born in 1608. For several years he pursued his studies at Oxford, with a view to taking holy orders; but the death of his two elder brothers gave a new direction to his career, and at the age of sixteen he was removed to London. There he studied law for some years, diverting his leisure meanwhile in the converse and companionship of such men as Ben Jonson, Selden, Lord Falkland, Lawes the musician, Chillingworth, Waller, and the "ever-memorable" John Hales of Eton. These he considered to have taught him more than his books; and he affirms that "he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company." Entering the House of Commons in 1640, he gave himself up to the "fierce delights" of parliamentary strife. Not without hesitation,

for his political principles were really those of a moderate Constitutionalist, he attached himself to the Royal party, and became one of Charles I.'s most trusted advisers, was nominated Chancellor of the Exchequer, and received the honour of knighthood. A couple of years were spent in retirement and lettered ease in the island of Jersey; after which, in 1648, he joined Prince Charles in Holland. Passing briefly over his embassy to Spain, we find him late in 1651 attached to the exiled Charles at Paris, as his financial minister and chief councillor, with the nominal dignity of Lord Chancellor. He was, of course, an influential agent in, and a witness of, the Restoration. He was with Charles at Canterbury in his progress to London; followed his triumphant entry into the capital; and, on the 1st of June, 1660, took his seat as Speaker of the House of Lords, and also sat on the same day in the Court of Chancery. In this year of good fortune his daughter, Anne Hyde, became the wife of the Duke of York; a marriage which made Clarendon (he received his earldom in 1661) the grandfather of two Queens of England, Mary and Anne. Though surrounded by a host of enemies and detractors, provoked partly by his haughtiness and avarice, partly by his arbitrary measures, and partly by his severe censures of the profligacy of the Court, he maintained his ground until 1665, when the King ordered him to resign the great seal. He soon afterwards retired to France, where he completed his "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England." He was also the author of a finely-written "Essay on an Active and Contemplative Life, and why the One should be preferred before the Other." His Autobiography is a valuable contribution to the literature of the time. He died in 1674.

His defects as a historian are very noticeable: his style is often involved and cumbrous; he accumulates details without any lucidity of method; his prejudices and prepossessions obscure his judgment ; his narrative of events is seldom clear or direct. On the other hand, his character painting is of the first order, and as a gallery of vivid and vigorous portraits his great History is almost unequalled.

It may be said of Clarendon that he treads the historical stage in the buskin of the tragedian; Bishop Burnet wears the lighter, and less dignified sock of the comedian. He writes with conversational ease: takes his reader by the button-hole, and gossips with him familiarly about the things he has seen or the men he has known. His faculty of observation is keen and exact; and what he observes he records with as much freedom as if he were committing his confidences to a private diary. Not without an inclination to credulity, and by no means exempt from strong prejudices, he seeks nevertheless to tell the truth, and is never knowingly unjust. Therefore, no one who writes of the period covered by the "History of My Own Time," can dispense with Burnet.

As a specimen of his method we subjoin some passages from his character of Charles II. :—

"He had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct

them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required.

"He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment ; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy.

"He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at

his Restoration. He loved to talk on all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew; so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five persons left about him: which drew a severe jest from Wilmot Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

"His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that is were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But,

bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghose and Signior Dominicio, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

"Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

"His ill-conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the Plague and Fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the Triple Alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first; his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, made such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Rauvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval

force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He showed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented the progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or his people. They that judged the most favourably of this, thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that, with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it: and thought, that seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, if the King must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

"No part of his character looked wickeder, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, was yet secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome; thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; his not showing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants; and his recommending only his mistresses and their children to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his."

To the Restoration period belonged Anthony Wood (1632-1695), the quaint, diligent, but partial author of the "Athenæ Oxoniensis," a valuable collection of memoirs of nearly all the eminent authors educated at Oxford, and of many of those educated at the sister university. Sir William Dugdale's great antiquarian work, the *Monasticon Anglicanum*, was published in the earlier years of Charles II.'s reign; and in 1672 appeared another work of antiquarian importance, Elias Ashmole's "Institution, Laws, and Memoirs of the Most Noble Order of the Garter." John Aubrey, the credulous collector of superstitions, folk-lore, ghost-stories, and the like, spent the leisure of a recluse life in gathering up the "Miscellanies" which he published in 1696. He rendered useful assistance to Dugdale and Anthony à Wood, the latter of whom repaid him by describing him, for the benefit of posterity, as "a shiftless person, roving and maggotty-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed; and being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with fooleries and misinformations."

Robert Leighton was the son of a Scottish physician, Dr. Andrew Leighton, who was punished for the vehement polemics in his "Appeal to the Parliament; or, Lion's Plea against the Prelacy," by being publicly whipped, pilloried, branded, slit in the nose, and deprived of an ear—after which he lay for eleven years in the prison of the Fleet. Robert Leighton was educated at the University of Edinburgh, resided for some years at Douai, and in December, 1641, was ordained minister of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, where he composed his well-known "Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Peter." In March, 1662, he was induced to separate himself from the Presbyterian com-

munion, and accept preferment in the Episcopal Church. For eight years he occupied the see of Dunblane—where a fine grove of trees is still pointed out as "the Bishop's Walk"—and in 1670 was appointed to the Archbishopric of Glasgow. In this high office he made a noble effort to reconcile the Presbyterian body to the ancient Church of Scotland, but his exertions were nullified by the arbitrary and cruel policy of Lauderdale and the Primate Sharp, and in sore discouragement and distress, he resigned his archbishopric. The remainder of his pure and blameless life was spent at Broadhurst in Sussex; but, being suddenly called to London, he was seized there with an illness which, in a few days, proved mortal. He died on the 25th of June, 1684, at the age of 73.

A complete edition of the works of this estimable prelate —of whom Burnet speaks as gifted with "the greatest devotion of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and most heavenly disposition that he ever saw in mortal"—was recently published by the Rev. William West, the Episcopalian incumbent of Nairn. Their special characteristics are their intense spirituality of tone and feeling, their large-heartedness and absolute freedom from sectarian sentiment, and their grace of style. Here is a fine thought, finely expressed:—

"Every man walketh in a vain show. His walk is nothing but an on-going in continual vanity and misery, in which man is naturally and industriously involved, adding a new stock of vanity, of his own weaving, to what he has already within, and vexation of spirit woven all along in with it. He 'walks in an image,' as the Hebrew word is; converses with things of no reality, and which have no solidity in them, and he himself has as

little. He himself is a walking image in the midst of these images. They who are taken with the conceit of pictures and statues are an emblem of their own life, and of all other men's also. Life is generally nothing else to all men but a doting on images and pictures. Every man's fancy is to himself a gallery of pictures, and there he walks up and down, and considers not how vain these are, and how vain a thing he himself is."

And here is a passage which Coleridge, in his "Aids to Reflection," singles out for quotation:—"As in religion, so in the course and practice of men's lives, the stream of sin runs from one age into another, and every age makes it greater, adding somewhat to what it receives, as rivers grow in their course by the accession of brooks that fall into them; and every man when he is born, falls like a drop into the main current of corruption, and so is carried down with it, and this by reason of its strength and his own nature, which willingly dissolves into it, and runs along with it."

In this beautiful image we have, says Coleridge, "religion, the spirit; philosophy, the soul; and poetry, the body and drapery united; Plato glorified by St. Paul!"

What Leighton was to the Scottish Church, was Bishop Ken to the English Church. Both were men of devout mind and holy life, who rose above the sectarian conditions in which they had been bred, and translated their religious belief into action. Among their contemporaries they stood distinguished by the force and earnestness they threw into their Apostolic mission. They were good and great men, but great because of their goodness.

Thomas Ken, the son of a respectable attorney, was born at Little Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire, in July, 1637. At the age of thirteen he was admitted into Winchester School, and seven years later he entered New College, Oxford, as a Probationer Fellow. Of his University life we know little, except that his fine voice and love of music led him to join a musical club that had been recently established at Oxford. In 1661, Ken took the degree of B.A., and about the same time seems to have been ordained. The respect which he had acquired by his scholarship and consistency of character was proved, in 1666, by his unanimous election to a fellowship. He thereupon returned to Winchester, where the room in which as Fellow he resided, pursued his studies, and amused his leisure by playing on his lute, is still shown to visitors.

Morley was at that time occupant of the see of Winchester, and with him resided the "Complete Angler," genial Izaak Walton, who had married Ken's sister, Anna, the Kenna of her husband's ballads. Under the episcopal roof he lived, in virtue of the friendship of many years, "a beloved and honoured guest, with mild and lighted countenance, snow-white locks, a thankful but humble heart—with piety as sincere as unostentatious—till he closed his eyes on all the 'changes and chances of this mortal life,' at ninety years of age." Through his brother-in-law, Ken was admitted to the intimacy of Bishop Morley, who quickly felt the influence of his exalted character, and, in 1669, promoted him to a prebend's stall in Winchester Cathedral. But Ken was no beneficed idler. Though not holding a pastoral charge, he laboured zealously in his Master's service.

"His most exemplary goodness and piety," we are told, "did universally exert itself; for this purpose he kept a constant course of preaching at St. John's Church in the South [a suburb of Winchester], where there was no preaching minister, and which he therefore called his *own*, and brought many Anabaptists to the Church of England; and baptized them himself."

It was at this period that Ken composed his "Manual" for the use of the Winchester Scholars; and those beautiful "Morning" and "Evening" hymns, which are the precious heritage of every English-speaking child. Not less dear to the Nonconformist than to the Anglican, they are "sung or said," day after day, in ten thousand households, in Canada—in Australia—the isles of the Pacific—on India's coral strands—as well as in the mother country. Written, originally, to be sung in the chambers of the Winchester boys, there is good reason to believe that Ken himself adapted them to that noble melody of Tallis's, with which they are indissolubly associated. Of Ken's habit of singing his Morning Hymn regularly, at daybreak, Hawkins writes:—"That neither his study might be the aggressor on his hours of instruction, nor what he judged duty prevent his improvement, he strictly accustomed himself to but one hour's sleep, which obliged him to rise at one or two o'clock in the morning, or sometimes earlier. He seemed to go to rest with no other purpose than the refreshing and enabling him with more vigour and cheerfulness to sing his Morning Hymn, as he used to do, to his lute, before he put on his clothes."

It is interesting to note that the sweet simplicity of those hymns, which in itself accounts for their enduring popularity, contrasts remarkably with the complex and

artificial structure of much of Ken's later verse. They came fresh from his heart—are absolutely spontaneous in their utterance. Unadorned as are these well-known lines, what can be more touching or more impressive ?—

> "All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
> For all the blessings of the light:
> Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings!
> Under Thine own Almighty wings.
>
> Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
> The ills that I this day have done;
> That with the world, myself, and Thee
> I, ere I sleep, at peace may be."

Not a word here is superfluous; there are no ornamental epithets; language cannot be plainer, we had almost said balder; and yet the effect produced is charming. The Morning Hymn seems a jubilant expression of hopefulness and thanksgiving; the Evening Hymn fills the soul with the peace and devotion that spring from an intense faith in the loving Providence of God.

From 1669 to 1675 Ken pursued the even tenor of his way. In the latter year he broke away from his habits of seclusion, and accompanied his nephew, Izaak Walton the younger, on a Continental tour. It was the year of the Papal Jubilee; and the English Churchman had an opportunity of witnessing the Roman Court in all the splendour of its pomp and circumstance. He would often afterwards observe that he had great reason to give God thanks for his travels, since (if it were possible) he "returned rather more confirmed of the purity of the Protestant religion than before." At the close of the year he was back again in Winchester. In 1679 he took his doctor's degree, and in the same year was appointed chaplain to Charles II., who, during his frequent visits to Winchester, must have heard of his self-denial, and the golden excellence of his

character. This appointment led to his being sent to Holland as the chaplain and adviser of the Princess of Orange. In this post, says Hawkins, his most prudent behaviour and strict piety gave him entire credit and high esteem with that royal lady. He contiues:—"But a consequential act of his singular zeal for the honour of his country, in behalf of a young lady, so far exasperated the Prince, that he warmly threatened to turn him from the service; which the doctor resisting, and begging leave of the Princess (whom to his death he distinguished by the title of his mistress), warned himself from the service, till, by the entreaty of the Prince himself, he was courted to his former post and respect; and when the year expired he returned to England."

The young lady was Miss Wroth, one of the Princess's maids-of-honour, with whom Count Julienstein, half-uncle of the Prince of Orange, had fallen in love. But as he afterwards showed a disposition to behave dishonourably to the young lady, Ken constituted himself her champion, and remonstrated with him so effectively that at length he consented to marry her. The Prince was greatly offended at this marriage of so near a kinsman to an English lady, untitled and penniless, and bitterly resented Ken's chivalrous interposition.

Early in 1681 Ken returned to Winchester; and soon afterwards Charles II. visited the Cathedral city to inspect the progress made in the works of the stately palace he had projected. He was accompanied by his mistress, Nell Gwynn, and desiring to lodge her in immediate neighbourhood to his own apartments at the Deanery, he required that the adjacent prebendal residence of Ken should be allotted for her use. With

virtuous indignation Ken refused compliance with the royal mandate. Give up his house to a lewd actress and courtezan? "Not for his kingdom!" Ken sternly replied; and it is to Charles's credit that he respected his chaplain's consistency and moral courage.

In 1683 Ken accompanied the Tangier expedition as Chaplain to the Admiral in command, Lord Dartmouth. When he returned to England in the early spring of 1684, he found his brother-in-law dead, and Bishop Morley dying. The good prelate did not linger long; and Mew, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was then translated to Winchester, leaving his own see vacant. The vacancy was filled up by the appointment of Ken at Charles's personal dictation:—"Odd's fish!" he exclaimed, "who shall have Bath and Wells but the little fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging?" This was one of the King's latest acts, and his death actually occurred before the newly made Bishop could take possession of his temporalities.

Of a promotion so unexpected, and so uncongenial to his way of thinking and his retired habits, Ken thus speaks:—

> "Among the herdsmen, I a common swain,
> Lived, pleased with my low cottage on the plain;
> Till up, like Amos, on a sudden caught,
> I to the pastoral chair was trembling brought."

In Bishop Burnet's reference to it we find a touch of ill-nature, due, perhaps, to the political and theological prejudices of the man:—"Ken," he says, "succeeded Mew in Bath and Wells; a man of an ascetic course of life, and yet of a very lively temper, but too hot and sudden. He had a very edifying way of preaching, but it was more apt to move the passions than instruct;

so that his sermons were rather beautiful than solid; yet his way in them was very taking. The King seemed fond of him; and by him and Turner the Papists hoped that great progress might be made in gaining, or at least deluding the clergy." If the Papists had any such hope, it was speedily blighted; for though Ken belonged to what is now known as the Catholic School in the Church of England, he was as hostile to Romanism as Burnet himself.

Ken was present by Charles II.'s death bed, and addressed the dying King with his usual courageous faithfulness. He refused to allow the Duchess of Portsmouth to attend in the sick man's chamber, but warmly and courageously urged upon him the duty of being reconciled to the wife he had so grossly injured by his infidelity and neglect. Burnet is compelled to admit that, in this critical time, "he spoke with a great elevation, both of thought and expression, like a man inspired. He resumed the matter often, and pronounced many ejaculations and prayers, which affected all who were present, except him that was the most concerned, who seemed to take no notice of him, and made no answers to him. He pressed the King six or seven times to take the Sacrament, but the King always declined it, saying he was very weak. A table with the elements upon it, ready to be consecrated, was brought into the room; which occasioned a report to be then spread about that he *had* received it. Ken pressed him to declare that he desired it, and that he died in the communion of the Church of England. To that he answered nothing. Ken asked him if he desired absolution of his sins? It seems the King, if he then thought at all, thought that

would do him no hurt; so Ken pronounced it over him."

Charles's nomination of Ken to the see of Bath and Wells was confirmed by James II., and the Bishop, with characteristic fervour, entered at once upon the discharge of his new and important duties. He visited the poor with assiduous self-denial, traversing his diocese, on "a sorry horse," in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with its condition; preached for every parish priest who required it of him; encouraged his clergy in good works; and, above all, set to his people a noble example of sincere and lowly piety and devotion. He devoted much care and thought to the education of the children of the poor, and encouraged the establishment of parochial schools in all the towns of his diocese. "During summer he would repair to some great parish, where he would preach, confirm, and catechize himself. In the great hall of his palace at Wells, he had always, on Sundays, twelve poor men or women to dine with him, instructing them at the same time." He delighted to maintain a dignified hospitality. "In the court of the palace at Wells there yet remain the lofty Gothic windows of that Hall, called of the Hundred Men, where public meetings were held, and the business of the county transacted. The palace was open to the judges, counsel, and noblemen and gentlemen of the county; at the head of whom appeared the mild and Apostolic host at his episcopal table. The clergy, and the neighbouring noblemen and gentlemen of the county, were at all times expected and welcome and honoured guests." To literary labour, during his episcopate, Ken did not greatly incline. His publications were few and unimportant; namely, "A Sermon preached

in the Cathedral Church of Bath, on Ascension Day, May 5th, 1687;" "An Exposition of the Church Catechism; or, Practise of Divine Love;" "Directions for Prayer," printed with the former; and, "A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of Bath and Wells, concerning their Behaviour during Lent."

After the collapse of the Monmouth rebellion in 1685, he extended his Christian charity to the unhappy fugitives from red Sedgmoor. His palace stood scarce a day's journey from that fatal field, and its gates were thronged with supplicants, whom he relieved with liberal hands and encouraged with prudent counsel. Considering the temper of the then Government, it was at no slight personal risk that he exercised this benevolence; but he ventured still further, and when the Earl of Faversham was hanging his prisoners in cold blood, courageously warned him that they were by law entitled to a trial, and that their execution without trial would be deemed a murder. Yet it was Ken whom the king chose as the fittest person to prepare the unfortunate Monmouth for the scaffold to which his relentless hatred had condemned him; and it was Ken, accompanied by Turner, Bishop of Ely, Drs. Tenison and Hooper, who stood by him in his death hour.

The reader needs not to be reminded that after the victory of Sedgmoor and the Bloody Assize had crushed out the rebellion, James II. felt strong enough to proceed in his design of restoring the supremacy of the Roman Church. To evade the resistance of Parliament he prorogued it, and then obtained from the judicial bench, which he had packed with his creatures, a declaration that the royal dispensation prevailed over the provisions of the Test Act. To overawe the citizens of London, who in the

old days were firm guardians of the liberty of the subject, he encamped an army of thirteen thousand soldiers at Hounslow. With the view of Romanizing the government of the Church of England, he appointed seven commissioners, with the infamous Judge Jefferys at their head (1686); and their first act was to order the Bishop of London to suspend a London vicar who had preached against Popery. And when the Bishop refused, they suspended *him*. This arbitrary action of the Commissioners roused the clergy to a strenuous resistance; and anti-Roman discourses were thundered from every pulpit. Undeterred by the signs of a gathering storm, James turned to attack the Universities. The headship of Magdalen College was vacant, and in 1687 he recommended to its Fellows for election one Farmer, a man without scholarship and of evil life. The Fellows remonstrated, and when their remonstrance was ignored, elected Mr. Hough to be president. The Commissioners, in open defiance of law and custom, declared the election void; and James endeavoured to put in a second nominee, Bishop Parker, of Oxford, a servile courtier and a concealed Papist. The Fellows stoutly adhered to their own appointment. In a mood of sullen wrath James repaired to Oxford, summoned the offending Fellows before him, and sharply rebuked them for their disobedience. "I am king," he replied, "and will be obeyed! Go to your chapel this instant, and elect the bishop. Let those who refuse look to it, for they shall feel the whole weight of my hand!"

We turn, however, to the events in which Ken was personally involved. In the hope of bribing the Nonconformists to support him, James issued, in 1687, what was called a Declaration of Indulgence, repealing the penal

laws against Nonconformists and Catholics, and the Acts which imposed a Sacramental test as a qualification for office in Church or State. So far as the principle of toleration was concerned, this might be regarded as a just and righteous measure; but in attempting to override the statutes of the realm, James was acting a most unconstitutional part, and dealing a fatal blow at English liberties. Once concede to the Crown a "dispensing power," and the laws made by Parliament became a sham and a nonentity. The Nonconformist leaders, therefore, threw in their lot with the Church of England, and rejected the sop which James had so ingeniously prepared for them. James then resolved to summon a Parliament, in the hope of extorting from it a repeal of the Test Act; but he soon found reason to conclude that, if elected, it would represent only too faithfully the spirit of the people. Whom the gods seek to destroy they first make mad, and with mad persistency he issued, on the 27th of April, 1688, a fresh Declaration of Indulgence, and ordered that it should be read on two successive Sundays in every cathedral and parish church in the kingdom. The royal command was disobeyed, however, by nearly all the bishops and clergy. In only four of the London churches was the Declaration read; and in those the congregations quitted their seats and departed at the opening sentences. Archbishop Sancroft and six of the Bishops of his province, the Bishops of Bath and Wells, Chichester, St. Asaph, Bristol, Ely and Peterborough, met at Lambeth, and signed a protest to the King, embodied in language which lacked neither moderation nor firmness, declining to publish an illegal ordinance. "It is a standard of rebellion," exclaimed the King in his passion; "I did not expect this

from some of you," and having gone too far to recede, he committed the recalcitrant prelates to the Tower on the charge of libel. For once the Church was on the side of Freedom; and as the Bishops passed to their prison they were greeted with the cheers of sympathetic thousands. At its frowning gates the sentinels fell on their knees, and asked their blessing. The soldiers of the garrison loudly drank their healths. The tide of national feeling rolled in rapidly increasing volume from the capital to the furthest provinces; but James, though his Ministers trembled, refused to stay his steps. Like a man smitten with judicial blindness he hastened to his doom. Before judges who lived by the breath of his nostrils, and a jury carefully packed, the Bishops were brought to trial on the 29th of June; but neither judges nor jury durst withstand the popular enthusiasm, and a verdict of "Not guilty" was returned. These two words sealed the downfall of the Stuart dynasty.

When James II. abdicated Ken joined the Primate in maintaining that, so long as he lived, the throne could not be declared vacant; but that as he had governed ill, the nation could justly prohibit him from the exercise of government, and entrust it to a regency. He had abandoned the dogma of Passive Obedience, but still upheld the doctrine of Divine Right. He refused, therefore, in company with Sancroft and six other bishops, to take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary (1689). They were threatened with the deprivation of their sees; but were allowed a year's grace to consider their position; and Queen Mary employed Bishop Burnet to negotiate their submission, offering to dispense with the oath, and pass an act of indulgence. It is to be regretted that Ken and

his brethren could not be induced to accept this reasonable concession. Eventually, as Bishop Turner engaged in an intrigue for King James's restoration, in which the other bishops were suspected of being involved, though there was certainly no evidence against Ken, the sentence of deprivation was put into execution, and Ken withdrew, for conscience sake, into an obscure retirement.

It is worth while to get at the motives which influenced him in maintaining this obstinate attitude, and we find them explained in a letter which he addressed to Bishop Burnet, on the 5th of October, 1689:—

"I am obliged to your lordship for the continued concern you express for me, and for the kind freedom you are pleased to take with me: and though I have already in public fully declared my mind to my diocese concerning the oath, to prevent my being misunderstood; yet, since you seem to expect it of me, I will give such an account, which, if it does not satisfy your lordship, will at least satisfy myself. I dare assure you, I never advised anyone to take the oath; though some, who came to talk insidiously with me, may have raised such a report. So far have I been from it, that I never would administer it to any one person whom I was to collate. And, therefore, before the act took place, I gave a particular commission to my Chancellor, who himself did not scruple it; so that he was authorised, not only to institute, but also to collate in my stead. If any came to discourse to me about taking the oath, I usually told them I durst not take it myself. I told them my reasons, if they urged me to it, and were of my own diocese; and then remitted them to their study and prayers, for further direction. 'Tis true, having been scandalized at many persons of our own coat,

who for several years together preached up Passive Obedience to a much greater height than ever I did, it being a subject with which I very rarely meddled, and on a sudden, without the least acknowledgement of their past error, preached and acted the quite contrary, I did prepare a pastoral letter which, if I had some reason to alter my judgment, I thought to have published, at least that part of it on which I laid the greatest stress, to justify my conduct to my flock. . . .

"If your lordship gives credit to the many misrepresentations which are made of me, and which I being so used to can easily disregard, you may naturally enough be in pain for me; for to see one of your brethren throwing himself headlong into a wilful deprivation, not only of honour and of income, but of a good conscience also, are particulars out of which may be framed an idea very deplorable. But though I do daily in many things betray great infirmity, I thank God I cannot accuse myself of any insincerity; so that deprivation will not reach my conscience, and I am in no pain at all for myself."

Ken found an asylum at Longleat, the hospitable house of his early friend, Thomas Thynne, whither he carried his lute, the small Greek Testament which was his constant companion, the shroud which was to be his last garment, his "sorry horse" for his occasional journeys, and his income of twenty pounds a quarter—all that was left of his fortune. His later life presents few incidents that call for notice. In 1696, he was summoned before the Privy Council, on a charge of having been concerned in raising subscriptions for the poor Nonjurors; but he defended himself with manliness and success. In 1706, soon after the accession of Queen

Anne, he was invited to return to his diocese on the understanding that Bishop Kidder, who had succeeded him, should be removed to another see. In the following year Kidder accidently came to his death, in the episcopal palace at Wells, through the fall of a stack of chimneys in the fury of the Great Storm. Ken at the time was staying at his nephew's house at Salisbury, and met with a remarkable deliverance. There, too, the stack of chimneys was thrown down, but the beam which supported the roof broke their descent, so that nothing save the roof was damaged. Writing to Bishop Lloyd, Ken says: "I think I omitted to tell you the full of my deliverance in the late storm, for the house being surveyed the day following, the workmen found that the beam which supported the roof over my head was broken out to that degree, that it had but half an inch hold, so that it was a wonder it would hold together; for which signal and particular preservation God's holy name be ever praised!"

Hitherto Bishop Ken had considered himself Bishop of Bath and Wells *de jure*, not acknowledging the legality of his deprivation. But on Bishop Kidder's death he formally resigned, and it gave him much pleasure to see the mitre bestowed on his friend, Bishop Hooper. Queen Anne, when she found that he considered his physical infirmities a bar to his reinstatement, was graciously pleased to settle on him a pension of £200.

At Longleat, in the 73rd year of his age, passed away the saintly bishop. Before the end came, he had many painful warnings—general debility, rheumatic pains, and much oppression of breathing. These were followed by a fit of apoplexy, which rendered him for a time unconscious. On recovering his senses, he calmly assumed his shroud,

and prepared for death in the true spirit of Christian heroism. With many prayers, and bestowing his blessing on his sorrowing friends, he entered into his rest between five and six o'clock on the morning of the 19th of March, 1711. He was interred in the churchyard at Frome.

Ken's poetical works were collected and published by Hawkins in four volumes—the first of which contained his hymns; the second, "Edmund, an Epic," and "Hymnarium; or, Hymns on the Attributes of God;" third, "Hymnothes, the Penitent;" and the fourth, "Preparatives for Death." To us the wonderful thing about these compositions is that they proceeded from the pen of the author of the "Morning" and "Evening" hymns. They are in the worst style of the school of Cowley; cumbrous in versification, loaded with grotesque and artificial imagery. It is said that he wrote his dreary epic, "Edmund," which is divided into fourteen books, to relieve the monotony of a sea-voyage. Probably he never intended it for the eyes of the public; and it would have been well for his memory if his biographer had allowed it to moulder in the dust of oblivion.

The four volumes, however, are not all rubbish; the barren tract is brightened with a few flowers. And not unworthy of preservation is his sketch of "A Christian Pastor," which seems to be a bit of unconscious self-portraiture:—

"Give me the priest these graces shall possess:
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross may bear;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply;
A prophet's inspiration from above;
A teacher's knowledge and a Saviour's love.

Of a mild, humble, and obliging heart,
Who with his all will to the needy part;
Distrustful of himself, in God confides,
Daily himself among his flock divides;
Of virtue uniform, and cheerful air,
Fixed meditation, and incessant prayer;
Who is all that he would have others be,
From wilful sin, though not from frailty, free."

In the concluding lines, Ken's devout and simple piety finds due expression:—

"E'er since I hung upon my mother's breast
Thy love, my God, has me sustained and blest:
My virtuous parents, tender of their child;
My education pious, careful, mild;
My teachers zealous to well-form my mind;
My faithful friends and benefactors kind;
My creditable station and good name;
My life preserved from scandal and from shame;
My understanding, memory, and health;
Relations dear, and competance of wealth;
All the vouchsafements Thou to me hast shown,
All blessings, all deliverances unknown—
Lord, when Thy blessings which all vot'ries share
With my peculiar blessings I compare,
I stand amazed at their unbounded store,
And silently Thy liberal love adore."

A few words may be said in illustration of his character, which, however, offers no theme for the psychological analyst or the minute critic. It was simplicity itself; his life set it forth; and both text and comment he who ran might read. A man of clear intellect and direct purpose, Ken, when he had once determined on his duty, was not to be diverted from it. His judgment was sound, his courage high. From what he conceived to be the truth, no inducement could separate him; and his witness to it he was prepared always and everywhere to maintain. Hence we discern in him a true type of the Christian priest. His piety was profoundly sincere; an intelligent and reasonable piety, though with

an ascetic touch about it; a loving and an unaffected piety, yet strong enough to sustain him in severe trials, and to encourage him to noble deeds—as when he repulsed a king's mistress, and surrendered the emoluments and dignities of the episcopate for conscience sake. He ruled his diocese firmly, yet with the gentle consideration of a loving nature; being in all things and at all times the father of his clergy, the friend and adviser and shepherd of his laity. As a preacher, he was distinguished by his fervour, his plainness of speech, and his boldness of utterance: and the glow of his devout enthusiasm sometimes warmed his language into eloquence. He was not a great scholar, and his credentials to the recollection of posterity are almost exclusively confined to his two celebrated hymns.

The Church of England at this period boasted of many divines who were rapidly rising into eminence as theologians or preachers. Dr. John Pearson, Bishop of Chester, who died in 1686, was already famous for his "Exposition of the Creed;" Dean Tillotson, 1630-1694, who, after the Revolution, became Archbishop of Canterbury, drew delighted congregations to St. Lawrence Jewry by his eloquent sermons; Dr. Sherlock, 1641-1707, was in the prime of manhood at Charles II.'s death, and had given evidence of scholarship and controversial ability; and Dr. Stillingfleet, 1635-1699, made Bishop of Chester in 1689, had produced his chief work, "Origines Sacræ; or, A Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion," as early as 1662.

We turn to the most renowned among the Nonconformists. Richard Baxter was born in 1615 at Rowton, in Shropshire; educated at Wroxeter; ordained in 1638;

and from 1640 to 1642 he officiated as pastor at Kidderminster. In the great religious and political struggle which divided England into two hostile parties, whose lines of separation are still far from being effaced, he supported the Parliament, and was present with the army as chaplain at the sieges of Bridgewater, Exeter, Bristol, and Worcester. But the polemics of officers and troopers were not to his taste, and from the vehement debates of Sergeant Moretext and Zephaniah Break-the-chains-of-Satan, he retired to Kidderminster, where, in 1653, he wrote that beautiful book of his, the consolation of so many anxious souls, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." He boldly remonstrated with Cromwell on his assumption of the supreme power, and plainly told him that "the honest people of this land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing and not an evil." After the Restoration he might well have abandoned this opinion, for the Act of Uniformity, passed in 1662, drove him out of the Established Church. He retired to Acton,* where he lived in the delights of lettered seclusion until the Act of Indulgence, in 1672, enabled him to return to London. Some passages in his "Paraphrase on the New Testament," which he published in 1685, were regarded as seditious, and he was arraigned before Judge Jeffreys. It was on the day on which Titus Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard that the venerable Nonconformist leader appeared in Westminster Hall. He asked that some little time might be allowed him to prepare his defence. "Not a minute," exclaimed the brutal Jeffreys, "to save his life! I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There

* His house was near the church, but has long since been pulled down, and its site cannot now be identified.

stands Oates on one side of the pillory; and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together."

Throughout the trial—if such a mockery of justice deserve the name—Jeffreys behaved with similar brutality. He browbeat and silenced Baxter's advocates, and when Baxter himself attempted to put in a word, overwhelmed him with ribald talk, mingled with quotations from "Hudibras." "My lord," said the aged divine, "I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops." "Baxter for bishops!" cried the Judge, "that's a merry conceit indeed. I know what you mean by bishops; rascals like yourself, Kidderminster bishops, factious, snivelling Presbyterians!" Again Baxter attempted to speak. "Richard, Richard," thundered the Judge, "dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat. By the grace of God, I'll look after thee. I see a great many of your brotherhood waiting to know what will befall their mighty Don."

He was sentenced to pay 500 marks, and to be imprisoned in the King's Bench until the fine was paid. He lay in confinement for a year and a half, and then regained his liberty, partly through the exertions of Lord Powis, and partly because James II. desired to win over the Protestant Nonconformists. He was informed that if he chose to reside in London he might do so without fearing that the Five Mile Act would be enforced against him. But Baxter was not to be cajoled. He refused to join in any address of thanks for the Declaration of Indulgence, and

strenuously exerted himself to promote a reconciliation between the Church and the Presbyterians. It was mainly through his influence that the two bodies stood side by side in the struggle against the Court. In the same moderate spirit he gave his assent, in 1689, to the Toleration Act, which enabled every dissenting minister to exercise his functions provided he declared his belief in some thirty-four of the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.

Two years later (on the 8th of December, 1691) he closed his long and blameless life, a life spent in the practice of moderation and the advocacy of charity. His separate writings are said to number 168. Of these, the "Saint's Everlasting Rest" and the "Call to the Unconverted" are still largely read among us. A deep interest also attaches to his autobiography—"A Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of my Life and Times"—which Coleridge rightly pronounces "an inestimable work." His own opinion of his writings is given with his usual frankness:—"I must confess," he says, "that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the places and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for 'The Saint's Rest,' I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived: and

when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasion or other extorted almost all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forget the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives."

George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, must also be mentioned. He was the son of a weaver, and born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in 1624. Apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle, he devoted much of his time to the charge of sheep, and this solitary occupation enabled an excitable imagination to indulge in the wildest vagaries. He was about nineteen years old, when he was one day much disturbed by the love of drink displayed by two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair. "I went away," he notes in his journal, "and, when I had done my business, returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me: 'Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all!'" Accepting this as a Divine command, he gave it his most rigid obedience; abandoned his trade and his

home, and for several years wandered to and fro like a pilgrim in the desert. With his intellect too much disordered to enable him to apprehend things in their true relations, he fancied that he had celestial revelations, and, like Jeanne d'Arc, heard voices. "One morning," he says, "as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, All things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried: There is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God."

Confused and disgusted by the Babel of tongues which prevailed in the religious world, and the opposite views of Scriptural truth presented by the different denominations, he came to the conclusion that no living teachers could instruct him in Divine things, and that he must act upon the inspiration which came direct to him from heaven. "He argued that, as the division of languages began at Babel, and as the persecutors of Christ put on the cross an inscription in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, the knowledge of languages, and more especially of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, must be useless to a Christian minister." This is his confused utterance on the subject: "What they know they know naturally, who turn from the command and err from the spirit, whose fruit withers, who saith that Hebrew, Greek, and Latin is the original:

before Babell was, the earth was one of language ; and Nimrod, the cunning hunter before the Lord, which came out of cursed Ham's stock, the originall and builder of Babell, whom God confounded with many languages, and this they say is the original who erred from the spirit and command; and Pilate had his original Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, which crucified Christ and set over him."

It was about 1647 that he began to teach publicly in the neighbourhood of Duckenfield and Manchester, whence he made his way through the midland and northern counties. Teaching more confused and extravagant has seldom been put before men, and yet it found many to listen and assent, because it dwelt so much on those minute regulations and observances which ignorant minds most keenly appreciate and readily seize hold of. "One of the precious truths which were divinely revealed to this new apostle was, that it was falsehood and adulation to use the second person plural instead of the second person singular. Another was, that to talk of the month of March was to worship the bloodthirsty god Mars, and that to talk of Monday was to pay idolatrous homage to the moon. To say Good morning or Good evening was highly reprehensible; for those phrases evidently imported that God had made bad days and bad nights. A Christian was bound to face death itself rather than touch his hat to the greatest of mankind. When Fox was challenged to produce any Scriptural authority for this dogma, he cited the passage in which it is written that Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were thrown into the fiery furnace with their hats on; and, if his own narrative may be trusted, the Chief Justice of England was altogether unable to

answer this argument except by crying out, 'Take him away, gaoler.' . . . Bowing he strictly prohibited, and, indeed, seemed to consider it as the effect of Satanical influence ; for, as he observed, the woman in the Gospel, while she had a spirit of infirmity, was bowed together, and ceased to bow as soon as Divine power had liberated her from the tyranny of the Evil One."

His Scriptural expositions were, in their way, not less absurd and irrational. Passages of the most literal character he construed figuratively; and as figurative passages he construed not less literally, his theology was a curious jumble. Such as it was, however, he taught it everywhere, and with almost heroical persistency; even forcing his way into churches, and interrupting the service or the sermon with loud contradictions and vehement assertions of doctrine. By these exploits he soon acquired the notoriety which, no doubt, he coveted. His strange face, his strange chant, his immovable hat, and his leather breeches were known all over the country; and he boasts that wherever the rumour was heard, "The man in leather breeches is coming," hypocritical professors were seized with alarm, and hireling priests took to flight. He was repeatedly imprisoned; at Derby he languished in a wretched cell for a twelvemonth, and at Carlisle for six months experienced from his gaoler the most brutal treatment. At Ulverstone he underwent the following harsh experience:—

"The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before the justice's face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the

steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying: 'Knock the teeth out of his head!' When they had hauled me to the common moss-side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the Eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice: 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!' Then they began to fall out among themselves."

The extravagances of Fox were, of course, out-Heroded by some of his disciples. He tells us that one of them walked naked through Skipton declaring the truth; and that another was divinely moved to go naked during several years to market places, and to the houses of the clergy and gentry. Yet he complains that these outrageous manifestations of fanatical indecency were requited by an unbelieving generation with hooting, and pelting, and the horsewhip. But though he applauded the zeal of his followers, some remains of natural modesty prevented him from imitating it. He sometimes indeed would cast off his outer raiment, or his shoes; but the article of attire from which he obtained his popular nickname he was always careful, however, to wear in public.

Throughout the Protectorate, and the reign of Charles II., and into the reign of William III., this strange prophet—who could never speak intelligibly—continued to expound his views, and gradually succeeded in organising his followers into a new sect. With the help of the more educated among them, such as Robert Barclay, Samuel Fisher, and George Keith, he reduced into some degree of system and form his teachings, and began to enforce a severe discipline. Later in life he visited Ireland, and the young colonies in North America, where he spent nearly two years in making converts to his doctrines. He died in London, in 1690, aged 66. On the morning of the day appointed for his funeral, a great multitude assembled round the meeting-house in Gracechurch Street. Thence the corpse was conveyed to the Quaker burial-ground near Bunhill Fields. Several orators addressed the crowd which filled it—among these, not the least distinguished of Fox's disciples, William Penn.

William Penn, to whom we have made brief allusion in the opening chapter of this book, was the son of Sir William Penn, the famous Admiral, and was born on the 14th of October, 1644, in St. Catherine's, near the Tower of London. When about eleven years old he was sent to School at Chigwell, where, being on one occasion in his chamber alone, "he was so suddenly surprised with an

inward comfort, and (as he thought) an external glory in the room, that he has many times said how from that time he had the seal of divinity and immortality; that there was also a God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying His divine communications." This mental delusion was the effect, no doubt, of an excited imagination, nourished by the boy's solitary pondering over his mother's religious books.

The Admiral, having fallen into disgrace through the failure of the expedition against Hispaniola, removed his family, in 1656, to Ireland, where he had considerable estates, and while professing to be employed in their cultivation, engaged in plots for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. His son, meantime, had the advantage of receiving instruction from a private tutor, and profited so largely by it that, at the age of 16, he was sent to Oxford, and entered at Christ Church as a gentleman commoner (1660). There a measure of fame accrued to him very speedily through the brilliancy of his scholarship and his skill in all manly accomplishments. But by degrees Penn awoke to a perception of higher and holier things; his religious instinct was revolted by the unbridled licence of the companions among whom he was thrown; and he began to dream dreams of a Commonwealth of Saints which, in the coming years, he hoped to erect upon enduring foundations among the leafy wildernesses of the New World.

At Oxford, about this time, the doctrines of Fox, the Quaker apostle, were very eagerly discussed. As expounded by one Thomas Loe, or Lowe, they attracted the attention of Penn and his fellow-students; and the apparent simplicity which distinguished them naturally

exercised a powerful influence upon minds alarmed and excited by the Court favour extended to Romanism. They went frequently to Thomas Loe's prelections, and refrained from attending the College services. For their contumacy they were fined. Breaking then into open rebellion they stripped off the surplice, the use of which was enjoined by the authorities; and were thereupon expelled from the University. Penn's father, a man of worldly nature and a great supporter of "the powers that be," was so enraged at this untoward event, that when his son presented himself at home, he caused him to be whipped, and finally turned out of doors. Still the young man held to his view of what was right, and received and answered letters from the Calvanist Owen, whom his father suspected of leading his son astray. After a while the elder Penn relented; and in the hope, natural to a worldly mind, that change of scene might efface the old impressions by exciting new, he sent him on his travels.

At Paris Penn was introducrd to the Court of Louis XIV. He plunged into the wild vortex of fashionable life, and his father's worldly wisdom seemed justified by the eagerness with which this bright and accomplished young man threw himself into the current of dissipation. One night, as he was passing through a dark street, he was stopped by a French gallant, and commanded to draw and defend himself. What offence had he given? The Frenchman accused him of not having returned the salute of courtesy with which he had approached him. Penn replied that he had never seen him; but his adversary would accept of no excuse, and threatened to cut him down with his sword. At this insult Penn's patience

broke its last bonds, and forgetting the doctrines of George Fox, he drew his blade rapidly, and assumed a defensive attitude. By this time a crowd had gathered, who expected that Penn, as in a few passes he had disarmed his quarrelsome adversary, would take his life, in accordance with the laws of the *duello;* but, greatly to their admiration, he returned him his sword with a polite bow, and unconcernedly went on his way.

Receiving instructions from his father to remain for awhile in France, and resume his studies, he selected for his tutor the eminent theologian, Mons. Ancyrault, of Saumur, and applying himself most earnestly to work, acquired with considerable rapidity a comprehensive knowledge of French literature, as well as a considerable acquaintance with the writings of the early theologians. He then recommenced his travels, and visited Italy, but was recalled to England, in 1664, on the outbreak of the war with Holland. He reached London in August, and seems to have created quite "a sensation" in "polite circles." Gossip Pepys, after receiving a visit from the accomplished young traveller, records in his Diary that "something of learning he hath got, but a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of the French garb, and affected manner of speech and gait." He had grown a handsome man, and his manners were perfect in their easy grace. "Tall and well-set, his figure promised physical strength and hardihood of constitution. His face was mild, and almost womanly in its beauty; his eyes soft and full; his brow open and ample; his features well-defined and approaching to the ideal Greek in contour; the lines about his mouth were exquisitely sweet, and yet resolute in expression. Like Milton, he wore his hair long and

parted in the centre of the forehead, from which it fell over his neck and shoulders in massive natural ringlets. In mien and manners he seemed formed by nature and stamped by art—a gentleman." Such, at least, is Mr. Hepworth Dixon's somewhat imaginative portrait of the future Quaker.

He entered himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn; but almost before he could settle down to legal studies, was summoned to accompany his father on board his flag-ship, the *Loyal Charles*, in March, 1665. His experience of a naval life was only of three weeks' duration; for on the 23rd of April he landed at Harwich with despatches for the King, and instead of returning to the fleet, he withdrew to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. In the month of June the Great Plague began its fearful ravages in London—an event to rouse the conscience of the most frivolous, for in hardly any shape is death more hateful; in none are its accessories more painful. The *one* spot of deadly omen; the livid, swollen body; the death-agony; the roughly-made coffin; the plague-cart for the putrid corpse; the solemn bell that woke the echoes of the night; the horrid pit into which were huddled the ghastly remains of humanity—such circumstances as these might stimulate even the most thoughtless to reflection. Upon Penn's naturally contemplative mind they produced a deep, ever-enduring impression; and when his father returned to England, flushed with the honours of victory, he found the gay and graceful Cavalier transformed into the grave and serious student. Court festivities had given place to disputations with learned men. Love poems and gay sonnets had been abandoned for theological and political treatises; authors and

legal professors of repute substituted for the courtiers and the frail beauties who displayed their meretricious charms at Whitehall. The change does not seem to have been to the Admiral's taste. He desired his son to be a prosperous man of the world, continuing in the path he himself had trodden with so much success, and raising the race of Penn to a yet higher point of affluence and pride. To wean his son from what he considered to be an irrational asceticism, he despatched him to Ireland in the autumn of 1665, furnished with introductions to the Duke of Ormond, whose vice-regal court was almost as brilliant as, and certainly more decent than, the court of Charles II.

Penn was cordially received, and the gaieties which surrounded him soon appeared to have the effect anticipated by his father. He resumed the habits and tastes of a young man of fashion. When an insurrection broke out among the military at Carrickfergus, he accompanied Lord Arran as a volunteer on the expedition intended to reduce them to obedience, and displayed a courage and an intrepedity which procured him from the Duke of Ormond the offer of a captaincy of foot. His father, however, would not allow him to accept it; and Penn betook himself to the paternal estate at Shangarry, near Cork. On a visit to the latter town, he heard that Thomas Loe, the Oxford Quaker, was to preach there; and recollections of his student-days induced him to be present. Loe's text was well adapted to Penn's peculiar mental condition:—"There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world." Penn felt that he himself had long hesitated in the border-land; had long wavered between light and darkness, morning and night, the world of faith and the world of unbelief. Loe's voice

came to his uncertain soul like that of a messenger from Heaven; and shaking off the social fetters imposed by custom and tradition, he went home that night with a new inspiration kindling in his heart: William Penn had become a Quaker.

He thenceforth attended regularly the meetings of the Friends; but, one evening in November, 1667, a company of soldiers breaking in upon their secret assembly—for the Quakers were then enduring the ordeal of a severe persecution—Loe and his fellow-worshippers were made prisoners, and committed to the town jail. Penn lost no time in communicating with his friend the Earl of Ossory, son of the Duke of Ormond, and obtained a speedy release. But great was the amazement at Court, the ridicule in the world of fashion, the consternation of Sir William Penn, when it was thus made known that his son and heir had joined the despised followers of George Fox! He recalled him to England, and at first, observing no change in his attire, no precisian cut or rigid formality in his clothes, comforted himself with the hope that curiosity, and not belief, had attracted his son to the meeting-house. He soon noticed, however, that he forbore to remove his hat in the company of his friends and superiors, and on inquiring the reason, ascertained that his first alarms had been well-founded. He assailed him with sarcasm, but his son's convictions were too strong to be shaken by so feeble a weapon. He plied him with argument, but found him his master in Scriptural knowledge and logical reasoning. A third course remained, and the angry sea-captain adopted it: he turned him out of doors. After awhile he relented so far as to allow him to return to his house, but he would

not admit him into his presence. Though gifted with strong affections, the young man, for conscience sake, bore the parental anger patiently. He had already begun to expound and defend, with pen and voice, the doctrines he had embraced; and in 1668 he published his first book, under the title of "Truth Exalted in a Short but Sure Testimony against all those Religions, Faiths, and Worships, that have been formed and followed in the darkness of Apostasy; and for that glorious light which is now risen and shines forth in the Life and Doctrine of the despised Quakers, as the alone good old way of Life and Salvation. Presented to Princes, Priests, and Peoples, that they may repent, believe, and obey. By William Penn, whom Divine Love constrains in an holy contempt to trample on Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the Majesty of Him who is Invisible." This was shortly followed by a severe polemic, "The Guide Mistaken," in reply to John Clapham's attack upon the Quakers in his "Guide to True Religion;" and by a well-written argument in favour of the Unitarian view of The Godhead—"The Sandy Foundation Shaken"—which Mr. Pepys read, and found "so well writ, as I think it is too good for him to have writ it: it is a serious sort of book," he adds, "and not fit for everybody to read." So thought the authorities of the Church, and at their instance he was committed to the Tower, where he lingered in a solitary cell for nearly nine months, debarred from all intercourse with his family and friends. His books, however, supplied him with social converse; his pen proved an agreeable companion; and the fruit of his enforced seclusion appeared in that elaborate folio of his, "No Cross no Crown," in which he illustrates the

value of suffering as an agent of moral purification, and the power of Christian endurance to win the Christian victory. His own endurance the Bishop of London tested by causing him to be informed that the Bishop had resolved he should die in his dungeon unless he recanted his errors. "I do not heed their threats," he replied; "I will weary out their malice. Neither great nor good things were ever attained without loss and hardship. The man that would reap and not labour must perish in disappointment." Shortly afterwards he published a vindication of himself and his religious opinions, entitled "Innocency with her Open Face," which produced a favourable impression on the public. At the Duke of York's intercession he obtained an unconditional release; and departed for Ireland to resume the management of his father's property at Shangarry Castle.

This was in October, 1669. In the following June he returned to England, and enjoyed the happiness of being reconciled to his father. It was in the same year that Parliament renewed the infamous Conventicle Act, which inflicted on every person attending a conventicle or meeting-house a fine of 5s. for the first, and 10s. for the second offence, while a much heavier penalty fell upon the officiating minister. The Quaker assemblies had hitherto been connived at, but the law was now enforced without distinction; and when Penn and his co-religionists repaired to their chapel in Gracechurch Street, on the 14th of August, they found a detachment of soldiers posted at the doors, who prohibited their entrance. Penn, taking off his hat, had begun to address them, when immediately some constables forced their way through the crowd, and

arrested him and another, Captain William Mead, a city draper, who had served the Commonwealth with his sword. When Penn demanded their authority, they produced a warrant from the Lord Mayor, before whom the two prisoners were carried for examination. He ordered the Quaker to remove his hat, and on Penn's refusal, threatened to send him to Bridewell, and direct that he should be well whipped; but warned against so monstrous a proceeding, he committed him and his companion to the Black Dog, a "sponging-house" of ill repute, in Newgate Market, to await their trial at the Old Bailey.

This remarkable trial took place on the 1st of September; "remarkable," for it contributed in no small degree to secure the liberties of the subject. It pivoted, so to speak, on one great question. Undoubtedly, the Conventicle Act was a violation of principles laid down in the Great Charter; but it had been passed by Parliament and sanctioned by the Crown. Could the assent of the Crown and Parliament legalize a measure which violated the ancient constitution of the realm? No, said Penn, and claimed for every Englishman four fundamental rights as descending to him from the Saxon period:—1, Security of Property; 2, Security of Person; 3, A voice in the making of all laws relating to Property or Person; and, 4, A share, by means of the jury, in the actual administration of the Civil Law. These rights had been attacked in Penn's person, and were vindicated by Penn's courageous action. He defended himself with great spirit and ability, though the Court seized every opportunity to browbeat and confuse him.

Thus said the Recorder, violently, in reply to Penn's calm request, that he would inform him by what law he

was prosecuted, and on what law the indictment was grounded—

"You must not think that I am able to sum up so many years, and ever so many adjudged cases, which we call common law, to satisfy your curiosity."

PENN—"This answer, I am sure, is very short of my question; for if it be common, it should not be so very hard to produce."

RECORDER (angrily)—"Sir, will you plead to your indictment?"

PENN—"Shall I plead to an indictment that has no foundation in law? If it contain that law you say I have broken, why should you decline to produce it, since it will be impossible for the jury to determine, or agree to bring in their verdict, who have not the law produced by which they should measure the truth of the indictment?"

RECORDER (passionately)—"You are a saucy fellow; speak to the indictment."

PENN—"I say it is my place to speak to matters of law. I am arraigned a prisoner. My liberty, which is next to life itself, is now concerned. You are many against me, and it is hard if I must not make the best of my case. I say again, unless you show me and the people the law you ground your indictment upon, I shall take it for granted your proceedings are merely arbitrary. . . ."

RECORDER (waiving this critical point)—"The question is, whether you are guilty of this indictment?"

PENN—"The question is, not whether I am guilty of this indictment, but whether this indictment be legal. It is too general and imperfect an answer to say it is common law, unless we know both where and what it is; for

where there is no law there is no transgression; and that law which is not in being, so far from being common law, is no law at all."

RECORDER—"You are an impertinent fellow. Will you teach the Court what law is? It is *lex non scripta*. That which many have studied thirty or forty years to know, would you have me tell you in a moment?"

PENN—"Certainly, if the common law be so hard to be understood, it is far from being very common; but if the Lord Coke in his Institutes be of any weight, he tells us that 'common law is common right,' and common right is the great charter privileges confirmed by various enactments."

RECORDER—"Sir, you are a very troublesome fellow, and it is not for the honour of the Court to allow you to go on. . . . My Lord, if you do not take some course with this pestilent fellow to stop his mouth, we shall not be able to do anything to-night."

LORD MAYOR—"Take him away! Take him away! Put him into the bale-dock!"

And in the midst of a vigorous appeal to the jury, he was forcibly removed to the extreme end of the Court, where he could neither see nor be seen.

The Recorder then proceeded —

"You, gentlemen of the jury, have heard what the indictment is; it is for preaching to the people and drawing a tumultuous company after them; and Mr. Penn was speaking. If they shall not be disturbed, you see they will go on. There are three or four witnesses have proved this—that Mr. Penn did preach there, that Mr. Mead did allow of it. After this, you have heard by substantial witnesses what is said against them. Now we

are on matter of fact, which you are to keep and to observe, as what hath been fully sworn, at your peril."

Here Penn from the bale-dock interrupted, in his loudest tones —

"I appeal to the jury who are my judges, and to this great assembly, whether the proceedings of the Court are not most arbitrary, and void of all law, in offering to give the jury their charge in the absence of the prisoners? I say it is directly opposed and destructive to the right of every English prisoner, as declared by Coke in the 2nd Institute, 29, on the chapter of Magna Charta."

RECORDER (with an affectation of humour)—"Why, you *are* present. You *do* hear; do you not?"

PENN—"No, thanks to the Court that commanded me into the bale-dock. And you of the jury, take notice that I have not been heard; neither can you legally depart the Court before I have been fully heard, having at least ten or twelve material points to offer in order to invalidate the indictment."

RECORDER (furiously)—"Pull that fellow down! Pull him down! Take him to the hole. To hear him talk doth not become the honour of the Court."

After the prisoners had been "haled away" to the squalidest of all the squalid dens in England, the "hole" in Newgate, the Recorder commanded the jury to agree in their verdict according to the facts sworn. They retired for consideration; but instead of returning immediately, as the judges anticipated, tarried thirty minutes—sixty minutes—an hour and a half! Then entered eight of the jurors, saying that they could not agree. The Recorder demanded the attendance of the other four, and immediately poured out upon them a flood of vituperation.

The jury withdrew a second time; and after two hours' absence, returned with a verdict of "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street." An attempt was made to coerce or cajole them into altering it to "unlawful speaking;" but they manfully refused. "We have given in our verdict; we can give no other." They were sent back a third time; whereupon they sent in a verdict, "Guilty of speaking to an assembly met together in Gracechurch Street." In a storm of passion, the Lord Mayor pronounced their foreman "an impudent, canting knave." The Recorder exclaimed, "You shall not be dismissed till you bring in a verdict which the Court will accept. You shall be locked up, without meat, drink, fire, and tobacco. You shall not think thus to abuse the Court. We will have a verdict, by the help of God, or you shall starve for it!"

PENN—"The jury, who are my judges, ought not to he thus menaced. Their verdict should be free—not forced."

RECORDER—"Stop that fellow's mouth, or put him out of Court!"

LORD MAYOR (addressing the jury)—"You have heard that he preached; that he gathered a company of tumultuous people; and that they not only disobey the martial power, but the civil also."

PENN—"That is a mistake. We did not make the tumult, but they that interrupted us. The jury cannot be so ignorant as to think we met there to disturb the peace, because it is well known that we are a peaceable people, never offering violence to any man, and were kept by force of arms out of our own house. You are Englishmen," he said to the jurors; "mind your privileges: give not away your rights."

The jury were then locked up, and the prisoners carried back to Newgate. The next morning (Sunday) the Court was again crowded, and with anxiety chequered by hope the public awaited the reappearance of the jurors. At seven o'clock their names were called over, and the Clerk once more inquired if they had agreed upon a verdict. They replied in the affirmative. "Guilty, or not guilty?" "Guilty of speaking in Gracechurch Street."

LORD MAYOR—"To an unlawful assembly?"

BUSHEL—"No, my lord; we give no other verdict than we gave last night."

LORD MAYOR—"You are a factious fellow; I'll take a course with you."

BUSHEL—"I have done according to my conscience."

LORD MAYOR—"That conscience of yours would cut my throat."

BUSHEL—"No, my lord, it never shall."

LORD MAYOR—"But I will cut yours as soon as I can."

RECORDER (jestingly)—"He has inspired the jury; he has the spirit of divination; methinks he begins to affect *me!* I will have a positive verdict, or else you shall starve."

PENN—"I desire to ask the Recorder a question. Do you allow the verdict given of William Mead?"

RECORDER—"It cannot be a verdict, because you are indicted for conspiracy; and one being found 'Not Guilty' and not the other, it is no verdict."

PENN—"If 'Not Guilty' be no verdict, then you make of the jury and of the Great Charta a mere nose of wax."

MEAD—"How? Is 'Not Guilty' no verdict?"

RECORDER—"It is no verdict."

PENN—"I affirm that the consent of a jury is a verdict in law; and if William Mead be not guilty, it follows

that I am clear, since you have indicted us for conspiracy, and I could not possibly conspire alone."

Once more the unfortunate jurors were compelled to retire—only to persist in the verdict already given. The Recorder, carried by his wrath beyond the bounds of decency, exclaimed—"Your verdict is nothing. You play upon the Court. I say you shall go and bring in another verdict, or you shall starve; and I will have you carted about the city as in Edward the Third's time."

FOREMAN—"We have given in our verdict, in which we are all agreed; if we give in another, it will be by force, to save our lives."

LORD MAYOR—"Take them up to their room."

OFFICER—"My lord, they will not go."

The jurors were constrained to withdraw—actual violence being used—and locked up without food and water. Exposed to this harsh treatment, some weaker minds wavered, and would have given way but for the courageous resolution of Bushel, and others like Bushel, who understood the importance of the question at issue. So when, on Monday morning, the Court once more summoned the jurors, there was not, though they had fasted two days and nights, a traitor or coward among them. Wan and worn were they, with hunger, fatigue, and a not unnatural anxiety, but determined to do justice to their fellow-men, arraigned, as they knew, on a false charge.

CLERK—"Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

JURY—"Yes."

CLERK—"Who shall speak for you?"

JURY—"Our foreman."

CLERK—"Look upon the prisoners. What say you: is

William Penn guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted in manner and form, or not guilty?"

FOREMAN—"You have your verdict in writing."

CLERK—"I will read it."

RECORDER—"No, it is no verdict. The Court will not accept it."

FOREMAN—"If you will not accept of it, I desire to have it back again."

COURT—"The paper was no verdict, and no advantage shall be taken of you for it."

CLERK—How say you: is William Penn guilty or not guilty?"

FOREMAN (resolutely)—"*Not Guilty.*"

RECORDER—"I am sorry, gentlemen, you have followed your own judgments and opinions rather than the good advice which was given you. God keep my life out of your hands! But for this the Court fines you forty marks a man, and imprisonment in Newgate till the fines be paid."

PENN—"Being freed by the jury, I demand to be set at liberty."

LORD MAYOR—"No; you are in for your fines."

PENN—"Fines! What fines?"

LORD MAYOR—"For contempt of Court."

PENN—"I ask if it be according to the fundamental laws of England that any Englishman should be fined except by the judgment of his peers? Since it expressly contradicts the 14th and 29th chapters of the Great Charter of England, which says, 'No free man ought to be amerced except by the oath of good and lawful the vicinage.'"

RECORDER—"Take him away; put him out of the Court."

PENN—"I can never urge the fundamental laws of England, but you cry out, 'Take him away! take him away!' But this is no wonder, since the Spanish Inquisition sits so near the Recorder's heart. God, who is just, will judge you all for these things."

The prisoners and the jurors refusing to pay the fines so arbitrarily inflicted upon them, were removed to Newgate. The latter, at Penn's instigation, immediately brought an action against the Lord Mayor and the Recorder for having imprisoned them in defiance of law and justice. It was argued on the 9th of November, before the twelve judges, who unanimously decided in favour of the appellants. They were immediately released, and Penn went forth triumphant, having struck one effectual blow in vindication of the liberties of the subject.

"Son William," said Admiral Sir William Penn, as he lay on his death-bed, a man prematurely old—broken down by a life of action and adventure—"Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and also keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of priests to the end of the world." In this prediction he was wrong, as latter-day prophets usually are; but his saying is worthy to be noted as a proof of the influence exercised upon the old sea-king's impetuous temper by his son's quiet steadiness in well-doing. He died on the 16th of September, ten days after his son's release, and was buried in the parish church of St. Mary Redclyffe, in the city of Bristol. On his death-bed he recommended his son to the favour of the Duke of York, and also solicited for him the King's protection. Penn was appointed sole executor, and inherited an estate valued at £1,500 per annum, in addition to claims on the

Crown for moneys lent and arrears of salary, amounting to about £15,000.

It was about this time that Penn made the acquaintance of Gulielma Maria, the fair daughter of Sir William Springett, a strict Puritan soldier, who died during the siege of Arundel Castle, a few weeks before his daughter's birth. She lived with her mother, who had married a second time, and chosen a man of worth and capacity, the celebrated Isaac Pennington, at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire; in the immediate neighbourhood of the poet Milton, and Milton's friend and pupil, the Quaker Ellwood. Pennington was a follower of George Fox; and it was their mutual interest in the doctrines of the New Light that led to Penn's visit to Chalfont, and consequent introduction to his co-religionist's step-daughter, with whom he immediately fell in love. "She was a very desirable woman," says Ellwood, "whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to render her comely; or to the endowments of her mind, which were very extraordinary and highly obliging; or to her outward fortune, which was fair." To Penn's grave and earnest attachment she responded with all the warmth of maidenhood.

The young Quaker, meanwhile, was active in his vocation. He published an exposure of the treatment to which he had been subjected at the Old Bailey, under the title of "Truth rescued from Imposture;" as well as a "Caveat against Popery," not less moderate in tone than cogent in reasoning. The former production roused against him some untiring enemies in the civic authorities, who eagerly watched for—and soon found—an opportunity to make their vengeance felt. Going from Chalfont to

London, he attended, as was his wont, the Quaker meeting-house in Wheeler Street; but while preparing to address the brethren, was seized by a troop of cavalry, and hurried off to the Tower. This was on the 5th of February, 1671. In the Tower he was confronted by his most determined persecutors, and subjected to a rigorous and insulting examination. An attempt was made to force upon him the oath of allegiance; but Penn refused to subscribe, on the ground that his conscience forbade him to take up any arms, whether for his Sovereign or against his own foes.

Sir John Robinson—"I am sorry you put me upon this severity. It is no pleasant work to me."

Penn—"These are but words. It is manifest that this is a prepense malice. Thou hast several times laid the meetings for me, and this day particularly."

Robinson—"No, I profess I could not tell you would be there."

Penn—"Thine own corporal told me that you had intelligence at the Tower that I should be at Wheeler Street to-day, almost as soon as I knew it myself. This is disingenuous and partial. I never gave thee occasion for such unkindness."

Robinson—"I knew no such thing; but if I had, I confess I should have sent for thee."

Penn—"That confession might have been spared. I do heartily believe it."

Robinson—"I vow, Mr. Penn, I am sorry for you. You are an ingenious gentleman, all the world must allow that; and you have a plentiful estate. Why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people?"

Penn—"I confess I have made it my choice to relinquish the company of those that are ingeniously wicked, to converse with those who are more honestly simple."

Robinson—"I wish thee wiser."

Penn—"I wish *thee* better."

Robinson—"You have been as bad as other folks."

Penn—"When and where? I charge thee tell the company to my face."

Robinson—"Abroad, and at home too."

Sheldon—"No, no, Sir John. That's too much."

Penn—"I make this bold challenge to all men, justly to accuse me with ever having heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word—much less that I make it my practice. Thy words shall be my burden, and I trample thy slander under my feet."

Eventually, Sir John Robinson committed him to Newgate for six months—a sentence which drew from Penn this noble declaration:—"I would have thee and all men know that I scorn that religion which is not worth suffering for, and able to sustain those that are afflicted for its sake. I leave you all," he added, "in perfect charity."

During his six months' imprisonment, Penn's intellect was very active, and he composed and published four polemical treatises:—"Truth rescued from Imposture," "The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience," "An Apology for the Quakers," and "A Postscript to Truth Exalted."

He was released in July, 1671, and, crossing over to the Continent, he visited Holland and Germany, making known the principles of the New Doctrine, and founding several small Quaker colonies. On his return to England, he renewed his suit to Gulielma Springett, and their marriage took place in February, 1672. After some

months of domestic happiness at Rickmansworth, he returned to active life, and resumed his missionary labours, accompanied, sometimes by his wife, sometimes by the leaders of his sect, the enthusiastic Fox and the learned Barclay. With singular indefatigability of purpose, he wrote treatise after treatise, pamphlet upon pamphlet, all of a controversial character; of these he gave to the world no fewer than six-and-twenty, besides his two political essays, "On Oaths," and "England's Present Interest Considered." They may be read by the curious in the collected edition of Penn's works; but we cannot attribute to them that literary merit which is claimed for them by some of his fervent admirers, nor can we say that they are free from that intemperance of language which distinguishes the polemical writings of the period.

Penn's next occupation was to draw up a constitution for a Quaker colony settled in West New Jersey, in North America; for the time it was a singular concession to democratic ideas. While allowing the widest tolerance to different forms of religious belief, he was not less liberal in his political views; providing for the election of the people's representatives by vote by ballot, and conferring the franchise upon every adult man free from crime. Trial by jury was instituted; imprisonment for debt was disallowed; the maintenance of orphans was charged upon the State; and other not less wise and salutary enactments showed that the constitution-maker was far in advance, not only of his own, but of many succeeding generations. The colony proved completely successful, and attracted within its borders a constantly increasing number of settlers: the settlement in its result proving that the dreams of Harrington and Algernon Sidney, the fancies of Sir Thomas

More and Lord Bacon, were not so Utopian as the wits had imagined. It was the adumbration of that Christian commonwealth which Penn afterwards founded amid the pathless solitudes of Pennsylvania.

In 1677 we find him, accompanied by Fox and Barclay, visiting Holland and Germany, to encourage and reorganize the scattered settlements of the Friends, and diffuse the radiance of the New Light. We can trace the three Quaker Apostles to Rotterdam, Leyden, Hawerden, and Haarlem. After an absence of four months, Penn returned to England. Over the incidents of the next three years we must pass at a bound. His friendship with Algernon Sidney and his advocacy of civil and religious rights, gradually estranged from him the confidence and favour of Charles II. and the Duke of York; and it was not without difficulty that, in 1681, he obtained, in lieu of the large sum of money owing to him by the Crown, a grant of a large tract of unoccupied Crown-land in North America, covering 47,000 square miles, and extending 300 miles in length by 160 miles in breadth. On the 5th of March, however, he was summoned to attend the Council at Whitehall, and the charter which conveyed to him that noble domain was then signed and sealed. Penn had proposed to call the province, in allusion to its hilly character, *New Wales;* but as Secretary Blathwayte, a Welshman, objected to this use of his country's appellation, he substituted *Sylvania,* on account of its vast forests, and King Charles good-humouredly prefixed the syllable *Penn,* in compliment to the memory of his great Admiral. As Penn stood covered in the royal presence, he observed that Charles removed his hat. "Friend Charles," he exclaimed, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" "Be-

cause," retorted the King, with a smile, "it is the custom of this place for only one person to remain covered at a time!"

Having obtained his charter, the legislator assiduously addressed himself to the task of devising "a complete scheme of government," in which he had the assistance of Algernon Sidney. Penn at this time was residing with his family at Warminghurst, in Sussex, and it was there that the two law-givers carefully laid down those political principles which afterwards inspired the constitution of the United States. It was their object "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power; that they might be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honourable for their just administration." They provided two legislative bodies, a council and an assembly, to be elected by the people. They instituted universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and payment of members. They required no property qualifications for their representatives; they divided the province into convenient electoral districts; they allowed the free exercise of every religious belief, and maintained by careful enactments the security of person and property.

As soon as the details of Penn's proposed scheme of government became known, numerous emigrants presented themselves to treat for lands in a state which promised to be so happily ruled, and before the end of the year were on their way to the New World. As early as April, Penn had despatched his cousin, Colonel Markham, as his lieutenant, to settle the boundary-lines, take possession of the province, and open up amicable negotiations with the Indians; a task which he executed with much dexterity.

Penn had determined that no arms should be borne in his new colony, and had resolved to trust, in his intercourse with the aborigines, to the power of truth, justice, and humanity.

Having attended the death-bed of his beloved mother, and completed such arrangements as in case of his own death might provide for the comfort of his wife and children, Penn took his departure from Deal on the 1st of September. Unfortunately a great disaster clouded his voyage at the outset. The small-pox broke out on board the crowded ship, and carried off upwards of thirty victims. On the 27th of October the *Welcome* arrived at Newcastle, a settlement in the Delaware territory which Penn had purchased from the Duke of York. His landing was the signal for a general rejoicing; men, women and children, Dutch, Germans, and English, flocked to the shore to welcome their governor, father, and friend. Next day, at a general assembly, the deeds and charters which had made Penn proprietor and governor of Pennsylvania, were read: after which, in a speech glowing with noble feeling, he explained his principles of government, promising to every person an equal and a fair share of political power and freedom of conscience. The governor and his companions then began their voyage up the river Delaware, with eager eyes surveying its wooded banks, and the vistas of shadowy valley and misty hill-top which were occasionally opened up through breaks in the far-spreading forest. The name of the Swede settlement of Optland he changed to that of Chester; and there he convoked the first General Assembly of Pennsylvania, to adopt, with such modifications and additions as might seem desirable, the constitution of which he was the author.

After visiting the capitals of the neighbouring provinces of New York, Maryland, and New Jersey, Penn proceeded to complete the organisation of his new settlement: dividing the land into lots, he sold it at 4d. per acre, with a reserve of 1s. per hundred acres as quit-rent, to form a revenue for the support of the governor and proprietor. Certain equal allotments were appropriated to his children; and two manors of ten thousand acres each reserved as a present for his patron, the Duke of York. A thousand acres, free of every charge, were set apart for the founder of the Society of Friends, George Fox.

For the capital of his state he selected an admirable site on a narrow neck of land, which extended between the two navigable rivers of the Delaware and Schuylkill. The banks were high, and open to genial winds; the soil was fertile, the air mild and salubrious. Here he marked out the plan of a noble city. Its area was to occupy twelve square miles; each river was to be overlooked by a street of bold design, and bordered by a public promenade; and these streets were to be linked together by the High Street, a splendid avenue, one hundred feet in width, to be lined with trees, and its houses enriched with gardens. A street of equal width, Broad Street, was to bisect the city from north to south, crossing High Street at a right-angle. At the junction-point of these four avenues was reserved a space of ten acres, for a public piazza or square, and other provisions were made to secure the healthiness and beauty of the new capital; which, in allusion to the great principle that underlay Penn's theory of government, the founder appropriately named *Philadelphia* (or Brotherly Love).

The new colony attracted to its shores a constant stream

of emigration. In a few months no fewer than twenty-three vessels disembarked their hundreds of adventurers at the mouth of the Delaware; and Penn could boast that, in Philadelphia, eighty houses and cottages were ready; that artisan, merchant, and trader were busy in buying and selling; that farms were springing up in fertile places; and that the land rescued from the wilderness already began to bloom with golden corn. At the end of three years the new city contained six hundred houses, and there were nearly as many thriving farms in the surrounding country.

The early part of Penn's career as a governor was marked by an interesting incident. Having arranged with the aboriginal Indians the terms of purchase of their lands, and concluded various treaties of peace and amity, he proposed to the native chiefs that a solemn conference should be held for the confirmation of the New Alliance.* The spot selected was a natural amphitheatre which ran gradually from the bank of the Delaware, in the immediate neighbourhood of the young city of Philadelphia, and to the Indians was known as *Shackamuxon*, or "the meeting-place of kings." Here a venerable elm, which already had endured the storms of a hundred and fifty winters—which now beheld the scattered houses of the white men, but was destined (for it flourished until 1810) to witness the growth of a mighty city on the bank of the sister-rivers—spread abroad its leafy shade. In the distance, against the deep blue heaven, was defined the undulating crest of a range of mountain heights; while the foreground was occupied by an immense forest of pine and cedar, stretching far away into the hunting-grounds of the red men. Surely the stage was not an inappropriate

* November 30, 1682.

one for the dramatic scene which was to be enacted upon it! As for the actors, they too presented some striking and unusual features. Chief among them stood William Penn, the Founder of the New Commonwealth, his only badge of authority a silken sash, but showing in his mien and bearing that he was a man among men, a born leader and ruler. His costume consisted of an outer coat reaching to the knee; a vest of nearly the same length; of trunks ample in dimensions, slashed at the sides, and tied at the knees with ribbons; of ruffles at the wrist, and a snowy fold of cambric round the neck, ending in a fall of lace; and a hat of cavalier shape, but innocent of feathers, surmounting a peruke of many curls. At his right hand stood Colonel Markham, his lieutenant; another trusty and trusted adherent, Pearson, on his left; and in the rear, a group of his principal followers. The Indian Sachems appeared in their native attire. A mantle of furs fell from the shoulder, the loins were girded with cloth, a head-dress of feathers waved in the wind, and the bright hues of their painted bodies glowed yet brighter in the sun. Taminent, their leader, having placed on his head a chaplet, into which a small horn was woven—a token that the place was thenceforth sacred, and the persons of all who assembled there inviolable—the Sachems seated themselves on the ground in order of seniority, and prepared, with their Indian taciturnity, to hear what Onas, as they had named the white chief, might wish to say to them. Penn spoke to them in their own language. His words were not many, but they were to the purpose, and testified to the anxiety felt by the white men to live with the red men in peace and good-will. He then produced the Treaty of Friendship, which declared that in all time

to come "the children of Onas and the natives of the Lenni Lenapé" should be as brothers; that all roads and ways should be held as free and open; that if any white man injured a red man, or any red man inflicted harm upon a white man, the sufferer should lay his complaint before the proper authorities, and the case be investigated by twelve impartial men, and the injury buried "in a bottomless pit;" that the Lenni Lenapé and the white men should help each other in their time of need; and, lastly, that both should transmit to their descendants this chain of friendship, to the intent that it might yearly grow stronger and brighter, and be kept free from rust or blemish, so long as the water ran down the creeks and rivers, and the sun, moon, and stars gave light to earth.

Taminent immediately announced the assent of the Indian Sachems to this remarkable treaty; the only one, says Voltaire, the world has known that was never ratified by oath, and never broken.

Penn returned to England in August, 1684. He was summoned thither by urgent private affairs; and on his arrival was received with much favour by Charles II. and the Duke of York, the latter of whom, within a few months, succeeded to the throne. Penn was at once enrolled among the courtiers of the new sovereign. This is a period of his career which no honest biographer can regard with unmingled satisfaction; for we cannot think that Mr. Paget, in his "New Examen," with all his skill and enthusiasm, has succeeded in vindicating it completely from Macaulay's censures. It may be admitted, however, that he endeavoured to turn his influence to good account; that he pleaded the cause of Locke, who had been driven

into exile for no other offence than that he was the friend of Shaftesbury; and had interceded on behalf of Monmouth's misguided partisans.

One of the unhappy victims of the "reign of terror" which prevailed after the victory of Sedgemoor was Henry Cornish, formerly a pensioner of Algernon Sidney, and latterly a friend of Penn. Having provoked the anger of Charles II. and his Court by the frankness and courage of his opinions, he had been accused of complicity in the Rye House Plot (1683), but on such untenable grounds that his persecutors were fain to withdraw the charge. After Monmouth's rebellion the attack was renewed, and supported by bribed witnesses. The mockery of a trial was played out; a verdict of Guilty extorted from a reluctant but timid jury; and the unfortunate man was hung upon a gibbet erected in front of his own house in Cheapside. He suffered with the calmness of a hero, protesting to the last his innocence. Penn, who had failed in his efforts to obtain a commutation of the cruel sentence, attended him to the scaffold. He was afterwards present at the last scene in the life of another victim of the King's tyranny, for whom he had also interceded, and in vain, Elizabeth Garnet. This admirable woman was an Anabaptist, who had devoted her time and fortune to the relief of the miserable inmates of the London prisons—anticipating by nearly a century and a half Mrs. Elizabeth Fry's noble work of charity—and after the battle of Sedgemoor had sheltered in her house a fugitive from that fatal field. He repaid her generosity by informing against her, earning his own wretched life by betraying his protectress. For this venial violation of the law she was arrested, tried, and burned alive at Tyburn.

Her sufferings, and the fortitude with which she endured them—calmly arranging the faggots and straw around her so as to increase the violence of the flames—produced a most painful impression upon the spectators, so that many were affected even to tears.

It was not long after these judicial murders that the perjury of the witnesses who had sworn away the life of Cornish was clearly proved. James seemed shocked that he had consented to the execution of an innocent man; restored his estates to his family; and sentenced his murderers to perpetual imprisonment.

The influence which Penn exercised over James II., and his daily attendance at Court, soon originated a report that he was a Papist in disguise. It is the misfortune of men in advance of their age that their best and wisest actions are always subjected to the most malignant construction, and Penn was in advance of his age on the question of religious tolerance. A strong bond of sympathy undoubtedly existed between the King and himself, because both were members of religious bodies which had been subjected to a common persecution and prescription. But this fact was not perceived or not understood by his contemporaries, and even the judicious and amiable Tillotson adopted the popular belief. A casual acquaintance asked Penn, one day, how it was that Barclay and himself were such ardent lovers of literature, when the Friends affected to despise it? Penn replied that it was probably owing, in his case, to his early education at Saumur. His interrogator had no ear for French, and went about repeating that the Quaker had acknowledged himself to have been educated at the famous Jesuit College of St. Omar! Penn laughed at

these calumnies until they seemed in some measure countenanced by Tillotson, his intimate acquaintance, when he addressed him with his usual frankness, and so clearly and strongly vindicated his acceptance of the leading doctrines of Protestantism, that the divine averred his full conviction "that there was no just ground for his suspicion, and therefore did heartily beg his pardon for it."—(April 29th, 1686.)

It was at this time that James II. meditated a repeal of the Test Acts, which required from every candidate for public office a declaration of his adhesion to the Church of England; but finding his Parliament hostile to any measure which afforded relief to the Roman Catholics, he dispensed with these Acts by virtue of his own authority. Anxious in this critical state of affairs to obtain the support of William of Orange, who was regarded throughout Christendom as the champion and shield of Protestantism, he dispatched Penn to the Hague on a private and confidential mission. If the Prince would support James in the repeal of the Test Acts and the passing of an Act of Toleration, Penn was instructed to promise him assistance in his opposition to the aggressive power of France. But however liberal might be William's private views, he was not disposed to risk his chance of succession to the throne of England by openly contravening the feeling and opinion of the country; so that while expressing his willingness to accept an Act of Toleration, he objected to the proposed repeal of the Test Acts. In all ecclesiastical questions he was guided by Bishop Burnet, then an exile in Holland, who cherished a strong dislike for Penn, and chose to regard him as a "concealed Papist." "He was a talking, vain man," says the

malicious prelate, "who had been long in the King's favour. He had such an opinion of his own faculty of persuading, that he thought none could stand before it; though he was singular in that opinion; for he had a tedious luscious way, that was not apt to overcome a man's reason, though it might tire his patience."

Having failed in his mission, Penn returned to England by way of Holland and Germany. He continued his attendance at Court, endeavouring to check the King in the arbitrary career on which he had unwisely entered, and striving to counteract the Jesuitical influence that so injuriously affected his actions. He showed him that Parliament would not consent to a revocation of the Test and Penal Acts, and that no concord could exist between him and his Parliament until he acted on more moderate counsels, and expelled from his Court the Jesuits and violent Papists who were urging him to his speedy ruin. When he issued his Declaration of Indulgence to all religious denominations, Penn warned him that to the popular mind it would seem only an ingenious device for the extension of more favour and the concession of greater power to the Papists, and that it was imperative he should not put it into operation without the sanction of the legislature. In the King's arbitrary interference with the rights of the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, Penn boldly stood forward as their uncompromising advocate. When his honest expostulations were ignored, he would fain have retired to his commonwealth across "the western wave," and remained in England only at the urgent request of the King, who declared himself resolute to repeal the Penal Laws against religious sects, and establish toleration; "in which good work," he

said, "he should have to rely much on Penn's help and counsel."

It is not within our province to dwell upon the events of the last few months of James's disastrous reign. When William III. arrived in the capital, those of the late King's councillors who had not betrayed him fled from the country, but Penn remained. He was conscious that he had done nothing but his duty, and believed that he had no reason to fear any man. He no longer, he said, owed allegiance to James as a King, but should still respect him as his friend and patron. His favour with the late King, however, had kept alive suspicion; and, being regarded as a Papist concealed under the mask of a Quaker, he was summoned before the Privy Council in December, 1688, and though no charge was proved against him, compelled to give security in £6,000 for his appearance on the first day of the following term. At Easter he appeared, but no accusers came forward, and "the judge in open court declared that he stood cleared and free of any charge that had been made against him."

This long friendship with the exiled King afforded his enemies, however, a foundation on which they continued to base their calumnies. In the spring of 1690, when the country was disturbed with alarms of a French invasion, he was suddenly arrested on the pretext that he was engaged in a treasonable correspondence with James Stuart. Being examined before William himself, he satisfactorily disproved the accusation; but was nevertheless bound over to appear in Trinity term, and answer any charges that might be preferred against him. At the appointed time he duly presented himself, but was immediately discharged.

For a third time in the same year he was exposed to persecution. He was accused of having joined in Lord Preston's conspiracy to restore the deposed monarch, and though the accusation was unsupported by a tittle of evidence, William profited by it to deprive him of the right of appointing a governor to his colony of Pennsylvania. At this very juncture Penn had engaged a ship to carry him to the New World; but the illness and death of George Fox detained him awhile in England. He attended his funeral, and over his grave delivered a glowing panegyric. Just as the crowd dispersed, and when Penn had left the ground, a posse of constables, armed with warrants, arrived to take him into custody on another charge of treason and conspiracy, preferred against him by William Fuller, the "Titus Oates" of the reign of William III. Weary of struggling against the malice of his foes, and unable through his conscientious scruples to deny "upon oath" the charges invented against him, Penn sought safety in seclusion. Meantime the King appointed Colonel Fletcher Governor of Pennsylvania—a soldier over the heads of peaceful Quakers!—and Penn's anxiety for the welfare of his young commonwealth increased daily. Nor did his domestic affairs fail to trouble him. In order that his colony might not be burdened with pecuniary liabilities, he had maintained the government out of his private means, expending not less than £120,000. His estates in Ireland had been confiscated; while, at home, his lands in Kent and Essex hardly sufficed to meet the immense claims advanced by a dishonest steward, John Forde, in whom he had placed his entire confidence. Locke now came to the front to repay the kindness shown to him by Penn in his days of prosperity, and interceded for his

pardon. But the Quaker protested that he had done no wrong, and that, therefore, no pardon was needful. He threw himself, he said, upon the King's justice, not upon his mercy. He would not receive his liberty upon any conditions.

A greater affliction than all now befell him, for those whom Heaven loves most it chastens most. Worse than loss of fortune, loss of fame, or the wreck of his hopes and anticipations was the death of his loved and loving wife, Gulielma Maria, at Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, on the 23rd of February, 1693. Her husband's sufferings, sorrows, and misfortunes brought her to a premature grave, though a kind Providence spared her long enough to see the sunshine breaking through the heavy clouds and the bright dawn slow-reddening upon the stormy night.

The infamy of Fuller having been publicly demonstrated, and the House of Commons having branded him as a rogue, cheat, and false witness, many of Penn's most influential friends interfered to procure his restoration to the position of which he had been deprived upon Fuller's single and unsupported evidence. They pressed his case with so much earnestness that William summoned a Council at Westminster (in November, 1692), before whom Penn defended himself with such force and clearness that the King declared his entire satisfaction, and absolved him from all the charges at various times preferred against him. His enforced retirement, however, had not been without profit: its results were two works of widely different character, but of equal merit—"An Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe" and "Some Fruits of Solitude."

We must pass rapidly over the next six years. Through

Queen Mary's generous action he was reinstated in his government of Pennsylvania; the military commission was revoked; and he was bound simply to maintain eighty men, fully armed and equipped, as the contingent to be furnished by his State, so long as the war with France lasted. In January, 1696, having found the need of a woman's gentle hand to keep order in his household, he married, at Bristol, Hannah Callowhill, by whom he had six children. In the following April he lost his eldest son (by his first wife), Springett, in the twenty-first year of his age. He seems to have been a young man of rare promise. After paying a brief visit to his Irish estates in the summer of 1698, Penn received intelligence of growing troubles and dissensions in Pennsylvania, which determined him to go there with a view to the reform of its administration. He embarked, with his wife and all his children, except William, the eldest surviving son, in September, 1699, and in December arrived at Philadelphia, where he was received with an enthusiastic welcome. The settlers hailed him as their father and friend, whose presence would compose all differences, and whose authority would reduce chaos into order. Nor were they disappointed in their expectations. With equal sagacity, judgment, and resolution he reformed the numerous abuses which had crept into the administration of the State, put down the contraband trade from which the colony had long been suffering, dismissed corrupt and incompetent officers, healed the jealousies of faction, and encouraged the development of commercial enterprise by many wise and liberal measures. Meanwhile, at his mansion of Pennsbury, he maintained a decorous state. He had his carriages, his horses, and his yacht, for Penn, though a

Quaker, was no Pharisaical precisian; he kept his cellar of rare wines; his house was splendidly furnished; he loved to see his table well supplied; his daughters dressed like gentlewomen; he himself was choice, though plain, in his attire; his gardens were planted with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers; and everywhere prevailed a spirit of calm contentment, due, no doubt, to the mild and genial influence of the master. "To innocent dances and country fairs," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "he not only made no objection, but countenanced them by his own and his family's presence. Those gentle charities which had distinguished him in England continued to distinguish him in Pennsylvania: he released the poor debtor from prison; he supported out of his private purse the sick and the destitute; many of the aged who were beyond labour and without friends were regular pensioners on his bounty to the extent of six shillings a fortnight: and there were numerous persons about him whom he had rescued from distress in England, and whom he supported, wholly or in part, until their own industry made them independent of his assistance."

While he was thus displaying his practical commonsense, and building up securely the structure of his new commonwealth, affairs in England were taking a direction entirely adverse to his just rights and legitimate interests. The English Government was developing a measure, necessary in itself though harsh in its incidence upon individuals, which proposed to annihilate the great colonial proprietaries and weld the separate states into a homogeneous colonial system. Such a measure must inevitably deprive Penn, and men like Penn, of the fruits of their pecuniary outlay, their labour, and their enterprise, by

wresting from them the settlements which they had founded and carefully nursed into prosperity. The owners of Pennsylvanian property then in England succeeded, however, in procuring a postponement of the bill until Penn could return to plead their cause and his own; but they sent urgent messages to the founder of their colony to return to England at once if he would prevent an act of shameful spoliation.

Penn made haste to comply: he left Philadelphia on the 16th of September, 1701, and arrived in England about the middle of December. But in the interval a great change had taken place in the position of affairs. William III. was dead, and in the seat of that sagacious statesman-king sat the narrow-minded Anne. The Stuarts, however, had a hereditary liking for Penn, and Anne immediately welcomed him to her Court, and showed him in many ways her royal favour. No more was heard of the obnoxious Colonies Bill. Penn took up his residence at Knightsbridge, and afterwards, in 1706, at Brentford. There he was living in peace and contentment when the event occurred which overclouded his later years. He had long entrusted the management of his affairs to Philip Ford, a Quaker, who died in 1702, after having abused his master's generous confidence by wholesale fraud and embezzlement. "The lawyer," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "knew how to take advantage of his client's want of worldly prudence; and in an evil hour, when Penn needed money to go over to America the second time, he induced him to give him—as a mere matter of form—a deed of sale of the colony, on which he advanced him £2,800. This deed was considered by Penn, and professedly considered by Ford, as a mortgage. Ford received money on account

of the province, and made such advances as the governor required; and it was not until the latter returned to England that the first suspicion of his steward's villany crossed his mind. He was loath to entertain it, and tried for a time to think himself deceived. But as soon as the old Quaker died his knavery came to the full light of day. Penn, from his uncertain remembrance of the various sums advanced and received, believed the mortgage—or deed of sale—to be nearly cancelled; but the funeral rites were hardly paid to the dead before the widow sent in a bill for £14,000, and threatened to seize and sell the province if it were not immediately paid."

A careful examination of the accounts and papers which Penn had fortunately preserved showed, however, that while Ford had received £17,859, he had paid on Penn's account only £16,200, so that his estate was indebted to Penn in a sum of £1,659. Desirous of sparing the Quaker community a public scandal, Penn proposed that the whole matter at dispute should be referred to arbitration; but Ford's representatives took advantage of the written instrument, the deed of sale, to enforce their unjust claim. On a thorough examination taking place, it appeared that Penn, on the said deed of sale, owed £4,303, which he offered to pay; but his enemies knew they had him in their power, as the deed was uncancelled, —threw the case into Chancery, obtained a verdict against him, attempted to arrest him while he was attending service in Gracechurch Street, and eventually drove him for security into the Fleet prison. He found lodgings in the Old Bailey, within what were then termed "the rules," or jurisdiction, of the Fleet. At length, to get free of his trials and anxieties, he consented, after a painful mental

struggle, to mortgage his beloved Pennsylvania for the sum of £6,800, advanced by several friends, while he sold his Sussex estate at Warminghurst for £6,050.

The air of London disagreeing with his constitution, shaken as it was by confinement and severe mental suffering, Penn took a country house at Ruscombe, in Berkshire in 1710, and spent there his remaining years. In the early part of 1712 he was seized with a fit of paralysis, which seriously affected his intellectual powers. On his partial recovery he again directed his attention to his Western Commonwealth; but the effort proved too much for the enfeebled brain, and a second attack of paralysis resulted in October, 1712. Once more he recovered, slowly and imperfectly, but only to undergo a third and more violent shock, in the following December, which completely incapacitated him from any further exertion. At first his life seemed to be in imminent danger, but his wonderful constitution asserted itself, and he survived for some years, soothed by the indefatigable devotion of his wife and surrounded by the pious attentions of his friends. His memory was gone and his speech imperfect; but it was observed that the good man's affections remained unimpaired. In birds and flowers and children, in song and perfumes and bright colours, in things gentle and attractive, he showed a keen delight. It was the calm, sweet sunset of a long autumn day, which had opened with a radiant morning—had known clouds and the stress of storm at noon—and now slowly descended into the eternal sea with a tranquil glow and genial hush.

William Penn died, between two and three in the morning, on the 30th of July, 1718, in his seventy-fourth year. He was buried in the Quakers' cemetery at Jordans, near

of the province, and made such advances as the governor required; and it was not until the latter returned to England that the first suspicion of his steward's villany crossed his mind. He was loath to entertain it, and tried for a time to think himself deceived. But as soon as the old Quaker died his knavery came to the full light of day. Penn, from his uncertain remembrance of the various sums advanced and received, believed the mortgage—or deed of sale—to be nearly cancelled; but the funeral rites were hardly paid to the dead before the widow sent in a bill for £14,000, and threatened to seize and sell the province if it were not immediately paid."

A careful examination of the accounts and papers which Penn had fortunately preserved showed, however, that while Ford had received £17,859, he had paid on Penn's account only £16,200, so that his estate was indebted to Penn in a sum of £1,659. Desirous of sparing the Quaker community a public scandal, Penn proposed that the whole matter at dispute should be referred to arbitration; but Ford's representatives took advantage of the written instrument, the deed of sale, to enforce their unjust claim. On a thorough examination taking place, it appeared that Penn, on the said deed of sale, owed £4,303, which he offered to pay; but his enemies knew they had him in their power, as the deed was uncancelled, —threw the case into Chancery, obtained a verdict against him, attempted to arrest him while he was attending service in Gracechurch Street, and eventually drove him for security into the Fleet prison. He found lodgings in the Old Bailey, within what were then termed "the rules," or jurisdiction, of the Fleet. At length, to get free of his trials and anxieties, he consented, after a painful mental

struggle, to mortgage his beloved Pennsylvania for the sum of £6,800, advanced by several friends, while he sold his Sussex estate at Warminghurst for £6,050.

The air of London disagreeing with his constitution, shaken as it was by confinement and severe mental suffering, Penn took a country house at Ruscombe, in Berkshire in 1710, and spent there his remaining years. In the early part of 1712 he was seized with a fit of paralysis, which seriously affected his intellectual powers. On his partial recovery he again directed his attention to his Western Commonwealth; but the effort proved too much for the enfeebled brain, and a second attack of paralysis resulted in October, 1712. Once more he recovered, slowly and imperfectly, but only to undergo a third and more violent shock, in the following December, which completely incapacitated him from any further exertion. At first his life seemed to be in imminent danger, but his wonderful constitution asserted itself, and he survived for some years, soothed by the indefatigable devotion of his wife and surrounded by the pious attentions of his friends. His memory was gone and his speech imperfect; but it was observed that the good man's affections remained unimpaired. In birds and flowers and children, in song and perfumes and bright colours, in things gentle and attractive, he showed a keen delight. It was the calm, sweet sunset of a long autumn day, which had opened with a radiant morning—had known clouds and the stress of storm at noon—and now slowly descended into the eternal sea with a tranquil glow and genial hush.

William Penn died, between two and three in the morning, on the 30th of July, 1718, in his seventy-fourth year. He was buried in the Quakers' cemetery at Jordans, near

Chalfont, by the side of his first wife and Springett, their eldest son. His second wife, with four more of his children, were afterwards interred in the same spot. No memorial marks the great Quaker's last resting-place; but it is under the fifth mound from the chapel door that William Penn lies.

In noticing the Men of Letters of the Restoration period it would be unpardonable to forget Sir Roger L'Estrange, one of the earliest of our political pamphleteers. Born in 1616, he fought as a loyal Cavalier during the Great Civil War; was captured by the army of the Parliament, tried, and condemned to death; and for four years lay in prison, expecting that each day would bring him the summons to the scaffold. It is said that at this time he wrote the poem—superior to his other compositions—entitled "The Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalists," from which we extract a few stanzas:—

"Beat on, proud billows! Boreas blow!
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof!
Your incivility shall show
That innocence is tempest-proof.
Though surly Nereis frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a gaol,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, walls, leanness, though together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret. . . .

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A pilgrim cooped into a cage,
And heard her tell her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am the bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free;
And though I'm mured, yet I can chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king!"

L'Estrange at length recovered his liberty, and had the good sense to keep free of political turmoil until the Restoration. In 1663 he was appointed licenser or censor of the press, and received a monopoly of the printing and publication of news. Of this monopoly he availed himself to produce his newspaper, *The Public Intelligencer*, which, in 1679, was succeeded by the *Observator*. He published also an interminable series of pamphlets, in which he appeared as the swash-buckler of the Court, defending any act of the Government with a prompt and audacious pen—generally lively and vigorous, and always abusive, vulgar, and unscrupulous. "L'Estrange," says Macaulay, "was by no means deficient in readiness and shrewdness; and his diction, though coarse, and disfigured by a mean and flippant jargon which then passed for wit in the green room and the tavern, was not without keenness and vigour. But his nature, at once ferocious and ignoble, showed itself in every line that he penned."

L'Estrange was not without some pretensions to scholarship, and translated, effectively if roughly, the Fables of Æsop, the Morals of Seneca (1678), Cicero's Offices (1680), Quevedo's Visions, the Annals of Josephus, and the Colloquies of Erasmus. He was knighted by James II., and died in 1704.

In reference to the newspapers of the period, the historian remarks:—"Nothing like the daily paper of

our time existed or could exist. Neither the necessary capital nor the necessary skill was to be found. Freedom too was wanting, a want as fatal as that of either capital or skill. The press was not, indeed, at that moment under a general censorship. The licensing act, which had been passed soon after the Restoration, had expired in 1679. Any person might therefore print, at his own risk, a history, a sermon, or a poem, without the previous approbation of any officer; but the judges were unanimously of opinion that this liberty did not extend to Gazettes, and that, by the common law of England, no man, not authorised by the Crown, had a right to publish political news. While the Whig party was still formidable, the Government thought it expedient occasionally to connive at the violation of this rule. During the great battle of the Exclusion Bill, many newspapers were suffered to appear, the Protestant Intelligencer, the Current Intelligence, the Domestic Intelligencer, the True News, the London Mercury. None of these were published oftener than twice a week. None exceeded in size a single small leaf. The quantity of matter which one of them contained in a year was not more than is often found in two numbers of the Times. After the defeat of the Whigs it was no longer necessary for the King to be sparing in the use of that which all his judges had pronounced to be his undoubted prerogative. At the close of his reign no newspaper was suffered to appear without his allowance; and his allowance was given exclusively to the London Gazette.

"The London Gazette came out only on Mondays and

Thursdays. The contents generally were a royal proclamation, two or three Tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, an account of a skirmish between the Imperial troops and the Janissaries on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, an announcement of a grand cock-fight between two persons of honour, and an advertisement offering a reward for a strayed dog. The whole made up two pages of moderate size. Whatever was communicated respecting matters of the highest moment was communicated in the most meagre and formal style. . . . The most important Parliamentary debates, the most important State trials, recorded in our history, were passed over in profound silence. . . In the capital the coffee houses supplied in some measure the place of a journal. Thither the Londoners flocked, as the Athenians of old flocked to the market place, to hear whether there was any news. . . But people who lived at a distance from the great theatre of political contention could be regularly informed of what was passing there only by means of news-letters. To prepare such letters became a calling in London, as it now is among the natives of India. The news writer rambled from coffee-room to coffee-room, collecting reports, squeezed himself into the Sessions House at the Old Bailey if there was an interesting trial, nay, perhaps obtained admission to the gallery of Whitehall, and noticed how the King and Duke looked. In this way he gathered materials for weekly epistles destined to enlighten some county town or some bench of rustic magistrates. Such were the sources from which the inhabitants of the largest provincial cities, and the great body of the gentry and

clergy, learned almost all that they know of the history of their own time."*

To the reign of Charles II. belongs no inconsiderable portion of the religious meditations and philosophical researches of Robert Boyle. The son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, he was born at Lismore in 1627. He was educated at Eton and Geneva; travelled through Italy, returned to England soon after his father's death (in 1643); and with his widowed sister, Lady Ranelagh, taking charge of his household, devoted himself to study and especially to the practical application of the experimental sciences, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. At his house assembled the professors of the new philosophy, whose co-operation resulted in the foundation of the Royal Society, and Boyle was not only one of its most active members, but a frequent contributor to its "Philosophical Transactions."

In 1660, Boyle appeared as an author, publishing a letter on "Seraphic Love," in which he expounded some of the principles of English Platonism, as approved by its apostle, Henry More. Soon afterwards he issued an interesting scientific treatise, "New Experiments Physico-mechanical, touching the Spring of the Air and its Effects, made for the most part in a New Pneumatical Engine"—this engine being Otto Guericke's air-pump, greatly enlarged by Boyle, with the help of his friend and assistant, Robert Hooke. In the following

* The elder Disreali observes that "Sir Roger L'Estrange among his rivals was esteemed as the most perfect model of political writing. The temper of the man was factious, and the compositions of the author seem to us coarse, but I suspect they contain much idiomatic expression. His Æsop's Fables are a curious specimen of familiar style. Queen Mary showed a due contempt of him after the Revolution, by this anagram:—

"Roger L'Estrange,
Lye strange Roger!"

year he published some clear and intelligent considerations on the conduct of experiments, and the results of his persevering inquiry, in "Certain Physiological Essays." This was followed by "The Sceptical Chemist," directed against those self-sufficient philosophers who professed to find the true principles of things in salt, sulphur, and mercury. He gave to the world, in 1663, "Some Considerations touching the Usefulness of Experimental Natural Philosophy," "Experiments and Considerations touching Colours," and "Considerations touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures." His scientific work has a much more definite value than his theological, which is often jejune and commonplace; and his "Occasional Reflections upon Several Subjects: whereto is premised a Discourse about such kind of Thoughts," was admirably ridiculed by Swift in his "Meditations on a Broomstick." It is only fair to add, however, that this was written in his youth—to use his own expression, "in his infancy"—though not published until 1665. It would have been better for Boyle's fame if he had never published it at all.

Passing over the minor works which flowed from his indefatigable pen, we may note his "Excellency of Theology compared with Natural Philosophy, as both are the Objects of Men's Study" (1674), and his "Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion" (1675). These are both written in the devout strain natural to a man of his sincere and simple piety, whose pure and noble life was inspired throughout by a reverent sense of the Divine Love. Boyle refused to take orders because, he said, he could serve religion more effectually as a layman, and because, we imagine, his

humility shrank from the acceptance of so high a responsibility. He printed at his own cost Dr. Pocock's translation into Arabic of the "De Veritate of Grotin's," and sent out a large number of copies for free distribution in the Levant. He also printed an Irish Bible. He was the first governor of a corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel; and as a director of the East India Company strongly advocated the duty of combining the diffusion of Christian truth with the extension of commercial interest. For six years he supplied Burnet with the means of preparing and publishing the first volume of his "History of the Reformation." Though a Churchman, he was a defender of the principle of religious tolerance. He declined the Presidency of the Royal Society in 1680, because he objected to the oaths required of whomsoever accepted the office; he also declined the Provostship of Eton, and more than once refused a peerage. His life of quiet study, persevering research, simple piety, and active charity—he gave to the poor a thousand pounds annually — came to a peaceful close in December, 1691.

To the works already mentioned as written by this amiable Christian philosopher we must add—"Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures;" "A Free Discourse against Customary Swearing;" "A Discourse of Things above Reason;" "A Discourse of the High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God, particularly for His Wisdom and Power;" "A Disquisition into the Final Causes of Natural Things;" and "The Christian Virtuoso, showing that, by being addicted to Experimental Philosophy, a Man is rather assisted than indisposed to be a Good Christian."

Some of our readers may be familiar, perhaps, with the following passage:—

"Let us consider the works of God, and observe the operations of his hands: let us take notice of and admire his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them. No creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing beside man; yet we are deficient herein: we content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, and a little skill in philology, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material, I mean natural history and the works of creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies; I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so; I only wish they might not altogether jostle out and exclude this. I wish that this might be brought in fashion among us; I wish men would be so equal and civil, as not to disparage, deride, and vilify those studies which themselves skill out of, or are not conversant in. No knowledge can be more pleasant than this, none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul; in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seems to me insipid and jejune. That learning, saith a wise and observant prelate, which consists only in the form and prelagogy of arts, or the critical notion upon words and phrases, hath in it this intrinsical imperfection, that it is only so far to be esteemed as it conduceth to the knowledge of things, being in itself but a kind of pedantry, apt to infect a man with such odd humours of pride, and affectation, and curiosity, as will render him unfit for any great employment. Words being but the images of matter, to be wholly given up to the study of these, what is it but Pygmalion's frenzy to fall in love

with a picture or image. As for oratory, which is the best skill about words, that hath by some wise men been esteemed but a voluptuary art, like to cookery, which spoils wholesome meats, and helps unwholsome, by the variety of sauces, serving more to the pleasure of taste than the health of the body."

This is one of the earliest incentives and encouragements to the study of Nature to be met with in our literature, and it proceeded from the pen of John Ray, whose whole life was devoted to this study, and to the application of it as an evidence of the truth of the Christian Revelation. Natural theology is outlined—or, rather, its principles are suggested—in the works of Cudworth, Henry More, and Boyle; but it first assumed a definite form as a branch of Christian Apologetics in Ray's treatise, published in 1671, on "The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation." A quarter of a century later the argument was taken up and expounded by Denham in his "Physico-theology" and "Astro-theology;" and in the second year of the present century it was popularised by Paley in his "Natural Theology." It has not, perhaps, the value which was at one time attached to it by divines; but it must always be interesting, and the name of John Ray should, therefore, be remembered with respect.

Ray studied Nature for practical purposes also. He was the most eminent botanist of his age, and unquestionably one of the founders of the science. His two folios "Historia Plantarum," form a monument of well-directed labour—of keen observation, quick perception, and untiring industry—fully justifying the eulogium on its writer pronounced by White of Selborne:—"Our countryman, the excellent Mr. Ray, is th only describer that conveys some precise idea in every term or word, maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information."

John Ray was the son of a blacksmith, and born at Black Notley, in Essex, in 1628. He was educated at Braintree Grammar School, and thence removed to Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship at Trinity. In 1651 he was appointed Greek Lecturer of his college, and afterwards Mathematical Reader. His botanical researches throughout the length and breadth of the country were gathered up in his Latin "Catalogue of the Plants of England and the adjacent Isles," published in 1670. Another of his more notable works was his "Collection of Proverbs, with Short Annotations," given to the world in the same year. At the age of 45, he married a lady twenty-four years younger than himself; and settling in his native place lived there a life of unassuming piety till his death in 1705.

We must pass over with a reference the names of the first English writers on Political Economy, such as Sir Josiah Child (1630-1699), who published in 1668, a "New Discourse on Trade;" and Sir William Petty (1623-1687), the physician, and founder of the noble family of Lansdowne, who, about the same time, compiled his treatise "On Taxes and Contributions." The greatest physician of the period was Thomas Sydenham, who, breaking loose from the antiquated traditions of the old school of empirics, applied to the treatment of disease the results of careful observation and individual diagnosis. His great principle is now accepted as the very foundation of the

therapeutic art: that we must follow and encourage the processes by which Nature relieves herself of a disease, or else discover a specific. In the treatment of fevers he was the first English physician who made large use of Peruvian bark, or cinchona. He likewise introduced a much-needed reform into the treatment of smallpox. He was born in 1624, and died in 1689.

We have left to the last the greatest name in English Science, that of Sir Isaac Newton. It is impossible for us to do justice to the noble work which has placed him foremost among the philosophers of all time. That work, to be estimated aright, must be studied in his own marvellous writings, or in the comments of his followers and disciples, and especially in Sir David Brewster's "Life of Newton." A succinct summary of his great discoveries is provided in his epitaph:—"Here lies buried Isaac Newton, Knight, who, with an almost divine energy of mind, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had ever suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that is the cause of colours." The epitaph proceeds to define the philosopher's character. He was "a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature."

In a hackneyed line Young has told us that

"An undevout astronomer is mad."

No such aberration afflicted the reverent genius of Sir Isaac Newton, whose simple piety shed a pure and beautiful light over his whole life. He looked through Nature up to Nature's God, and every fresh advance that he made in a knowledge of the mysteries of creation did but intensify his faith in the wisdom and goodness of its Creator. His religious belief is thus stated by himself in an interesting document first published by Sir David Brewster, and we give it here because it contrasts so forcibly with the extravagance of modern sciolists and their cant about the Unknowable and the Unconditioned:—

"1. There is one God the Father, ever-living, omnipresent; omniscient, almighty, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

"2. The Father is the invisible God whom no eye hath seen, nor eye can see. All other beings are sometimes visible.

"3. The Father hath life in Himself, and hath given the Son to have life in Himself.

"4. The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in His own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father, but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God.

"5. The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of Him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature. All other things are movable from place to place.

"6. All the worship—whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving—which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ, is still due to Him. Christ came not to diminish the worship of His Father.

"7. Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.

"8. We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life, and whatsoever we are to thank Him for, or desire that He would do for us, we ask of Him immediately in the name of Christ.

"9. We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us. If we pray the Father aright, He will intercede.

"10. It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.

"11. To give the name of God to angels or kings, is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings, is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, Thou shalt worship no other God but me.

"12. To us there is but one God, the Father, of Whom are all things, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom are all things and we by Him. That is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty, and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God Who was slain, and hath redeemed us with His blood, and made us kings and priests."

Newton was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas Day, 1642. In his childhood he showed a strong bias towards the mechanical and mathematical sciences. He received his early education at the Grantham Grammar School, but at the age of fifteen was removed to take charge

of the home farm on his father's small estate. His incompetency for this kind of work, however, was soon apparent, and he was sent back to school to fulfil the destiny marked out for him. Admitted as a sizar to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1661, he became a Junior Fellow in 1667, and M.A. in 1668. In the following year he succeeded Dr. Baum in the Mathematical professorship. In 1672 he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, and communicated to it his new theory of Light, which revolutionized the science of Optics. He was several times returned to Parliament as a member for the University which his genius adorned. In 1695 his great services were recognized by Government, who made him Warden of the Mint, and in 1703 by his scientific brethren, who elected him President of the Royal Society. In 1705 Queen Anne bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood. He lived into the last year of the reign of George I., dying on the 20th of March, 1727, scarcely three months before the King, at the venerable age of 84.

To the reign of Charles II. belong his two great discoveries, that of a new theory of Light, and that of the law of Gravitation; but it was not until 1687 that he published the "Philosophiæ Naturales Principia Mathematica," in which he revealed the secret of the power that binds together the several parts of the universe. The results of his minute optical investigations were embodied in his elaborate treatise, published in 1704, "Optics: or, a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light." He was the author also of several profound mathematical works, and to his close study of the Hebrew prophets we owe his "Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel, and

the Apocalypse of St. John." His "Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture" (1 John v. 7 and 1 Tim. iii. 16) testifies to the vigour and persistency of his Scriptural studies.

Newton made two important contributions to Chemistry, which constitute, as it were, the foundation-stones of its two great divisions. The first was pointing out a method of graduating thermometers, so that comparisons with each other might be possible in whatever part of the world observations with them were made. The second was by indicating the nature of chemical affinity, and showing that it consisted in an attraction by which the constituents of bodies were drawn towards each other and united; "thus destroying the previous hypothesis of the hooks, and points, and rings, and wedges, by means of which the different constituents of bodies were conceived to be kept together."

The last name we shall mention in our hasty retrospect is that of Sir Thomas Browne, the Norwich physician author of the "Religio Medici" (Religion of a Physician) 1642; "Pseudodoxia Epidemica" (Epidemic False Doctrines), or "Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors," 1646; and "Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial; a Discourse on the Symbolical Urns lately found in Norfolk," 1658,—to which is appended "The Garden of Cyrus; or, The Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, and mystically Considered." Browne, who obtained his doctor's degree at Leyden, settled as a medical practitioner at Norwich, and lived there a life of quiet usefulness and learned retirement. He was knighted in the reign of Charles II.

Few of our writers have more successfully embodied

grave and earnest thought in language of singular richness and dignity. On all his works he impresses the seal of his own individuality, and we are thus brought acquainted with a fine nature and an inquiring intellect, which invariably aims at lofty objects, though sometimes led astray by a weakness for fanciful speculation. Coleridge happily describes him as "rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though doubtless, too often big, stiff, and *hyper-Latinistic*. He is a quiet and sublime enthusiast, with a strong tinge of the fantast: the humorist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot-silk play upon the main dye." He belongs to the older school of writers, who had always something to say, and each of whom said it in his own manner—original, independent, self-reliant. He spake out of his fulness, and all his utterances were worth listening to because they were the utterances of a ripe and excellent genius, fed by observation, reflection, and study.

His characteristics are best appreciated from a careful study of the "Religio Medici," which has a remarkable psychological interest in the frankness of its self-revelations; but his other works also abound in evidence of the fulness and forcibleness of his intellectual gifts. They are sufficiently accessible, now-a-days, to any reader; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of closing this chapter with a few quotations which shall illustrate the majestic beauty of his diction and the elevation of his thoughts.

As a commentary on the old text, *Vanitas Vanitatum*,

the following passage, with its subdued pathos and stately eloquence, is admirably impressive :—

"Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction have but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To creep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsisting with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings; and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glories unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind; and folly. The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Memory is become merchandise; Myzraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

A beautiful thought upon Light:—

"Light, that makes things seen, makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars of heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulacrum; and life but the shadow of God."

Art and Nature —

"Nature is not at variance with art, nor Art with Nature —they being both the servants of His providence. Art is the perfection of Nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world and Art another. In belief, all things are artificial, for Nature is the Art of God."

Study of Nature:—

"The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage *we pay* for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire His works; those highly magnify Him whose judicious inquiry into His acts,

and deliberate research into His creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration."

In a wise largeness of soul he writes of Charity:—

"I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence; and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge: I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less."

THE END.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

This book is due on the date indicated below, or at the expiration of a definite period after the date of borrowing, as provided by the rules of the Library or by special arrangement with the Librarian in charge.

DATE BORROWED	DATE DUE	DATE BORROWED	DATE DUE
	3 Ja 43		
	NOV [illegible]		
	JAN 7 '50		
C28(1141)M100			

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
1010663835

1

942.066 Ad1 V.2

Adams

942.066 Ad1 V.2

MAY 31 1945